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ST. NICHOLAS

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FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

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VOLUME XXVIII.

PART I.

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Clyde O. DeLand
1900.

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VOL. XXVIII.

NOVEMBER, 1900.

2060
No. 1.

THE STORY OF BARNABY LEE.

BY JOHN BENNETT.

(Author of "*Master Skylark*.")

CHAPTER I.

THE ENGLISH CABIN-BOY.

It was the year 1664, and the day was the 1st of April according to the reckoning of the Julian calendar.

The raw shores of the New World lay stretched along the gray Atlantic, with the new day lying half awake upon their forested hills.

There had been a sea change in the night, and across the low white sand-hills of Long Island the south wind blew in from the sea with a tune like that of a shepherd's pipe; and all the little weathercocks on the peaked roofs of New Amsterdam, when they heard that wind in their curly tails, as it hurried over the ridge-poles, turned with a shrill and coppery creaking, and stared, as if with one accord, across the bay.

The sentinel, too, in his coat of buff leather and his morion of battered steel, who stood on the bastion of the fort above the wash of the rising tide, turned like the copper weathercocks, and, with one hand above his eyes,

looked steadfastly away over the shimmering, shining waves.

For out of the south, at the break of day, rising sharply through the shadows, had come a tilted square of brown, that waxed and broadened on the view, grew near and clear, until it stood distinct, advancing steadily—the topsail of an incoming ship which winged a course both fast and free before the breeze.

Passing the stretches of Sandy Hook at the first gleam of dawn, she had come about as the purple headlands arose before her in the west, and laid her course northward through the bay that reached away before her bow.

She was evidently a stranger, and unfamiliar with the channel, for in the horns of her fore-top crosstrees hung a lookout, shrewdly watching the water ahead as she drove along her path. He was a yellow-skinned, uncanny rogue with long black hair tied back from his brow in a crimson cloth, and with silver rings like crescent moons seesawing in his ears.

From time to time he shouted to the helmsman below as they went driving onward, for they were now upon short soundings, and the

dark blue of the deep sea had turned to yellow-green and gray with color from the shifting sands.

Yet, though a stranger to the course, and unacquainted with the bay, the strange ship spun upon her keel as careless as a school-boy's top, and sped away as if her seams were calked with self-assurance.

She was a flute-ship, short and broad, with bows as bluff as a walnut-hull, a high fore-castle, towering stern, and a swell amidships like a bowl. Her weather-beaten hulk was black; her high poop green, with lettering of tarnished gold and dingy scrolls along her quarters. Her masts were made of southern pine, as yellow as an orange, and all her canvas was old and brown, except a white, new jib. At her mainmast-head a wind-jack struggled in the breeze.

To judge from her general careless air, the vessel was a trading coaster. Her well-worn gangways were mud-tracked; her hatches were fouled by unstowed freight; her bulwarks were battered and scraped and banged; and at her side her splintered fenders, carelessly dangling, sloshed along through the yeasty foam like the broken wings of a water-fowl. Yet there was in her look a something that was not all coast-trader; for, though her muddied anchor-chains betrayed the frequent harbor, she wore in her easy-going sweep the freedom of the seas. Somehow she seemed to hail direct from nowhere in particular; or, if one pleased to have a choice, from anywhere at all.

Upon her forward deck was geared a short six-pounder cannon; on her poop a four-pound saker was mounted in a swivel; and in the hollow waist below were two long culverins of brass and a murdering-gun mounted amidships so as to cover both her gangways. Even in those troubled times, when honest merchantmen had need to go both armed and able to defend their own, an array like this was not the hall-mark of peaceable coast-trading.

What was more, she was heavily overmanned. She had in her full thirty men besides the cook's knave and the cabin-boy; and over-crewing such as this bespoke some rash adventure.

Whence she had come was hard to tell; what

she was, was harder; and what her errand here might be, was an exceedingly dubious question.

The crew had all been piped on deck at the first red glimmer of the dawn. The morning watch, in dingy jackets of faded red and green, were hauling a tattered brown tarpaulin across a stack of merchandise in the waist. The cook's knave sat on a coil of cable, scraping out a pot, and the cabin-boy sat on the lower step of the poop-deck ladder staring out at the shore, with his hands clasped about his knees.

His face was thin and his cheeks were hollow, although he was anything but starved. There are in the world things that a boy may crave besides merely his daily bread. His eyes ran hungrily along the distant shore, following the undulating line of the tree-tops, out of the valleys and over the hills, and climbing the forested promontories that jutted out into the sea. His look was at once both wistful and yearning.

"There are trees there," he said, "and dirt and stones, and rocks with moss on 'em, and green brakes; and water-brooks and sheep-walks, and burrows for the conies, and marshes where the bitterns be! Ay, there 's birds, robin-redbreasts and throstles, and little brown hens that lay white eggs. There 's apples growing in orchards; and strawberry-vines in the meadows; and hives of bees in plaited straw standing under the hedge-rows!"

His voice was eager and trembling, and he twisted the fingers of one hand in the fingers of the other. "And there are cows—ay, brown-eyed bossies, and girls to milk them into a piggin. Oh, I can hear them singing in the twilight by the byre!"

As he spoke a far-off melody seemed to come floating through the wind. It may have been, and probably was, nothing more than the harp-like humming of the shrouds. Yet, as he heard it, he struck his hands together in a sort of ecstasy.

"Oh," he whispered breathlessly, "there! They are singing now."

The mate leaned over the poop-deck rail with an angry scowl on his ugly face.

"Bear a hand, you good-for-nothing gromet!" he bellowed. "Bear a hand, there; do ye hear? Lively, now! Don't

sulk with me: I 'll cat your back to fiddle-strings!"

The cabin-boy sprang up and ran across the deck, limping a little as he ran.

"If ever I come ashore again!" he panted. "Oh, if ever I come ashore again!"

A sailor kneeling upon the deck, hitching the end of a rope around a cleat, looked up from the corner of his squinting eye.

"What 's the matter with you," he said, "that you 're so wild for shore? Hang me, there 's too many shores a-fencing in the sea. If it had n't 'a' been for the cursed shores a-getting in my way, I 'd 'a' been in China long ago, picking up pearls."

"Like enough," replied the cabin-boy, as if he had not heard at all, or had not cared to hear; "but it 's been four years since I was ashore, and that is a long, long time."

"Long?" laughed the sailor. "What? four year? Ye don't call four year a long time? Just wait till ye come to hang your bones on Execution Dock! Four year won't seem nigh so long."

"It 's long enough for me now," cried the boy. "Ay, 't is long enough and to spare!"

"Well," said the sailor, carelessly, "don't fret your ship in the gale. Stow your jib, and bide your time. Every dog shall have his day. By George! that 's what I say, says I: Every dog shall have his day."

A passionate look of despair crept over the boy's thin face. "Please God," he cried out bitterly, "I should like to have mine now!"

The sailor, still kneeling on the deck, looked narrowly at the cabin-boy.

"You are n't just right in the head, my jo," said he. "That 's what 's the matter with you."

And, in truth, the boy was a melancholy and singular-looking young rogue. His eyes were black and his cheeks discolored by some cruel blow. His hands were stained with tar and paint, but his sinewy wrists were slender, and where his gaudily figured shirt lay open upon his breast, the skin showed white and fair. He wore no stockings, although it was quite cold, so his legs below the knee were bare; and on his feet he wore sandals of sail-cloth, bound with plaited canvas thongs.

A sash of faded crimson silk, with torn gold lace upon it, was awkwardly knotted around his waist, and through it was thrust a long, straight knife.

He was slightly built, and exceedingly thin, but trim and straight as an arrow. He carried his head with a graceful air that was closely akin to pride, and his eyes, although blackened, were very bright. His lips were firm, and in their corners still lingered the traces of a boyish smile. He might have been sixteen, not more, but his face looked older. Its expression of passionate resolution and sadness was old beyond his years.

The sailors ran here and there about him, but he little heeded what they did or where they went. He stood an alien among them. He did not seem to care. An apathy was upon him in which nothing seemed to matter much, yet he whispered bitterly to himself, "Four years! It is a long, long time!" and turning with a weary sigh, went limping slowly up the deck.

The sun was now well up. The shores were drawing nearer.

To starboard stretched a broken coast of sandy rills and marshy islands, glimmering under a wooded upland. To leeward sprang a steep, bold shore of frosty hills and valleys, checkered here and there by bare brown fields and little clearings. The forests came down the edge of the water, their borders purpled with wild raspberry thickets: in the leafless boughs of the gnarly oaks along the stony slope the ancient grape-vines hung like ropes upon a frigate's masts. Along the broad, white, sandy beach under the edge of the purple wood, on a sudden a herd of deer went bounding straight through the deep of a reedy marsh whose waters splashed like a silver rain around them.

The cabin-boy limped forward, staring out across the rail, and rubbing his numbly aching wrists. His hands were blue with the cold.

His whole heart longed to be ashore. He hated the ship beneath him. The sea, which seemed a fairyland to many a lad ashore, to him was a world of grief and pain, from which he was weary with longing to be free. Its enchantment was a mocking lie. He hated

the long, green, slanting waves which foamed and rolled behind them. For four long years he had sailed the New World's rugged coast and never set foot ashore; his world was become but a wandering ship, whose pent space of lurching decks and swinging masts were his only hillside fields and groves. Mauled by the captain and the mate, by turns or by both together, as they chanced to be in drink, the butt of all the sailors, helpless, friendless, and alone, what wonder that the boy's heart yearned for even the touch of the old brown earth, where trees may grow, flowers bloom, birds build nests and men have fixed abodes?

"God never made the sea a home for anything but fish," he said, and raised his thin hand to his face with a gesture of despair. The crosstrees swayed against the sky; the dark yards stretched out black and gaunt and grim. The dangling ropes upon them seemed like a tangling web around him.

"Oh, daddy," he said, with a choking voice, "oh, daddy, why did ye never come back to me?"

CHAPTER II.

THE THREE PICAROONS.

ON the flute-ship's towering poop-deck the captain stood, leaning against the rail. His restless eyes roamed among the drawing sails. He was a tall man and swarthy, with a frame inclining to spareness, and bore himself in a headstrong, domineering way that marked him a leader among his kind. He was dressed in an ordinary sailor's garb, of stuff neither better nor worse than that worn by the commonest seaman. Nothing marked him for a chief but his masterful demeanor. His nose was hooked like a parrot's beak; his look combined both shrewdness and daring; but his eyes and the narrow mouth under his nose were not only false, but were villainous too. Beside him, standing by the rail, were the sailing-master and the mate. The latter was a bull-necked scoundrel with a voice as hoarse as an iron horn. He wore a sailor's turban made of a yellow handkerchief, from under which his short black hair hung curling in oily, unkempt rings along his sunburnt forehead.

The stalwart sailing-master would have been

a hard man to match—six feet tall, long of leg, brawny-shouldered, deep-chested. His stubbly red hair and bristling beard made his brown face look like an old reaped field in which lay two gray, quiet pools, and across which his broad mouth drew a crimson furrow. His great shoulders stretched his old jacket of green; his belt was as broad as a horse's girth; in it were thrust two daggers with Brazil stones in their hilts. With one of these daggers he wrought and fought; the other he kept for company. As he stood there on the poop-deck, beside the weather-rail, his long legs planted wide apart, his huge red hands carelessly forked across his swaying hips, he looked as if a hogshead of sugar might have been bowled at him in vain.

The sailors, as they hurried about the waist below, were chanting hoarsely a wild song which the cook led from the door of the galley in a most distressing voice:

"I never sunk an English ship,
But Turk and King of Spain;
Likewise the blackguard Dutchmen
I met upon the main,
Go tell the King of England,
Go tell him this from me:
If he reigns king of all the land,
I will reign king at sea!"

"By glory, I will, or my name is not King!" said the captain, turning to the sailing-master with a sparkle in his eye.

"All right," said the sailing-master. "I never said ye would n't. *Be as may be* 's all I said. Cock-sure 's a pretty bird. But they stopped the 'San Beninio,' and they made a pack of monkeys of Will Trevor and his crew."

"Hang Will Trevor and his crew!" said the captain. "Is the 'Ragged Staff' a mussel-boat like the San Beninio? Why, blight me green, man, you talk as if you were afeard of a web-footed Dutchman!"

"All right," rejoined the sailing-master, steadily. "Suppose I be afeard? You ought to know. I ha' sailed with ye. I think I ha' mostly took my own part. I be no swine for fighting, nor am I eager for bloody death; a common bunk at fourscore is good enough for me. But that 's not what I 'm driving at. Will they stop us, do ye think?"

"Stop us? Stop who? Me—John King? Oh, yes; I 'm a pig in a country lane, that any addled loon can stop. I 've come here after a load of stops! That crew looks ripe for stoppage; now, don't it? Blight me green!"

Leaning back against the rail, the captain swept a keen glance forward.

On the forecastle, where the whistling wind came down from the foresail with a rush, the crew were gathered in a group. Some played a game on the deck with a pack of greasy cards. The others, standing, beat their arms across their brawny chests, and growled like surly dogs together. Most of them wore knitted shirts and jackets of crimson cloth, with gaudy handkerchiefs loosely knotted around their necks. Their faces were tanned to the color of leather, and their arms were blue with tattooing. Some wore pistols in their belts, and all had sheath-knives at their breasts. Their teeth shone through their beards as they talked, and they looked far more like a pack of wolves than like a good ship's crew.

"If they try to stop *me*," quoth John King, "they will catch a hurricane by the tail."

"All right," replied the sailing-master, quietly. "Don't ye argufy with me. I be no hand at an argument. I ships to sail a boat. Be as may be, I takes my own part, and shares the upshot wi' the rest; but I ha' seen 'em as smart as you, John, rattling like dry sheepskins on the wrong end of the rope. These Dutch traders may be web-footed, but, you mark what I say, they can swim to a purpose."

"Let 'em swim!" said the captain, with a gesture of contempt, and turning with an angry face, he fell to conning the sails. Then suddenly he turned again to where the sailing-master stood, and, smiting the rail with his clenched fist, he cried out wrathfully, "Will ye just look at that young jack-fool? What has got into him now?"

The sailing-master turned and looked. Half-way up to the main-crosstrees, the cabin-boy clung in the larboard shrouds, staring out at the passing shore as if he were fascinated.

"Od sling me! Look at his face!" said the mate. "I see a man look that way once, and afterward I heard he run mad and died."

"Died?" cried King. "There 's no such luck. He would n't die to please ye."

"Well, he 's fay," said the mate, "that 's what he is; what luck can ye look for? 'T is ill luck carrying folk that be fay aboard of any ship. What came to pass when Jonah shipped from Joppa down to Tarshish?"

"Oh, plague on Jonah and the whale!" interjected the sailing-master. "The lad 's not fay, nor will he die; he 's not the kind that dies. Look at the build of him, by hen! I guess I know his breed—as slim and lean and as clean as a greyhound, and a face on him like a tombstun marble! Nay, bully, he 'll not die, nor neither is he fay. He 'll see your toes pointing at the stars all down amongst the daisies."

"He has caught a sniff of the land," snarled King, "and just as sure as he smells land he 's as mad as a hatter."

"And that is as true as the Book o' Jack," assented the sailing-master. "He were fetching my breakfast awhile ago, when he caught a whiff of the offshore breeze. He dropped the collops on the deck, and flung up his head with a snort. 'If ever I come ashore,' quo' he, 'oh, if ever I come ashore!' 'If ever ye come ashore,' quo' I, 'ye 'll be hanged for a picaroon.' What d' ye think he said to me? 'I 'd rather be hanged on shore,' quo' he, 'than float ten thousand year!' 'Tis exactly what he said to me. I 'll take my oath upon it. 'You misbetaken gromet, I will break ye in two,' says I, and drew back my hand to fetch him a wipe—for those shipwrecked collops smelled passing gay! But he just stood up and looked at me, and never wavered a hair. 'Now, strike him or lie,' quoth I to myself. 'Tom Scarlett, strike him or lie!' But, 'pon my word o' rectitude, when I looked at that gromet's face, I could n't 'a' struck him a finger-flip had it 'a' cost me twenty joe! 'Liar ye be,' quo' I to myself; 'a most pernicious liar!' But strike him I could n't, nay, not to save my soul. He never flinched a hair."

"By granny, I can make him flinch!" growled the mate. "D' ye mark the eyes I put on him? By granny, he 'll dodge for me."

"All right," rejoined the sailing-master,

quietly shrugging his brawny shoulders; "I ha' never said he would n't. But I ha' yet to see him dodge for you or for any man. I ha' seen a young springal with a face like his look up at the executioner, and make the headsman shut both eyes afore he dared to strike. 'T is a quality runneth in the blood when men be thoroughbred."

"A blight upon his quality," snarled John King. "I would I were shut of him."

"Why don't ye drop him overboard, then?" said the mate, with a sulky growl. "I've advised with ye to do it a half a dozen times. A man is a fool to wear a wart, I say, when there is a cure so handy."

"Don't call me a fool, Jack Glasco," said the captain. "If a man be paid to wear warts, he 'd be a fool to cure 'em. If I choose to wear warts for other men, what business is it of yours? There 's greater fools than them that wear warts. There 's fools that stick their meddling thumbs in other people's pie."

"They takes 'em out again, John King," said the sailing-master, calmly. "They takes 'em out again straightway. Your plums be werry bad."

"I don't take mine out," growled the mate; "and a murrain on your plums! Who is the gromet, anyway, that we should cherish him? What right has he to these respects?"

John King turned to the master's mate.

"Look here," he said, "I warned ye once to attend your own affair. Do ye want that I should warn ye twice?" There was an ugly look in his eye.

"Oh, no, John," hastily stammered the mate. "Indeed, John, truly I don't." And he laid his hand on the captain's arm in an ingratiating way. "But, John, now, marry, look ye, John," and he swallowed hard at a lump in his throat, "the knave will slip a venom in the soup some day."

"Oh, quits!" said the sailing-master. "Ye act like two old tom-cats: 'Fizz-zz! miaouw! —and the dickens to pay!' What 's the good of it? One says 'Spit!' t' other 'Spat!' that 's all it ever comes to. I think you 'd come to sense. I don't care who the gromet is, nor what John King does with him here; but there 's one thing I do know. He 'll never

poison soup. Not he, by hen! That 's not his sort; the lad 's a thoroughbred. Nay, Jack, he 'll leave the ratsbane to you and Captain King."

The captain turned with a flushing face; and with a roar, "You call me a poisoner?" he cried.

The sailing-master looked at him. "Well, now, suppose I did?" His hands were set upon his hips, and his head was cocked upon one side, his cool gray eyes watching the captain. "Do ye think ye can daunt me with your face or frighten me with your thunder? Bah!" he said, with a sudden touch of unexpected fire. "Do ye think that I fear to break ye in two like a scouring-rush where ye stand? I never said I 'd do it; but you mark my words, John King, some day, when we 're not sober, we will come to hand-grips yet. I be a slow-natured man, nor quick to wrath; but I give ye a fair warning. Don't ye rouse me, for when the old Adam b'ileth up I be as heady as an elephant that weareth of his teeth outside and sporteth tails both fore and aft. And mark me, John," he continued, with a cold blaze in his eyes, "if ever we come to that happy day, there 'll be somebody wishing he never was born, and it won't be 'yours dutiful,' neither."

King laid his hand on his pistol, his countenance flaming with fury. Yet, as he stared up into the unmoved face of the stalwart sailing-master, something stayed his frenzy. Twice his hand thrilled with a deadly impulse, then his whole look changed.

"Glasco, what, there! Blight me green!" he said, with a harsh, forced laugh, and showing his teeth like a beaten hound, he turned to the master's mate. "Here is a gromet ye cannot cow. Don't ye want to try it on?"

The mate leaned back against the rail with a grin of satisfaction.

"No," said he; "that 's not my pie. Ye've put your own fingers into it; go on and eat your plums."

"Ware shoal!" shrieked the lookout. "Hard a-starboard. Jam her down!"

"Jam she is!" said the helmsman. The flute-ship whirled upon her keel. High piped the wind; the white spray sang; the

bold blue headlands swept astern. To right, east the cloudy oaks on the forest-covered bay in which the fleets of all the world might then have found safe harbor. The air was filled with snow-white gulls; brown, wide-winged ospreys wheeled dizzily o'erhead. Along the west a vast, wild fen stretched measureless, rimming the wilderness. Off to the



sun. Down from the lookout came a new hail, and this with a sharper, more vehement ring: "Port, ho! Port, ho! The Dutchmen be in sight!"

Beneath the foresail's cutaway, like a picture in a frame, upon a narrow point of land five miles beyond their prow, stood a little shining city. Its frosty gables glistened like bright crystals in the sunlight, and above them a pale-blue cloud of smoke drifted slowly away across the sky.

The peaked roofs from which the frost had thawed were red and green and blue; in the yellow walls below them the many tiny windows flashed.

So very small and so crystal-clear the little town lay clustered there, it seemed to be a toy town from a land of make-believe.

To the left a wide green river

"'BEAR A HAND, YOU GOOD-FOR-NOTHING GROMET!' HE BELLOWED."

came spreading to meet the sea; to the right a green uncertainty of dancing waters rippled. Behind the town stood a wooded hill; against its purple dome arose a dark-red windmill tower, whose slow-revolving sails shimmered and fluttered in the sun like the trembling wings of a dragon-fly.

A stir ran over the flute-ship, a quick, impetuous thrill. The crew drew closer together, and the quarrel upon the poop-deck ceased; for this was the stronghold of the Dutch, the city of New Amsterdam.

As they drove on they could discern the ships that lay at anchor in the roads, and make out goods piled on the wharves in bales and casks; there were pipes of wine, hogsheads of sugar, firkins of butter, and tuns of oil, huge round copper-fast butts of rum, and trundles of leaf-tobacco.

The houses were of brick and stone; the windows were cased in lead; the framework was wrought of the stoutest oak. It was no toy town. Then a long breath ran through the Ragged Staff, and the grim sailors set their teeth.

Close by the western waterside, and facing upon the channel, the walls of an earthen fort arose, four-square, dun-colored, ragged with grass, reinforced with bastions where its angles jutted out, the bastions faced with cut gray-stone.

Within its walls there stood a tall roof, two-peaked like the letter M, and with a belfry-tower rising between the twin ridge-poles.

On the farther bastion was a windmill, dim in a cloud of flour, its one black window staring down the harbor like an eye. On the nearer bastion was a flagstaff, up which a flag was swiftly leaping to the truck. As they watched they heard hoarse, distant shouting; saw men come running from below with morions and breastplates gleaming bright in the sun.

There was a brazier on the rampart; the smoke curled up from it. Along the walls, like candle-flames, they could see the grim brass cannon shining.

John King drew out his flintlock pistols and stirred their priming-pans. "We shall soon

see whether I 'll pass or not!" he said, with flashing eyes.

CHAPTER III.

A STARTLING CANNON-SHOT.

At the dawn of that fair first day of April, New Amsterdam lay dreaming between the rivers which washed her sides. The night stars still were shining, and the earth was hushed and gray, but the waking cocks were crowing bravely, and the eastern sky was touched with light.

"It is a fine spring morning," said the night watch, and with that they blew out their lanterns and went trudging homeward through the lanes among the cabbage-patches.

The day broke cold and clear and bright. The higher tree-tops caught the glory of the sun. The crows began their clamor in the edges of the forest, or in long files, high overhead, flapped westward to the mainland. The burghers of the town awoke, yawned, stretched, arose and dressed themselves, and having duly breakfasted and filled their long clay pipes, went straight about their business in the city.

The breakfast smoke still lingered in the chimneys of the town, and the leaden hoarfrost still defined the shadows on the ground, but the red sun had run its course an hour up the heavens, and the bustle of the new day ceased in quiet.

In Metje's Wessel's tavern by the waterside, where the drowsy sailors slowly drained their pewter mugs, it was so still that one could almost hear the needles click as Juffrouw Metje knitted by the fireside.

Suddenly there came a crash that sent the echoes flying from the finger-post at Copsey Hook to the gray sand-hills where clear Minnetta-water ran.

"Hei!" cried the sailors, dropping their mugs.

"Where?" gasped Metje, dropping her knitting.

"Fizz-zz-zz!" said the cat, and flew under the cupboard, her tail swelled as big as a blacking-brush.

The brewer's boy in Stony Street was hoisting a sack of malt to the loft. "Heigh-ho!" he cried. "My faith! what 's that? Why, bless my heart, 't was a cannon-shot!"

In his astonishment he slipped his hold upon the hoisting-tackle. Down rushed the sack.

"Thou *dom-kop!*" roared the overseer, from the storage-loft above. "What 's that to thee? Hoist up the sack; we have no time to spare."

But the apprentice was gone, the sack was down. The overseer followed.

Mynheer Johannes Van Hoorn had just climbed up to his lofty office stool. "What 's that?" he cried, as the thundering crash made the lead-cased windows rattle in the wall. "What 's that, I say? Guns? *Donderslag!*" and he dropped two gilders on the floor. "Pick them up, Jan; pick them up!" he sputtered, bouncing down from the stool. "Heida! there it is again! Oh, my great-uncle Christopher!" and forgetting his copper-buckled shoes that stood behind the office door, he dashed out into the Winckel Street, wiping his pen upon what he supposed to be his long black coat-tails; it happened to be his best silk handkerchief, but that is no matter now. "Guns!" he shouted at the door of Mynheer Cornelis Van Brugh. "They are shooting guns like anything! Oh, my great-uncle Christopher!" For again the sound of that thumping gun came rolling over the town. Away went Mynheer Van Hoorn, his gold-rimmed spectacles all askew, his quill-pen waving in the air, and his leather slippers clocking on the cobbles as he ran.

Mynheer Van Brugh laid down his pen and looked up from his long accounts.

"My soul and body, what a waste!" he groaned, wringing his skinny hands. "Ten pounds of powder at a crack; and ach! how gunpowder costs!"

But "Fire!" cried Goosen Van Bommel, the chief of the volunteers, and hurling his ladder against the house, he went scrambling up to see where the smoke arose the thickest. All the smoke that he could see as he clambered along the ridge-pole came out of his own chimney-pot, almost under his nose. "Aha! I will put that out so soon!" he cried triumphantly, and emptied his bucket down the flue. There came a shriek from below, for Goosen's wife was baking bread! Down tumbled Goosen Van Bom-

mel. Thump, bump! he rolled along the roof; thump, bump! the flying echoes rumbled.

Down the wind there came once more the thunder of the cannon; and suddenly, as if replying to it, farther off, and faint but sullen, another cannon-shot resounded, and at that instant in the town a heavy bell began to ring, until the thin air trembled with the reverberating din.

Klang, kling-klang! Thump-bump! thump-bump! the echoes banged and rumbled. Tousled heads came popping out at a hundred rattling windows; gray-haired gaffers tottered forth in their woolen-stockinged feet; housewives cackled on the stoops; grandams cried, "God keep us!" and the shock-headed children, on their way to the little gray dominie's school, turned and ran for home again in short, fat-legged fright. It was the wild men come again, with horrid butchery, or the pirates from the east shore where the fires were at night; or, worst of all,—their hearts stood still at the thought,—it was the bloody Duke of Alva risen from the dead, and, with the demon Spaniards out of their nightmares, falling upon the town. With one accord the children turned and fled for home.

The cannon now had taken on an ugly, spiteful sound, like dogs that bark defiance at one another across a ditch, and through the market-field came a sound of running, and of a hoarse voice shouting, "To the fort!" Up the crooked street came Johan Vos, the burly messenger, waving his official staff and shouting, "Ho, ye burghers! To the fort, or pay the penalty!"

"What says he? To the fort? Oh, hei! How can we leave our shops?" they cried. "But the penalty—three gilders? *Ach, neen;* we 'll to the fort!" And away they went all toward the market-field, their shop doors banging behind them; and on went the messenger, shouting. From every direction now came the sound of running feet. From highways, byways, lanes, and alleys, the people came hurrying down through the town, and dashed, panting, into the market-field.

There, on slightly rising ground, stood Fort Amsterdam, staring across the bay, like a

huge, brown-bodied spider on the margin of its web, aroused from heavy slumber by some witless, blundering fly, and ready to spring upon its prey.

But the only fly the burghers could see, as they hurried down through the market-field to the narrow beach below the fort, was a heedless, headlong, ominous thing with an ugly air of its own; for there in the offing, beyond the reefs which hedged Manhattan Island, a strange ship lay, hove to upon the tide, her dark hull rimmed with yellow foam where the curt waves beat upon her rolling sides. Her brown sails flapped and slatted in the wind, and across the water, on the shifting gusts, came the rattle of her rigging and the hoarse calling of the sailors as they braced her yards about.

There she drifted to and fro like a huge, uncertain bird, the heads of her crew, like dark round balls, running along her rail. The tide was almost at the flood, yet still was running strong, and, through the eddy at Copey Hook, a shallop was seen to be putting off from shore.

A hush fell upon the crowd. They stood there, staring anxiously. No man knew what had transpired, nor yet what should betide.

Then, suddenly, on the silence, like the beating of a drum, there rose a sound of running feet inside the fort's quadrangle. From the open market-field a boy came running through the wide north gate across the deserted square. His bright-red monkey jacket gleamed in the sunlight, and under his jacket his knit shirt of wool stared like a black-and-yellow grate. His stockings were of yellow yarn, and his legs were as stout as two small trees. His breeches of

brown-gray duffles had a most amazing slack, and his wooden shoes thumped loudly as he ran. His hair was the color of Archangel flax, and on his head he wore a red Rouen cap with a tasseled tip that dangled down upon the side and fluttered in the air.

He scudded along the windowed row which faced the deserted parade until he came to a house built of dark glazed brick, with a tall, narrow chimney at each end, and a flight of wooden steps before its door. Pausing a moment, breathless, he leaned against the stoop, and then, with a sharp, clear voice, cried, "What, there, Dorothy!" Then, again, "Dorothy, Dorothy Van!" he called, and beat on the stoop with his shoe. "Come quickly forth. An English ship is putting us to shame!"

A bright face gleamed for an instant at the curtained window. Light footfalls hurried across the floor within. The knocker rattled, the door swung wide, and a slender, blue-eyed, fair-haired girl came running down the steps.

"An English ship?" she exclaimed, excitedly flushing. "Oh, Dirck, will there be war?"

"Who knows?" cried the boy. "As like as not; or a battle, which is much the same. The English are an evil lot. Up quickly, that we may see."

Across the empty quadrangle they ran, and up the ragged path, zigzag along the grassy wall. Upon the crest of the rampart lay a rotting gabion filled with earth; on this the boy sprang and stood staring.

"Heida! see them row!" he cried.

The shallop had passed the foaming reefs, and was heading straight for the stranger.

(To be continued.)



NEW YORK IN 1665.

In New Amsterdam



BY MARY VAN DERBURGH.

PETRIUS, Deitrick, and little Jan
 Were all the sons of a stout Dutch Van.
 Annetje, Tryntje, and Betticoo,
 These were all his daughters, too.
 In the happy month of May
 Forth they wander, blythe and gay,
 Through the groves and meadows flowery,
 Till they reach the famous Bouerie.
 There each little man and woman
 Gathers the sweet "pinksterblumen."
 Cheeks like roses from their walk,
 In their arms the fragrant stalk,
 In their gowns a "winklehawk,"*
 Home they hasten in the gloaming,
 Where the good vrouw waits their coming,
 Tucks them in their trundle-beds,
 Crooning soft above their heads:

*"Trip a trop a tronjes,
 De varkens in de boonjes,
 De keejes in de klaver,
 De paardeen in de haver,
 De eenjes in de waterplass,
 So groot mijn kleine Joris wass!"*



* A "winklehawk" in a gown is a tear like this: 7



When Thomas Takes His Pen.

By Elsie Hill.

YOUNG Thomas Jones came home from
school with sad and solemn air;
He did not kiss his mother's cheek nor pull
his sister's hair;
He hungered not for apples, and he spoke
in dismal tones;
'T was very clear misfortune drear had
happened Thomas Jones.

"My precious child," his mother cried,
"what, *what* is troubling you?
You 're hurt—you 're ill—you 've *failed in*
school! Oh, tell us what to do!"
Then Thomas Jones made answer in a dull,
despairing way:
"I 've got to write an essay on 'The
Indian To-day.'"

They bought a set of Cooper, and they
searched it through and through,
While Thomas Jones sat mournfully and told
them what to do.

His tallest sister ran to him, compassion in
her eye;
His smallest sister pitied him—nor knew
the reason why;
And all that happy family forsook its work
and play
To hunt up information on "The Indian
To-day."

They read of Hiawatha and of sad Ra-
mona's woe—
You found encyclopedias where'er they
chanced to go.



"I 'VE GOT TO WRITE AN ESSAY ON 'THE INDIAN TO-DAY.'"

For three whole days the library was like a moving-van.
 "Is Mr. Jones," each caller asked, "a literary man?"

"*I do not know one single thing!*" that wretched child replied.
 "Oh, help me, *won't* you? Don't you *care?*"
 Then when assistance came,



"WHILE THOMAS JONES SAT MOURNFULLY AND TOLD THEM WHAT TO DO."

And day by day more pitiful became young
 Thomas' plight,
 Because, alas! the more he read, the more
 he could not write.

"Write what you know," his mother begged
 (she stirred not from his side).

"Don't tell me—*don't!* It is n't *fair!*" he
 pleaded just the same.

The night before the fateful day was quite
 the worst of all.

Black care upon the house of Jones de-
 scended like a pall.



"THE MORE HE READ, THE MORE HE COULD NOT WRITE."

All pleasure paled, all comfort failed, and
laughter seemed a sin;
For "Oh, to-morrow," Thomas wailed, "it
must be handed in!"

When, lo! the voice of Great-aunt Jones
came sternly through the door:
"I cannot stand this state of things one
single minute more!"

The training of a fractious child is plainly
not my mission;
But—*Thomas Jones, go straight upstairs
and write that composition!*"

And Thomas Jones went straight upstairs,
and sat him down alone,
And—though I grant a stranger thing was
surely never known—



"DON'T TELL ME—DON'T! IT IS N'T FAIR!"



"THOMAS JONES, GO STRAIGHT UPSTAIRS AND WRITE THAT COMPOSITION!"

In two short hours he returned serenely to display
Six neatly written pages on "The Indian To-
day"!

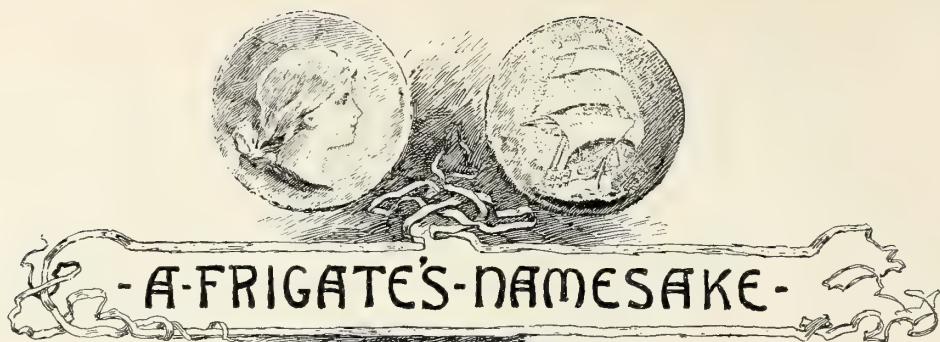
His teacher read them to the class, and smiled
a well-pleased smile;

She praised the simple language and the
calmly flowing style;

"For while," she said, "he does not rise to
any lofty height,

'T is wonderful how *easily* young Thomas
Jones can write."





By

Alice Balch Abbott.

CHAPTER I.

IT WAS the last day of September, and Essex Thurston was perfectly happy, a condition of mind quite possible when one is twelve years old and the state of affairs as follows: the finest of weather, a holiday to be celebrated, a book for which one has been longing for many a day, and finally the prospect of reading the same in one's favorite nook with no fear of interruption. To go even further into particulars, during the previous night a northwest wind had cleared the sky to its most beautiful blue, and was now sweeping the remaining white clouds rapidly before its strong breath, sending the fleeting shadows chasing fast over land and sea. The holiday was the birthday of a namesake for whom Essex had such high regard that several years before she had declared her wish to receive at least one of her gifts at this season rather than at the time of her own anniversary. The gift for the present occasion had been Cooper's "Pilot," that most fascinating of sea-tales.

As for the security from interruption,—precious privilege, which no story-loving little maiden, with lessons to learn and household duties to perform, will fail to appreciate,—of course that could only have been made possible by the possession of a mother who had once been a little story-lover herself.

That morning, at the breakfast-table, when Essex's uncle Owen had inquired whether any

special form of celebration had been determined upon for the day, Mrs. Thurston, seeing the longing looks cast in the direction of the new book, had remarked:

"I was wondering how Essex would enjoy celebrating as I did on my fourteenth birthday. It happened to fall on a Saturday, and I was told that I could spend the day exactly as I wished, the expectation being, I suppose, that I would choose to go on some expedition; but, having recently finished my first of Scott's novels with all the misery of being stopped in the midst of exciting situations by the demands of lessons, dish-washing, and sewing, I did not hesitate an instant, but chose to spend the whole day reading 'The Talisman.' Commencing directly after breakfast and stopping only for dinner and supper, the story was finished a half-hour before bedtime. Do you think," turning to her daughter, "that you would enjoy making a similar experiment?"

"Can I really?" Essex had asked.

"You can and you may, as far as I am concerned. I know that Judy will be only too willing to wash the cups and glasses for you, and as it rained yesterday, I think the parlor and Uncle's room might be spared a dusting."

"Do you think I could go to the island?"

"And take your luncheon! That will be charming. Then you will be sure of no interruption. And under such very favorable circumstances, I should really think that by suppertime all the ships ought to be satisfactorily

sunk or in safety, the couples happily married or unhappily separated. If not, I suppose Uncle and I might come over with a lamp—"

"Mother, dear," and a kiss had stopped any further planning, "how do you know just what I want to do, and always let me do it?"

"Especially overhanding pillow-cases."

Essex gave a shiver. "Don't speak of the dreadful things! Do you want me to help about my luncheon?"

"Oh, no; I will see to that. You can run up and put your room in order, and by the time that is done everything will be ready for the island."

And speaking of that place brings us straightway to the last condition of Essex's state of "perfect happiness"—the favorite nook in which the new story was to be read. But no description of this nook would ever be permitted—that is, if the young woman herself had any word in the matter—without there being first given some idea of the beauties and delights of her home and its surroundings. The home in question was not her birthplace, though it had been that of her father and four successive grandfathers. Essex herself had been born in a rather uninteresting little town, in a far-away Western State, whither her father had taken his bride, expecting to remain only as long as might be necessary for the smoothing out of a business tangle. But shortly after the birth of his little daughter he had died, and his wife, unwilling to break up the little home where her brief, happy married life had been spent, had stayed on until Essex was nearly nine years old. At that time an urgent invitation had come from her husband's younger brother, asking her and her little daughter to come East and make their home with him in the old Thurston homestead in Massachusetts. And so it had come to pass that one summer's day, three years before this story begins, Mr. Owen Thurston had driven over to Eastham station to meet the afternoon train from the West.

When the decision for the removal to the East had been made, Essex, being of that turn of mind which delights in making its own discoveries, had decided not to draw upon any of her mother's previous knowledge of the

unknown uncle and his home, but, as she expressed it, "just let herself be nicely surprised"; and the few minutes necessary for the transferring of the travelers from the train to the old-fashioned carryall had been quite sufficient to convince her that the first element of her "surprise" was likely to prove a most satisfactory addition to her little life. Then had followed the first drive to her new home, the drive which even now, after three years' experience, had never failed to have its charm. Out through the one long, grass-bordered street of the sleepy New England village it led; around a sharp turn into a lane, then down through sloping meadow and orchard, and finally out upon a broad, green marsh, stretching mile upon mile far away to the distant horizon, its surface dotted here and there with tiny marsh islands, fascinating little groups of short, sturdy oaks and pines, raised slightly above the surrounding plain. From one to another of these spots the road took its way, passing at length over a long, low bridge spanning a creek of apparently greater importance than the numerous other silver ribbons playing hide-and-seek in all directions among the tall grasses of the marsh. On the further side of the bridge rose an oval green hill, at the base of which the road turned with a gradual ascent to the right.

"Is there any other way to get to our house than over this bridge?" Essex had inquired at this point in that first journey.

"None," her uncle had answered, "unless you prefer swimming or coming from the other side by—I declare, I almost spoiled part of the surprise. And, by the way, if you want a very fine experience, I should advise the covering of your eyes for the next five minutes."

Needless to say, Essex had followed this advice, and had driven the last few rods of the journey with fingers pressed closely over her eyelids. When the carriage had stopped, her uncle had lifted her to what she felt to be the veranda floor, and then turning her quickly about, had given the command, "Now, look!"

This was what she saw: a broad sweep of smooth turf, stretching down to where the

tops of a line of trees showed how steep was the fall of the land below. But beyond their wind-tossed tops rippled a broad sheet of water, almost inclosed by high bluffs of gleaming white sand; and in the opening between

sobbing breath of delight. And then Uncle Owen, quite satisfied with the success of his surprise, had laid a caressing hand on the little arm flung around his sister's neck, saying:

"Ah, I see I was not mistaken. The 'Frigate' evidently knows that she has come at last to her own."

Although Essex's thoughts had been entirely engrossed that first evening by the knowledge that the ocean lay before her door, in the days that had followed various other charms of her new home had gradually unfolded themselves. There was the house itself, with its long, low rooms, showing in corner and ceiling the great beams of the massive oak frame, that for more than a century and a half had stood unshaken before the mighty Atlantic winds; next, the great barn, with its lofty hay-mow and high-pitched roof filled with the nests of innumerable swallows, and the wide doorway, with the date "1775" above it, and the delightful fact in its history, as told by her uncle, that the frame had been obliged to wait for its covering



"FOR ONE MOMENT ESSEX HAD STOOD ABSOLUTELY MOTIONLESS."

these bluffs and above their grass-crowned summits, reaching to right and left as far as the eye could see, lay a long band of restless rolling blue, that seemed to melt into the sunset-purpled haze of the eastern sky.

For one moment Essex had stood absolutely motionless, then, turning, had laid her head down upon her mother's shoulder with a long

until master and men had finished more important work—which work was the battle of Bunker Hill! Then there was the wide field sloping far up behind the house. And when the grain was ripe, or the daisies in bloom, the little girl always loved to imagine that the waving tops actually brushed the blue sky above them. And the well! Black Judy,

no doubt, would have preferred a pump or a faucet, but Essex never grew weary of the clanking of the wheel in the top of the little house, nor of watching the bucket turn bottom side up as it reached the water's surface, nor of the drip, drip as it came slowly upward, to be brought to the curb at last with a splashing jerk, making necessary a quick jump to one side; or spattered shoes and stockings paid the penalty. But the delight of delights, always excepting the ocean, was the "little island." Essex had espied it in her first outlook from the veranda, and the following morning had made her first voyage thither. From that moment it had become her best-beloved cozy nook. It was just such another little group of rocks, dwarfed trees, and bushes as those which dotted the broad marshland, only this one was set in its rightful element, standing bravely up out of the blue waters of the bay, about a quarter of a mile from the little beach below the house.

CHAPTER II.

THE hall clock was striking nine as Essex bounded down the slope, away through the trees, and out on to the little wharf where her uncle's cat-boat and her own especial little skiff were rocking most invitingly on the incoming tide.

Having stowed her precious new book and a bundle of blue bunting in the stern of her boat, she stepped aboard, and with the untied rope in her hand, stood waiting impatiently for the arrival of her one passenger.

Said passenger, having been intrusted with the luncheon-basket, had been making his way down the bank in a most careful and dignified manner, and now appeared, with ears bravely erect and slowly waving tail, stepping proudly out along the wharf.

Essex took the basket, stowed it under a seat, and at the command, "Aboard, 'Alert'!" the great collie stepped into the boat in as neat a manner as that of any accomplished Jack Tar.

Two minutes later, Mrs. Thurston, watching from the doorway above, saw the little craft pull out from the shelter of the shore, and

keeping watch till it had vanished around the curve of the island, only left her post when a dark-blue flag with a gleam of white lettering floated gaily out from the slender flagstaff standing up in bold relief against the background of the island oaks and pines.

Seated in her arm-chair, formed by two rocks on the seaward side of the island, in a spot where a break in the bushes gave a view out through the bay's entrance to the ocean beyond, Essex speedily left the shores of New England far behind. For had she not joined company with that matchless crew—Barnstable, Griffith, Midshipman Merry, and that noblest but most mysterious of pilots?

The sun climbed higher and higher, while the pages went steadily over, until, at length, a large shaggy paw laid upon her open book made Essex look up to meet the most beseeching expression of which a dog's eyes could be capable.

Springing to her feet, and giving herself a little shake, she exclaimed:

"You poor boy, you *shall* have your luncheon! Bring the basket—now!"

After as rapid a turn as is possible for four legs upon a two-feet-square area, Alert scrambled down the rocks at his liveliest gait, while his mistress descended to the water's edge in another direction in order to secure the large bottle of milk which had been keeping cool in a shady spot since their arrival.

There were also her own tumbler and Alert's deep saucer to be gotten from their special cubbyhole, and by the time she returned, the luncheon-basket and its escort had arrived.

The basket in question had been purchased with special reference to just such occasions as the present. It contained two compartments, and as Essex drew from the left-hand one a queerly shaped parcel wrapped in heavy brown paper, a certain pair of silky ears came forward with a jerk, and a bushy tail commenced a most vigorous tattoo on the ground.

The paper was unrolled. "Chops, Alert; is n't that fine?" Two large crackers came next, followed by a three-inch cube of stale sponge cake.

Essex gave the command, "Now, sir!" and

then—well, if any member of the dog tribe would care to engage in a contest as to the quickest time for getting on to four feet, and putting away of two huge crackers and a piece of sponge cake, it is my unbiased opinion that Alert Thurston could give him points and win.

The contents of the right-hand division of the basket gave further proof of Mrs. Thurston's skill as a commissary—a generous supply of sandwiches, part of them filled with slices

the bonbons, the tumbler and saucer were washed and replaced in their hiding-place; and with the chocolates in her lap, and Alert curled up at her feet for his afternoon nap, Essex once more lost herself in the pages of her book.

Minutes and hours flew by on wings until, at length, the little reader arrived at the stirring scene where Long Tom, having hurled his reluctant commander into the waiting boat, casts the line loose, saying: "God's will be done with me. I saw the first timber of the 'Ariel' laid, and shall live just long enough to see it turn out of her bottom; after which I desire to live no longer."

As Essex read the pathetic words, a blur came over the page before her, and lifting her head, she sat for a while looking dreamily out to sea. Suddenly, across the water, floated the soft, clear note of a horn. Alert was on his feet in an instant, but his mistress, laying a detaining hand on his collar, remained seated, listening intently in the direction from which the signal had come. Another note, and she was up with a bounce, glancing about for the basket. A third, and stopping for nothing, she sprang down the rocks, and in less time than it takes to tell of it, Alert and the "Pilot" were both aboard, and the little captain was unshipping the oars.

Ten minutes later a panting girl and dog came racing up the slope.

Judy, the darky maid, was standing in the doorway eagerly awaiting their arrival.

"What *is* the matter?" demanded Essex, breathlessly.

"Oh, Miss Essex, I so 'shamed. Your ma say to blow two toots on the horn at half-past three, and that would gib you heaps o' time to set the supper-table an' fix flowers for it an' the gentleman's room an' dust it; an' now it's a-goin' on five o'clock—not twenty minutes 'fo' they 'll be here! It was just nothin' but dat ol' chicken jelly—I so 'cited fear it would capswash dat I disremember all about tootin' till just few minutes ago!"

Here a pause was absolutely necessary, and Essex made haste to ask, "Where is mother, and what gentleman do you mean? Tell me quick, and pick nasturtiums while you talk."



"THE LITTLE CRAFT PULLED OUT FROM THE SHELTER OF THE SHORE."

of chicken and part with Essex's favorite quince marmalade, a small glass jar containing six olives, an unusually plump cream-puff, and at the very bottom a little box of chocolate bonbons and a tiny cocked-hat note:

Will Miss Thurston please present my compliments to Master Griffith, if he is not yet a prisoner, and to Mr. Barnstable, unless he is engaged in swimming for his life, and to that nicest of middies, Master Merry, unless he is being flung overboard, also my always increasing regard and affection to Long Tom Coffin, and to that prince of pilots—by the way, what *is* his name?

The bewildering possibilities suggested in this note caused the luncheon to become a most rapid feast.

When all was finished, with the exception of

"There! I clean forgot you were gone when the telegraph came for Mars Owen from some gentleman in New York, sayin' he 'd be at our station on four-o'clock train, an' Mars Owen hab some business, so he go right after dinner, an' he had n't no more 'n got on the bridge, when ober comes Mars Burton's man with a note sayin' the baby hab crup again, an' want Mis' Thurston to go right ober. An' she say let you be till half-past three, an' den dat chicken!" Judy gave a grunt of disgust. "Anyways, I done make up the bed an' fill the pitcher. Would you hab time to dust it?"

"Oh, yes; but is n't mother coming back?"

"She say she may hab to stay all night, an' if she does, you to take her place, an' not forget dat cream an' sugar go in de cups befo' coffee, an' when it 's tea, sugar com' first an' cream last."

Poor Essex! Guests, being few and far between at Thurston Island, had always been considered by her as more or less of an ordeal; but this sudden burden of hostess-ship was decidedly overwhelming.

However, the responsibility must be met, and having rapidly laid out the campaign for the short time allowed, she took the flowers which Judy had been gathering, and putting them with those in her own hand, said hastily:

"There, Judy, these will do for upstairs, and now, if you will fill the Wedgwood bowl and bring it up to me, I will dust as quickly as I can. Then, if you can pick some white asters and manage to put on the cloth, I will make the time for setting the table in some way."

The last words came floating down from the stair-head as Essex vanished in the direction of the guest-room.

The dusting was well under way when Judy appeared with the water for the flowers.

"La, miss, you fix 'em all tipsy-like, just as your ma does," was the maid's proud comment as Essex set the blue bowl on the table.

"Did mother say anything about my changin' my dress?"

"Yes, miss; she say you better put on your Sunday one. I s'pose I disremember to tell you, 'cause I don' see as it makes any difference with those sailor clothes. They all alike,

anyways." And Judy turned toward the door with a sniff of scorn.

There was one subject which never failed to excite the old servant's disapproval, and that was the unvarying style of the dresses worn by her little mistress. Blue serge sailor suits for the winter, and white duck and piqué, made in the same style, for the warm weather—such



"LA, MISS, YOU FIX 'EM ALL TIPSY-LIKE, JUST AS YOUR MA DOES," WAS JUDY'S PROUD COMMENT."

had been the established rule since the little girl's baby frocks had been outgrown.

Essex paid no attention to Judy's last remark, but as the latter started down the stairs one last command remained to be given:

"The wind is west, Judy, so you will hear 'Major's' hoofs on the bridge. Let me know the instant you do, and that will give me just time to change my dress. As for my hair—"

"Le' me do it, please, Miss Essex!"

"No; I would rather you would pick the asters. I will manage somehow."

And manage she did, for a quarter of an hour later, when Mr. Thurston and his guest drove up to the door-stone, a little figure was awaiting them there, dressed in the most im-

maculate of navy-blue suits, while at the back of the smoothly brushed head a peculiarly rampant white bow (it had been tied a minute before on the last step of the staircase) held in place the long, waving tassel of thick golden locks.

"Ah, Frigate," her uncle called out, "where 's mother?" While the horse was being tied Essex gave him the necessary explanation. Then followed the introduction.

"Frigate, this is Mr. Bruce—your hostess,

Bruce. We will trust that in this case quality will atone for lack of quantity."

Poor Essex! That remark made her eyes seek the ground, but not before she had seen the courteous removal of the gentleman's hat and his respectful expression as he took her little brown hand in his.

"Jim," said Mr. Thurston, as a small darky appeared, "I will drive the horse around to the stable. You can carry the gentleman's satchel to his room."

(To be continued.)



THE READING-NOOK ON THE ISLAND.

A STORY OF THREE DOGS.

BY MARY DAMERON.



HE was a wise man who said: "Show me a dog, and I will tell you what his master is."

The other day I was walking from the city to the hospital. It is a long walk, and I was alone. Just as I had cleared the city, and was climbing a wearisome hill, a dog came walking toward me. He had a coat of white-and-brown shaggy hair, clean, and soft as silk. He did not hesitate, but came right up to me, and, standing on his hind feet, put two soft paws up to my waist, and looked into my face as if he would say, "Good day! I don't know who you are, but I want you to love me, and oh, I know you will! Everybody does. I am sure the world must be full of love."

What deep, expressive brown eyes he had! They seemed to speak, although he did not utter a sound. I patted his head, and he rested against me with the confidence of a trusting child. I stood a moment and petted him. He seemed to expect it. Presently I bade him good-by, and walked on.

It was not long before I met another dog. He was a little black fellow, and his small eyes fairly danced with mirth as they peeked out from beneath their hairy lids. He was evidently desirous of play. He darted toward me, and circled round me, bouncing, and wagging his tail. He was soon off to the road again. I threw up my gloved hand, and called, "Come, little doggy!"

He came, only to be off again like a flash, looking back every moment, as he ran, as if to say, "What are you walking at that snail's pace for? You 'll never catch me in the world!"

He did not come to me again. I think he was disgusted. So I walked on.

It was some moments before I saw another dog, but just as I was turning into the broad, fir-bordered avenue leading to the hospital, I spied a big, spotted fellow trotting toward me. As he neared me, he looked up with a forbidding eye, and began to tuck his tail close to his hind legs. He came on, and as he was passing I grasped a fold of my dress, which was dragging on the ground. My motion seemed to frighten him, for, with a bound, he commenced to run down the road. I looked back, and he stopped at some distance, and seemed to watch me, probably to see if I had meant to strike him.

"I 'll learn something about the home life of these dogs," I said to myself.

I found that the brown-spotted dog was called "Pete." He was the pet of an invalid. She could not jump, and frisk, and play; she could only love him, and he had learned to be a gentle, loving little dog.

The little black fellow was "Bounce." He was the pet of a family of boys and girls. He played with them all day long, and at night he was put to sleep in a nice warm bed.

The last dog was "Dick." Poor Dick! He belonged to a rough, unkind family. He was not half fed, and feared to put his head in at his master's door, for fear of a kick. At night he sought shelter from the cold and snow anywhere he could find it. When I met him he was doubtless returning from the hospital back yard, where good Christine, the cook, is ready to feed all the stray dogs and cats that come to her. And such dogs as poor Dick are quick to find anybody with a kind heart like Christine's.

So I have begun to think dogs are like looking-glasses, reflecting the manners of their masters in their own. If I had a dog I 'd want him to be like Pete; but if I were a boy or girl I 'd want him to be like Bounce.



"OH, A QUARTER-STAFF IS OFTEN ROUGH." (SEE PAGE 28.)

A BALLAD IN LINCOLN GREEN.

BY ALDIS DUNBAR.

'T WAS the smith who wrought till the sun went down;
His arms were strong and his face was brown,
But he lived in dread of a fair maid's frown.

Hey, marry come up!

Oh, as dainty a lass as ever was seen,
She mocked at the blacksmith's homely mien,
And sighed for a lover in Lincoln green!

Sing hey for the Lincoln green!

She passed the forge at the nooning bell,
And through the woods to Our Lady's well,
Where many a wish comes true, they tell.

Hey, marry come up!

And as she went by a lonely lane,
Counting the links of her golden chain,
A step behind her was heard quite plain.

Sing hey for the hope of gain!

A touch on her arm, and beside her stood
A lad in the dress of the gay greenwood.
She blushed quite red, as a fair maid should.

Hey, marry come up!

"My lass, in the greenwood we think no sin
To snatch our earnings while others spin.
Your chain, I pray, and each sparkling pin!"

Sing hey for the gold to win!

"Alas and alack!" she cried in alarm,
And longed for the strength of the blacksmith's arm
To keep and defend her from touch of harm!

Hey, marry come up!

"Come, lend me your gold, and a kiss I 'll pay.
Honest exchange is the outlaw's way!"
When—sprawling flat on the grass he lay!

Sing hey for the outlaw's pay!

Oh, a quarter-staff is often rough,
 And the arm of a smith grows strong and tough.
 The lad in green cried, "Hold! Enough!"
 Hey, marry come up!

Ah, swift he fled through each forest glade;
 And the blacksmith, sure, was well repaid
 By a glance from a sorry, repentant maid.
 Sing hey for a meeker maid!

Now lies there many a year between;
 Yet maids will ever be maids, I ween,
 Forever a-wishing for "might have been."
 A sigh for the Lincoln green.

Sweet,—comes it nearer,—you learn, I wot,
 To be content with your quiet lot—
 Nor long for a life that you know not.
 Hey, marry come up!

DOSERA, THE FEAST OF HORSES.

BY EMMA BRAINERD RYDER.

To the boys and girls in America life in India would be one continual surprise. Every day there is some new festival, or feast, or procession, or something different from the things one sees and hears at home.

Do-se-ra, or the "Feast of Horses," is a very old festival. The Hindus say that on a time, long ago, the god Rama went to war with the King of Ceylon, and was victorious because his army had better horses and bullocks than the king's army. So, yearly, at the time of a new moon, the Hindus worship the horses and bullocks.

I had never heard of this festival, and on the morning of Dosera I was surprised to find my Arab pony, "Raja," all trimmed with bright yellow flowers. He had a wreath around his neck; long pendants of flowers hung from his ears; anklets of the same bright

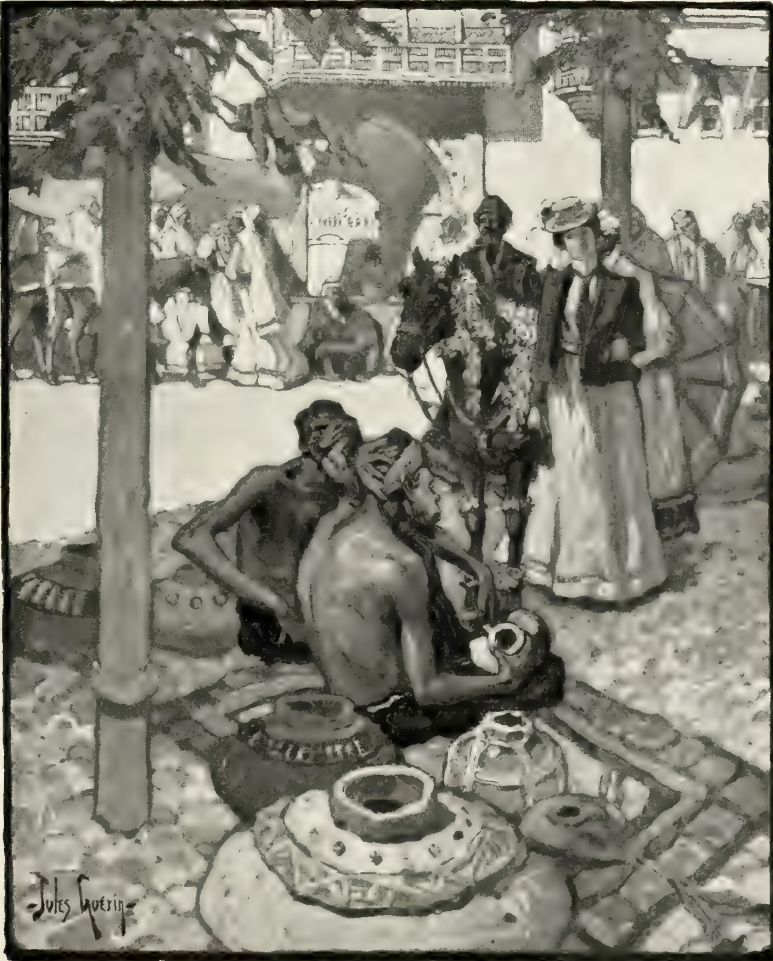
flowers were tied around his legs, just above the hoof and again above the knees; and tiny bouquets were tied to the harness in many places, and on the reins, too. It was pretty, and I am sure Raja felt "dressed up," for he was dignified and quiet all that day, and carried his head a little higher than usual. Sometimes he does frisky things; but we are not at all afraid of him, for he is intelligent, and if we say, "Raja, Raja!" in a decided tone, he seems to know that we wish him to be dignified. "Raja" means "king," and we gave him that name because we think him the king of Arab ponies.

At Dosera, the bullocks, which are as much used here as horses, had their horns stained with bright-colored paints, generally a different color for each horn; and strings of little tassels of many different colors were tied from

the tip of one horn to the tip of the other, or bright pieces of ribbons would be used instead of the tassels.

The white horses, of which there are very many here, and the white bullocks, too, were

locks. I could not find any one who would tell me if they worshiped the carts too, but I think they did. After this is done, the people give each other presents, which should be of gold; but as the people are, most of them, too poor



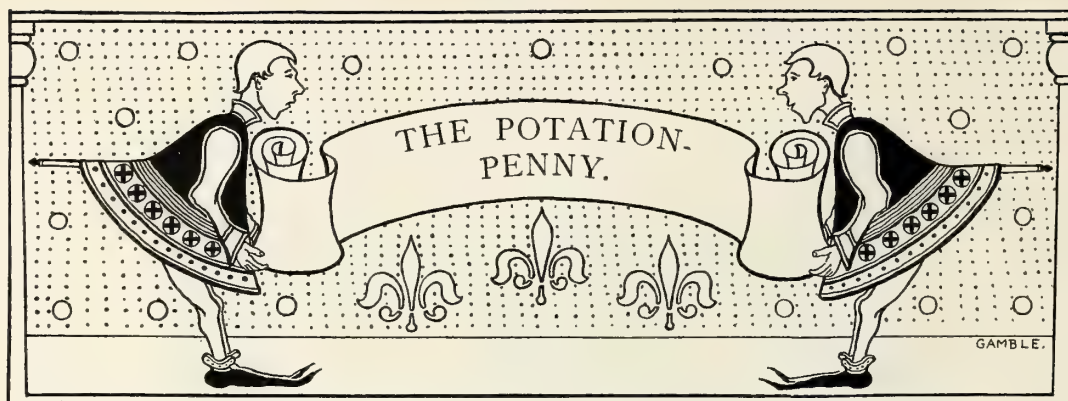
"I FOUND MY PONY RAJA ALL TRIMMED WITH BRIGHT YELLOW FLOWERS."

painted, some in stars or in round dots. Others had the rising sun painted on both sides of their bodies, in red and gold colors. Some horses had only their tails and manes colored, while a few drivers painted the sides of the cart and the wheels also.

After all this decorating was finished, the people made *pujah* to the animals, which means that they worshiped the horses and the bul-

locks. to give gold, they give the leaf of a "gold"-plant, and that answers very well.

When evening came, and the coachman who had trimmed Raja with the fresh flowers had not received "bakshish," he felt very much neglected, and sent word to me that it was the custom of the country to give the coachman a donation. I sent him a rupee, and made him quite happy.



BY MARGARETTA L. HINCHMAN.

THE schools of our country one hundred years ago would hardly be recognized as schools by the children of to-day. The school-houses were small and one-roomed, frequently hexagonal, that is, six-sided like a bee's honey-cell. At first there were no desks, rude benches being used instead, while great logs took the place of chairs. The variety of subjects to be learned was not as great then as now; the "three Rs, reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic," with a little Latin and Greek, were the principal subjects taught. In the branches studied, however, the tasks were often very hard; sometimes difficult problems were given out, problems that would puzzle even grown-up heads to-day. Moreover, spelling varied widely. This was doubtless increased by the little travel between the colonies. Jonathan Edwards, in New England, spelled quarrel "quarrill," while Mistress Blair, in Virginia, spelled it "quarrel," as we do. Yet Ephraim Williams in one letter spells the same word in two different ways—"writting," "wrighting."

The holidays came round as regularly then as they do now, and commencement day was no doubt looked forward to with as much delight and eagerness. There were no "exercises," with dreadfully long speeches, but all was feasting and merry-making.

A great picnic was given at the school-house. On this grand occasion the children, dressed in their "best bibs and tuckers," came early with their parents and families, and the ministers and authorities of the community were

always present. The school-teacher presided over the feast, and paid for the food with pennies that had been brought to him during the whole year.

It was the custom for each pupil to bring a penny, or some small sum, which enabled the teacher to furnish the treat. If he lived in a generous neighborhood, this gave him quite a little sum above the costs of the feast. This custom gave rise to the name "potation-" or "drinking-penny."

They had all the good things to eat and drink that one could think of. They had buns, jam-tarts, gooseberry-pies, and cakes made in all shapes—dogs made of cake, birds made of cake, and gingerbread men, of course. Then, they had figs and dates, brought to the colonies in trading-vessels, and ale and cider of their own making.

This old custom the colonists brought from England. There is a record of it in the statutes of Hartlebury, Worcestershire, "the seventh year of our Sovereign Lady Queen Elizabeth":

The said schoolmaster shall and may have, use, and take the profits of all such *potations* as are commonly used in schools, and such other gifts as shall be freely given them, . . . over and besides their wages, until their salary and stipend shall be augmented.

In some of the counties of England this is still continued. The commencement which we celebrate at the end of our school term, though differing in form and in name, seems to be in some ways an outgrowth of the potation-penny feast.



"A GREAT PICNIC WAS GIVEN AT THE SCHOOL-HOUSE."



THE BALLAD OF THE KIND DRAGON.

BY HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS.

FROM earliest times the dragon has
 Been looked upon with dread.
 His shining scales, his glittering eyes,
 The great fangs in his head,

The way he breathes out flame and smoke,
 His long and keen-edged claws,
 Present a personality
 To make the bravest pause.

And then his awful character!—
 His snappy little way
 Of gobbling human beings up
 As though it were but play!

'T is with a glad and thankful heart
 That I indite my lay
 To one of different tendencies
 Who lived in Sluggard's Bay.

This dragon's name was Peter Jones.
 He came of ancient race.
 A kindly heart beat in his breast;
 He had a pleasant face,

Although not quite a handsome one—
 'T is deeds that tell, not looks,
 And Peter's record would compare
 With any found in books.

There was a youngster at this time,
 And he would search for gold.
 He bought a beamy little craft—
 With food he filled her hold.

Then hoisted sail, the anchor tripped,
 And started on his way
 To get the treasure that he heard
 Was hid in Sluggard's Bay.

This mariner was Billy Brown;
 He came from New York City.
 Full soon he jammed the tiller down
 And sang this sailor's ditty:

"Now fresh and wild the north wind blows,
 The racing billows roar,
 While high and swift
 The spume and drift
 Go scudding on before.

"The sun glints on the foam and sheen,
 The air is keen, but kind.
 Then ho! for the sail
 And the wind that fills it!
 Then ho! for the sea
 And the ship that tills it!
 And the life that free men find!"

The moon had waned a score of times
 Ere he came to the strand
 Of Sluggard's Bay. He gave a shout
 And headed in for land.

But as he put the boat about,
 A cat's-paw struck the sail;
 Over she went, and down went he—
 A shipwreck within hail

Of land; but manfully he swam
 Until he reached the shore,
 And then the sound came to his ears
 Of Peter Jones's roar.

Now Billy was a frightened boy;
 He hid him in a cave
 Until P. Jones in kindest tones
 Called, "I am here to save,

"Not murder you. Come here, my son,
 Hang your clothes to dry,
 And warm your hands, and your poor feet;
 Then you and I will try

"To get some dinner." Billy came
 And did as he was told.
 So Peter breathed upon the clothes
 And on the boy so cold

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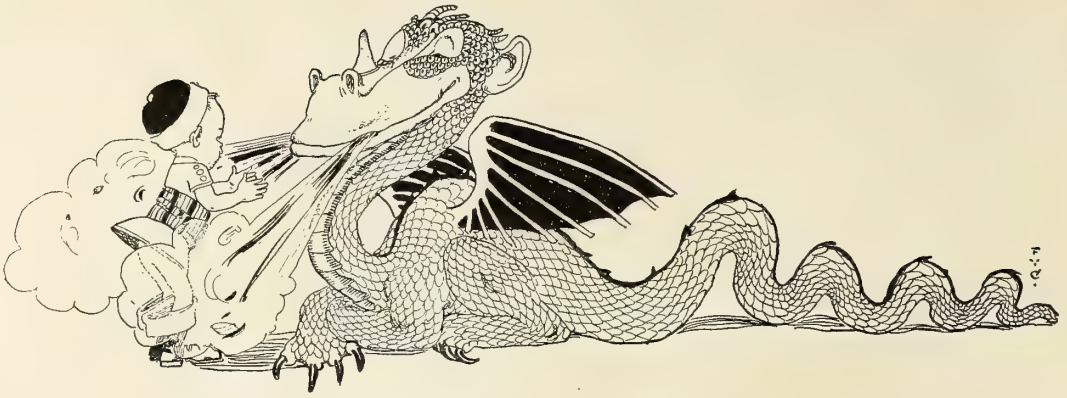


BILLY BROWN SINGS A SONG.

Till they were dry as any bones
 And nice and warm as toast.
 Then Peter said, with genial smile,
 "My larder does n't boast

"A list of many eatables;
 Some 'taters we can cook—
 Go put them in the kettle now,
 With water from the brook;

"Then hang the kettle on that limb
 And I 'll supply the flame.
 For meat, we 'll have to do without—
 There is n't any game."



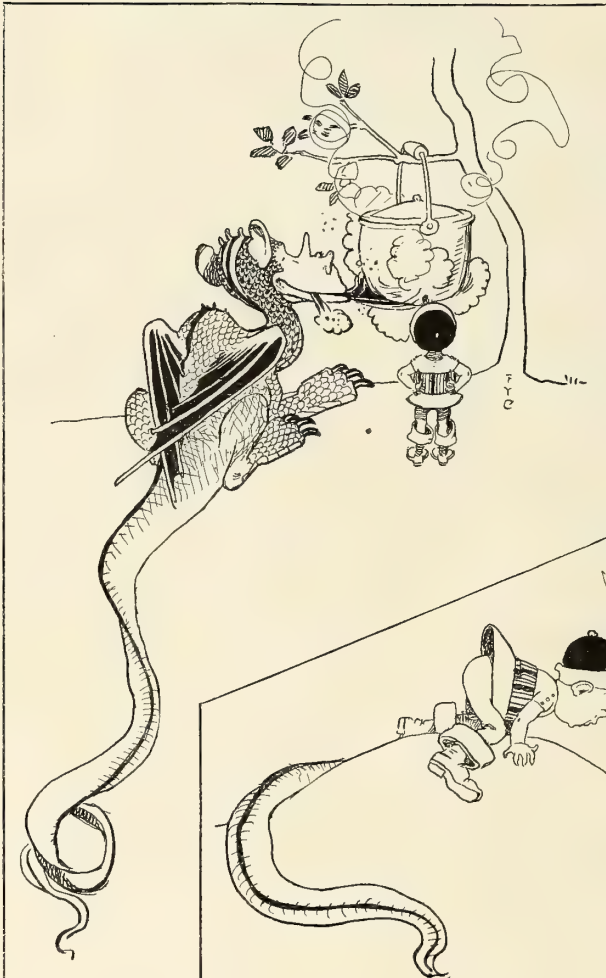
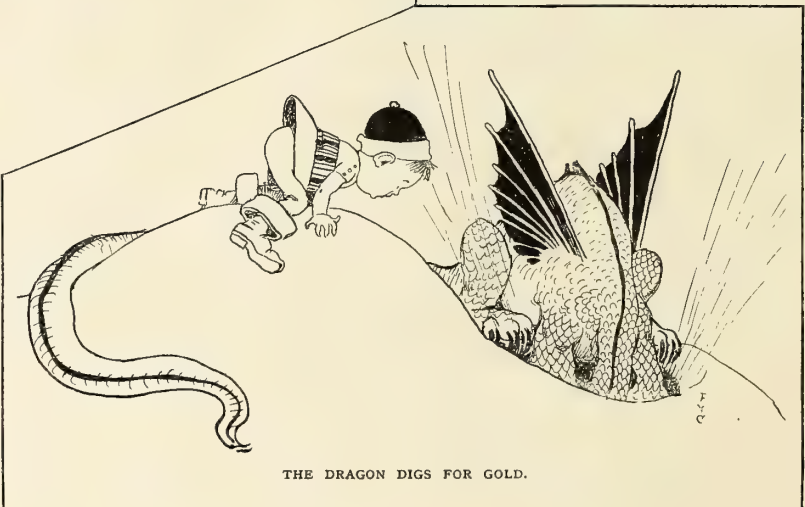
THE DRAGON WARMS BILLY'S HANDS.

'T was thus their friendship did begin—
A friendship tried and true,
For Peter Jones helped Billy Brown
In all he tried to do.

When they went out to hunt for gold,
'T was Peter's claws that dug it,
While Billy, watching carefully,
Picked up each shining nugget,

Until they had a mighty pile—
A ton, at least, in weight,
Which they put by until some ship
Would take the load as freight.

So Billy lived with Peter Jones
A year, perhaps, or more;
And when the parting time came round
His heart felt sad and sore.

THE DRAGON BOILS
THE KETTLE.

THE DRAGON DIGS FOR GOLD.



THE SETTING SAIL OF BILLY.

But in the offing lay a ship
That soon took Billy off,
While Peter hid his rising sobs
Beneath a well-feigned cough.

Now Billy lives like any prince;
But twice a year a treat

Of choicest fireworks he sends
For Peter Jones to eat.

And Peter, as the rockets, mines,
And wheels he swallows down,
While sparks and crackers fly around,
Thinks well of Billy Brown.



PETER JONES, THE DRAGON, ENJOYING BILLY'S FIREWORKS.

HOW THE SHOES

FITTED THE BABY.



BY SOPHIE SWETT.

SUCH a pair of feet as the baby had!—plump and dimpled and satiny, and there was a bewitching little crease for an ankle, and the toe-nails were like bits of the inside of a sea-shell. I don't suppose there ever were such feet before, or, in fact, such a baby, altogether; at least, that was the opinion of the baby's little brothers and sisters, and, indeed, of the big brothers and sisters, and, now I think of it, the father and mother thought so, too. And there were, besides, some uncles and aunts and cousins (who had no babies of their own), and they were of the same opinion. And as for grandma, who had had a good many babies and grandbabies, she was sure of it. So it must have been so.

"Bless the darling! I wish she had some shoes," said grandma.

"She ought to have some shoes," said the baby's father.

"It's a *pity* she can't have some shoes," said the baby's mother.

"It's a *shame* that she's never had any shoes," said the older children—all except Jacob Abimelech.

"Can't she have some shoes?" said the younger children.

"She *shall* have some shoes!" said Jacob Abimelech.

Then they all knew that the baby would have some shoes. When Jacob Abimelech

said a thing should be done, it was just as sure as roast turkey at Thanksgiving. Jacob Abimelech was "smart." It was whispered in Brimfield that he could "spell down" the schoolmaster, and he had beaten the minister at checkers.

If Jacob Abimelech had said that a lovely little pair of shoes, with buttons on them, that exactly fitted the baby, would presently come skipping up the garden path to the front door, all by themselves, the children would have rushed to the window fully expecting to see them. They had such faith in Jacob Abimelech. But he did not say anything of that kind, and it was n't probable that the shoes would come in any such fairy-book way as that, though it would be very convenient to have them; very convenient, indeed, for the Sparrows were poor—so poor that they had had to

Shoe the horse, and shoe the mare,
And let the little colt go bare.

To think of the baby having been in the world almost two years without having had a pair of shoes to shelter those pinky toes! I think nobody could blame the children for saying that it was a shame.

A squaw, who was wandering about, had once given the baby a pair of moccasins, gaily embroidered with beads, but they were too

large,—almost large enough for Hannah,—and the baby would not keep them on.

Grandma knitted plenty of good, warm little socks to keep Jack Frost from nipping her toes, but she knitted them of homespun yarn, and, though nobody wanted to hurt grandma's feelings by saying so, they were very clumsy, and not pretty at all, and, moreover, the baby could pull them off just when she liked.

Now, Jacob Abimelech had never said before that the baby *should have* some shoes. He had been the only one who had said nothing. Jacob Abimelech was one of those very uncommon people who, when they have nothing to say, say nothing. But his pumpkin had just taken the prize at the fair, and he had ten dollars of his own to do what he liked with. Although he was almost seventeen, I don't think he had ever before had ten dollars of his own in his life. They were so very

came very often and spoiled the crops. And there were so many children to clothe and feed! But they found the world worth living in, after all; because there are so many beautiful things that money cannot buy.

It was such a delightful happening that Jacob Abimelech raised the prize pumpkin! And yet, like a great many good things that are called happenings, it had taken a good deal of patient care and labor to bring it about. And if it was like anybody in the world to raise a prize pumpkin, it was like Jacob Abimelech! He had chosen a place to plant the seeds where pumpkin seeds were never planted before; but it was on a sunny slope, and he made the earth rich, and that did its best to help; and the rain came along and helped at just the right time; and the sun—oh, how the sun did shine on that pumpkin-vine! and, by and by, it seemed to send its very first beam



"SHE SHALL HAVE SOME SHOES!" SAID JACOB ABIMELECH."

poor! Mr. Sparrow had the rheumatism, and half of the time he could not work at all, and the farm was mortgaged, and seasons that were too wet, or too dry, or too cold, or too hot

in the morning, and its very last beam at night, down on that particular pumpkin, so that it outstripped all the others, and grew and grew, until, one day, they stood the baby up beside

it, and it reached to her shoulder, and a few weeks afterward they measured again, and it actually overtopped the baby's head!

You may believe that that *was* a pumpkin, and they were all very proud when Jacob Abimelech carried it to the fair, from Father Sparrow, who said he did n't know but Jacob Abimelech knew more about farming than he did, down to the baby, who understood more about it than they thought. And they were prouder still when he came home from the fair with the prize.

I have not space to tell you of the things that Jacob Abimelech had planned to buy with that ten dollars. He would have needed Aladdin's lamp, or Fortunatus's purse to pay for them all, instead of only a ten-dollar bill. By retiring to the barn two or three times in a day, and making out a list of things he wanted most, and their probable prices, he had discovered how very few things he could have. He *did want* a gun. Jacob Abimelech was only a boy, if he was "smart." There was a fox that tried every night to get into the hen-coop; hawks and crows, too, that did great mischief. But then, there was the shawl that he wanted to get for his mother, the warm gloves for his father, and grandma's new spectacles—and the baby's shoes! He might waver a little about the shawl, and the gloves, and the spectacles,—that gun was such a temptation,—but the baby should have her shoes!

The next question was where they should be bought. There were no shoes worthy of such a baby as that in the one country store that Brimfield boasted, and at Mapleton, five miles away, where they did most of their shopping, there was a very small stock to choose from, and it was very doubtful whether there could be any found to fit her. Oh, if they could only get a pair from the city—the great city eighteen miles away, where there were shoes fit for a queen's baby—or for theirs!

"I'll tell you what!" said Jacob Abimelech, bringing his hand down on his knee with great force, "Obadiah Cherrywinkle is going to the city to market to-morrow!"

"I would n't trust Obadiah to get them. He would never choose the right pair. They would be sure not to fit," said his mother.

"It's a pity we're so busy harvesting that one of us can't go," said Jacob Abimelech. "One of the children might go. There's James Albert; he is n't of much use at home, and he knows what's what, and is pretty sharp at a bargain."

"Oh, yes," cried all the children, in chorus. "Don't you remember the time when James Albert did n't let the tin-peddler cheat him?"

You could scarcely mention James Albert's name in that family without all the children shouting that out in chorus, it being considered one of the important events in the family history that James Albert, at the age of eight, had got the better of a tin-peddler, or, at least, had prevented the tin-peddler from getting the better of him.

"I don't know but James Albert might be trusted; he is such an old head," said his mother. "And we could measure the baby's foot exactly."

"I'll go right over and ask Obadiah if he'll take me," cried James Albert, seizing his hat.

He was back again in a very few minutes, and called out before he got the door open:

"He says *yes*! Obadiah says *yes*! And he says Hannah can go, too, as well as not!"

"Oh, James Albert, I'm awful sorry I told of you about the woodchuck, and you can have my bantam rooster to keep!" she exclaimed, in a gush of gratitude.

"Oh, pooh! who wants your old rooster? I just thought I'd take you for fear I'd be lonesome," replied James Albert, who did good by stealth and blushed to find it fame. "You'd better find out whether mother'll let you before you make such a fuss."

"It's a long ride. I'm afraid she'll be tired. And I suppose you'll have to be off by four o'clock in the morning. But if she wants to go, I don't know as it will do any harm," said their mother.

"It will do both the children good to see the world!" said grandma.

So it was settled, and Hannah dreamed, that night, that Jacob Abimelech's big pumpkin had turned into a coach, like Cinderella's fairy godmother's, and James Albert and she were

going off to seek their fortunes in it. But they had hardly got started, it seemed to her, when James Albert was screaming "Spiders!" at her door. That was the only way they could wake Hannah, she was such a very sound sleeper. If she had not been terribly afraid of spiders I don't know what they would have done.

Jacob Abimelech had got up, and made a good hot fire in the kitchen stove, and put some potatoes in to bake, and they had a nice hot breakfast; and it seemed delightfully queer to be up eating breakfast in the night. Old Lion, who never approved of anything unusual, growled and barked; but Nebuchadnezzar got up and chased his tail as composedly as if he were in the habit of doing it at three o'clock in the morning.

There was scarcely a gleam of daylight when they heard Obadiah Cherrywinkle's heavy wagon creaking through the lane, and Obadiah's cheery voice called, "Halloo, youngsters!"

Obadiah was in a great hurry. "You have to get up early to get the start of them market fellers," he informed them. He hurried James Albert and Hannah into the wagon, cracked his whip over the horses' backs, and they were off.

James Albert had the money for the shoes, and a paper that was the exact measure of the baby's foot, carefully pinned into his jacket pocket, and Hannah had a bright new silver quarter, that Abimelech had given her, tied up in a corner of her pocket-handkerchief. And they would not have thought of changing places with the President or Queen Victoria!

They felt, too, a kind of proprietorship in the wagon that was very pleasant. The Cherrywinkles owned the largest farm in Brimfield, and the great wagon was filled with barrels of apples,—rosy-cheeked Hubbardstons, golden pippins, and little crimson-and-yellow snow apples, nicest of all,—barrels of golden squashes, and green and purple cabbages, a firkin of sweet, golden butter, and a big sage cheese; and hanging around the sides were rows of turkeys, poor things! that had strutted their last strut and gobbled their last gobble in the pleasant Cherrywinkle farm-yard. All

these good things Obadiah was carrying to the unfortunate people who lived in the city, where nothing grew. James Albert and Hannah both felt that it would be the proudest day of their lives, even without that wonderful and delightful commission to buy the baby's shoes.

Obadiah fell fast asleep, and James Albert had the great privilege of driving the finest horses in Brimfield. It was a peculiarity of Obadiah's to fall asleep whenever he had to sit still; his father had tried to make a minister of him, and was forced to give it up because he could not keep awake. He did not wake until the wagon began to clatter over the pavements, and then he seized the reins from James Albert's hand, and said he was "beginnin' to feel kind of drowsy; guessed he should have come pooty nigh fallin' asleep if they had n't got there pooty soon!" James Albert and Hannah thought it was not polite to say anything, but they had to make a great effort to smother their giggles.

But they were soon too much occupied with the delightful novelty of their surroundings to think of Obadiah. The streets were so queer, with houses "all hitched together in a row," as Hannah remarked, and so full of people that it seemed as if it must be the Fourth of July, or, at least, a circus day. When they reached the markets it looked as if all the farmers in the country had "got the start" of Obadiah. Vegetables, and fruit, and meat, and poultry seemed to have overflowed through all the doors and windows; the sidewalks were almost covered.

"Oh, Obadiah, we ought to have started the night before," cried Hannah, the tears coming into her eyes; she felt so sorry for Obadiah, who, she thought, might as well carry water to the well as to bring his wagon-load here.

But Obadiah only laughed. He was as wide awake now as a Yankee farmer ought to be. He jumped out of the wagon, and began to talk to men standing about on the sidewalk, and in a few minutes everything was sold, and they were driving gaily off, with an empty wagon, in search of the baby's shoes!

Hannah's heart beat fast when Obadiah lifted her down from the wagon in front of a large

store whose plate-glass windows showed row after row of the most elegant boots and slippers imaginable. James Albert assumed a manly and assured bearing, but in truth he was almost as much frightened as Hannah. Inside they found the whole store, larger than the Brimfield meeting-house, full of boots and shoes.

He walked up to a clerk as coolly as if it were an every-day occurrence for him to go shopping, and said:

"We want a pair of shoes for our baby."

The clerk did not seem to be struck with the importance of the occasion. He asked, carelessly, what kind and what size, and took a big box down from the shelf. Hannah was seized with violent admiration for a pair of dainty white kid slippers with white satin rosettes, but as they had been carefully enjoined to get shoes that would "wear well," she was forced to turn away from them. After many trials the clerk at last found a lovely little pair of black kid button-boots that just fitted the measure, and James Albert put his hand into one of them as far as it would go, and decided that there was room enough,—the baby's feet were plump, if they were tiny,—and Hannah anxiously felt of the soles to be sure that they were not stiff enough to hurt the baby, and, after much deliberation and consultation, they decided to take them. The price was higher than they had expected to pay, but Jacob Abimelech had charged them to buy the best, and surely the best was not too good for such a baby as that!

They hurried out, impatient to show their purchase to Obadiah, but lo and behold! when they reached the sidewalk neither the wagon nor Obadiah was to be seen!

"We were so long he got tired, and went off and left us. Oh, James Albert, what shall we do?" exclaimed Hannah.

"I would n't have believed Obadiah would be so mean as that," said James Albert. And then he suddenly caught sight of a wagon that looked like Obadiah's, going around a corner a few rods off, and started after it, Hannah following.

They followed it around three corners, and when at last they reached it, breathless, it was not Obadiah's at all, but an expressman's!

James Albert and Hannah looked at each other in dismay. Tears were running down Hannah's cheeks, and James Albert had a lump in his throat, but he suddenly remembered the tin-peddler, and the reputation for "smartness" which he had to maintain.

"We 'll just go back to the shoe-store, and wait until Obadiah comes after us. He 'll be sure to come. I suppose he just went off on an errand, and maybe he got lost. I don't think Obadiah is so very smart!"

It cheered Hannah very much to hear James Albert speak in this confident and easy manner, but, strange to say, when they reached the place where he thought the shoe-store ought to be, it was n't there!

"Oh, James Albert, we 're lost, we 're lost!" cried Hannah.

"The shoe-store is lost, and Obadiah is lost, but we ain't, because here we are!" replied James Albert, stoutly.

This may have been very poor logic, but it made Hannah laugh.

"Let 's go over there, and sit down, and get rested, and think it over," said James Albert, pointing to a large park with broad, shady walks, and a pond and a fountain shining through the trees.

Just inside the gate was a man with a Punch and Judy show, and they laughed at that until they almost forgot their trouble.

"Let 's spend your quarter!" said James Albert, when they were tired of the show.

So they each had a glass of red lemonade which an old woman was dispensing from a large pail, and then James Albert advocated a "jaw-breaker" apiece, because jaw-breakers "lasted long." Hannah did not like them particularly, because they were flavored with cinnamon, but she deferred to James Albert's taste. Then both heartily agreed upon having a big paper bag full of peanuts, and with those and the "jaw-breakers" they retired to a bench under a tree in a secluded corner.

The goodies were even more effective than the Punch and Judy show in helping them to forget Obadiah's mysterious disappearance, and they were laughing and making merry, just as if he might be expected to drive up, all ready to carry them home, at any minute,

when the queerest figure they had ever seen came hobbling along the walk, and stopped in front of them.

It was a little old man, with a huge bag of

most approved fashion, a pink silk dress trimmed with lace, and turquoise ear-rings in her ears. To be frank, her complexion was somewhat faded, and the tip of her nose was



“‘I SELL HIM TO YOU SHEAP—SO SHEAP AS NOZZING AT ALL!’ SAID THE RAGMAN.”

rag on his back, that bent him over nearly double. He had such a very long, large, hooked nose that his face looked all nose when you first saw him, and he had such a little bit of a chin that it was like having no chin at all. He reminded Hannah so much of grandma’s drab parrot that it was quite startling; he had even the same way of holding his head on one side, and looking straight at one, with little sharp, beady eyes.

After he had looked at them long enough, he took off his hat, with a very polite bow, and remarked that it was a very fine day; to which remark the children responded, with their very best manners.

“You are all ’lone—all ’lone?” he inquired, looking cautiously around. “Zen I show you somezing bee-utiful! more bee-utiful as you evoir have see!”

And setting his great bag of rags upon the ground, he drew from it a most beautiful doll. Hannah could hardly believe it was a doll. She had lovely blue eyes that opened and shut, golden hair that was “banged” in the

broken off, but those slight blemishes quite escaped Hannah’s notice. Hannah, who had never in her life had any doll better than one made of a shawl, felt her heart yearn over this beautiful creature.

“I sell him to you sheap—so sheap as nozzing at all!” said the ragman.

There was only one cent left of Hannah’s quarter. She held it out, saying mournfully, “That is all the money we have!”

“But vat is dis?” said the ragman, touching the package that was sticking out of James Albert’s pocket.

“That is the baby’s shoes,” said James Albert, glad of an opportunity to display them.

The ragman looked at them, curling his lip and shaking his head contemptuously:

“No goot! no goot! Bad shoe! ver’ bad shoe!” he said; and James Albert and Hannah felt their hearts sink within them, for of course he would not speak so confidently unless he were a judge of shoes!

“Poor shildern, I pity you! I mooch kind-heart man, and I pity you. I gif you ze doll,

and I take ze shoe! No goot, but I take zem!"

And he stuffed the shoes hastily into his pocket, leaving the doll in Hannah's lap.

"Oh, we can't let you have the shoes; they're the baby's!" cried James Albert and Hannah, in chorus.

"You not gif doze bad shoe, good for nozing at all, for dat bee-utiful doll wort' twenty dollar? You sell him for dozen pair shoe like dat, if you want!"

"It does seem a splendid bargain, James Albert!" said Hannah, hugging the doll.

It did seem so to James Albert, and he did want to have the credit of doing a fine stroke of business. If they *could* sell the doll for twenty dollars, he should distinguish himself even more than he had done in that little affair with the tin-peddler.

While he was considering, with his forehead puckered into the deepest of frowns, the ragman was making off, with the baby's shoes.

Suddenly Hannah began to feel misgivings.

"Oh, James Albert, if we *could n't* sell the doll, we should have to go home without the baby's shoes! And the tip of her nose is broken, and her dress is n't so very clean!"

"I'll run after him and get the shoes back. Give me the doll!" cried James Albert.

But not a trace of the ragman was to be seen. For an old man he must have walked very fast indeed after he turned the corner.

The children sat down again on the bench and looked at each other blankly, then they looked at the doll. It was astonishing to see how much worse her nose looked, and how much more soiled and disheveled she appeared, now that she belonged to them!

"We must go to a store and try to sell her right away," said James Albert. "But I am afraid nobody will buy her, she is so dirty!"

A young man was passing just then, and James Albert resolved to have the benefit of his opinion.

"Do you think this doll is worth twenty dollars, sir?" he asked.

"Twenty dollars! That old doll? Why, it is n't worth twenty cents," said the young man, with a laugh.

"And we have lost the baby's shoes! Oh,

James Albert!" exclaimed Hannah, with a great sob.

"I just wish we had never seen the old doll! He was an awful bad man. He cheated us," said James Albert.

"He was worse than the tin-peddler, was n't he? And you were not so smart as you were then, were you?"—which was somewhat aggravating to poor James Albert, although Hannah did not mean it to be so.

"It was awful wicked of us to do it, and I never should have thought of such a thing if it had n't been for you. You wanted the horrid old doll so much!" he said, not very kindly.

Hannah's tears began to flow.

"It's no good to sit here and be a cry-baby!" said James Albert. "We'll go out into the street, and perhaps we shall come across Obadiah."

"I don't want to find Obadiah. I don't want to go home without the baby's shoes!" said Hannah. But as James Albert strode along crossly, with his hands in his pockets, she followed him, the tears rolling down her cheeks, and the doll tucked carelessly under her arm, a most melancholy picture.

As they were going through the park gates, one of a group of children playing near, under the care of what Hannah thought was a very queer-looking nurse, with a white cap on her head, came running up to Hannah, and seized the doll from under her arm, with a cry of delight.

"Oh, my own dear, sweet, darling Florabella!" she cried, hugging and kissing the doll. "I thought I never should see you again! Oh, dear, how she looks! The darling must have been through so much! But she would be my own darling Florabella if her nose were twice as bumped!"

And then the nurse came up, and asked Hannah, in a very severe manner, where she got the doll.

Before she had time to answer, James Albert constituted himself spokesman and told them all about it.

"Oh, what a wicked ragman!" cried the little girl, who was still hugging the doll. "Florabella fell out of the window on to the sidewalk; I ran down to pick her up, but when

I got there she was gone. You come home with us, and tell mama about it, and she 'll give you something to pay for Florabella—for of course you can't have her!" And she gave the doll an extra hug at the thought.

"We don't want her!" said James Albert and Hannah, in concert, and, indeed, the doll had caused them so much grief that she did n't look pretty, even to Hannah. "We only want the baby's shoes!"

"Well, perhaps mama can get them back for you; she can do almost anything," said the little girl, confidently.

So, feeling a little cheered, James Albert and Hannah went home with the children.

They lived in a house that made Hannah think of the palaces in her fairy-book, and their mother was as lovely and kind as one of the good fairies. Hannah would not have been very much surprised to see her whisk out a wand, and tap three times, and there would be the baby's shoes!

And she did do something that was almost as good as that.

After she had given them a nice luncheon, she said it would never do in the world for them to go home without the baby's shoes. So she ordered her carriage, and drove, with James Albert and Hannah, and all the children, to a shoe-store. But when they got there James Albert suddenly remembered that he had left the measure of the baby's foot in the store where they had bought the shoes; and where that was he could not tell.

Then what did the lady do but buy three pairs, graduated in size, like the porringers of the three bears, one "great big" pair (comparatively), and one "middle-sized" pair, and one "little wee" pair. And they were lovely shoes, even nicer than the pair that the children had lost.

Then each one of the children wanted to buy a present for the baby, and one bought a beautiful little white dress, and another a dainty little bonnet with white ribbons, and

another a rubber doll, that the baby could not break; and then, after a great deal of whispered consultation, they bought a big doll like Florabella for Hannah, and a jack-knife with four blades for James Albert.

It was no wonder that Hannah thought they had got into fairyland!

In the meantime the good fairy had sent a messenger to all the station-houses in the neighborhood, to give information of the children's whereabouts, because she thought Obadiah would know that those were the places to look for lost children; and when they drove back to her house, there was the wagon, with Obadiah calmly seated in it, standing before the door!

He told his adventures only after much urging and in a shamefaced way. Poor Obadiah! While the children were in the shoe-store he fell asleep, and the horses, thinking they had stood long enough, wandered along. A policeman caught sight of Obadiah and his horses,—that did not trouble themselves to turn out for anything,—and thought Obadiah had been drinking, and took him, team and all, to the station-house!

Obadiah said, "It beat all natur' that he should 'a' done it, for he wa'n't generally one o' the sleepy kind!"

Hannah and James Albert were too happy to blame him, and they tried hard not to laugh.

They had a very exciting time telling their adventures when they got home that night. James Albert would have preferred not to tell about the ragman, but of course it had to be done, and I am afraid that now the tin-peddler will never be mentioned without the ragman being brought up to offset him!

As for the baby's shoes, the great big pair were entirely too large for her, but would do nicely for her by and by; the middle-sized pair gave so much room to her toes that they might have pushed ahead too fast; but the little wee pair fitted her as perfectly as if her feet had been melted and poured into them!



THE HUNTERS OF THE INCA. (SEE PAGE 94.)

THE "BEN-HUR" CHARIOT-RACE.

BY BENJAMIN E. SMITH.

CERTAINLY one of the things we should not expect to see—or, at least, to see well done—on the stage of a theater is a Roman four-horse chariot-race. Yet there it is, in the clever melodrama which has been made from General Wallace's story of "Ben-Hur." For every night (and on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons) the four Arabian bays of Ilderim the sheik, guided by the heroic young Jew, are conquering the two blacks and two whites of the proud Roman Messala in a real race, which, if not as exciting as that described in the book, is nevertheless very interesting to the children, big and little, who watch it from the auditorium.

But this clever stage-picture of eight horses, very much alive, dashing along the track of an ancient hippodrome, is even more exciting when viewed from another place, into which very few of the spectators ever get. It is of this other view of it, which is unique and, in its way, very striking, and which I happen to have seen, that I shall try to give the readers of ST. NICHOLAS an account. First, however, a few words by way of explanation to those who have not seen this chariot-race at all. The ancient hippodrome, or circus, was an immense oblong building several times larger than the largest of city blocks, and open to the sky. The greatest of these, the Circus Maximus at Rome, measured at least two thousand feet in length by six hundred in width, and could seat, it is said, over four hundred thousand people, about as many as there are in the whole city of Cleveland.

The race-course occupied the central part of the building, and ran around a long partition-wall, the spina, the circuit of which was made by the chariots seven times. The task of the stage-manager who sought to represent a chariot-race on the stage was not an easy one. Of his difficulties, however, only one need concern us—the principal one, namely, that which

relates to the horses and that explains the part they play. It is evident, in a word, that a chariot-race on the stage, to be "real" and interesting, must, naturally, be an actual race—that is, the spectators must be able to watch it for a considerable time, long enough, at least, to feel that it is a real trial of speed, to catch the excitement of the contest, and to form some idea of who is going to win. But it requires very little calculation to show that on a stage only about sixty feet wide horses running at a racing pace would pass from side to side a good deal like a flash of lightning. It would, in fact, be more like the dash of an engine from an engine-house than a race—a great clatter of hoofs and a rush without meaning to the audience—over before it was fairly seen. Some means, in a word, must be found to make the horses race, not *across*, but *on*, the stage—to give the effect of progress without the fact.

How this is accomplished we shall see presently. It is enough to say just here that it *is* accomplished, simply and very effectively. When the scene that just precedes the race closes, the electric lights go out, leaving the theater in darkness. For a few seconds there comes from behind the scenes the heavy sound of horses in full gallop. Then the lights are turned on, and the two chariots with their eight horses are seen at the center of the stage in full career, while beyond them the crowded seats of the great circus flash past as the racers seem to rush onward. The dust flies from under hoofs and wheels, and the brightly colored mantles of the charioteers stream backward in the wind. At first—as in the story—Ben-Hur is behind; but in a moment he gives his steeds the reins and the lash, slowly gains on his competitor, and, as he comes abreast of Messala, tears off with the projecting end of his axle the nearer wheel of the Roman's chariot, throws him to the ground in the wreck,

and speeds on to the goal. There is another brief interval of darkness and a quick shifting of scenes, and when the lights glow again, Ben-Hur is seen, with his panting horses, at the end of the race, victorious and surrounded by his shouting partizans. The horses have played their part well, and deserve all the applause given them.

To pass, now, to that other view of this stage picture, let us suppose that just before all this begins, some one, sent by the manager, has taken us down the passageway at one side of the auditorium to a door behind the lowest tier of boxes. As this door swings back at our guide's "Open, sesame!" we step into another world. Instead of the richly decorated and brilliantly lighted theater with its great audience in evening dress, we find ourselves in what looks a good deal like the inside of a storage warehouse. It is a great, gaunt, open space, stretching across the entire width of the theater and extending far up toward its roof. Along its side walls are placed a great number of wooden screens covered with canvas, and all manner of nondescript objects, while pieces of odd-looking furniture, much like the remnants of an auction sale, lie here and there. Far up at the top are long rows of electric lights of various colors, between which hang strips of painted canvas.

The back wall is covered with another vast stretch of canvas, on one side of which are painted the seats of a Roman circus crowded with spectators; but big as the painting is, only a small part of it appears to be visible, for the ends are rolled up in great vertical rolls, which stand upon the floor at both sides. On what seems to be the opposite, or front, wall is another large expanse of cloth, and this, as we suddenly realize with a little shock of surprise, is the great curtain on the other side of which is that brilliantly lighted auditorium with its throng of expectant people. Can this be the stage, we wonder, which only a few minutes before we had looked at as a veritable bit of fairyland?

Meanwhile workmen in their shirt-sleeves are carrying or pushing about this, that, and the other odd-looking object; Arabs of the

desert, Jews of Antioch, and Roman soldiers and citizens are running hither and thither; and big canvas-covered frames seem to drop of their own accord from the roof; while in the middle of the stage, with his back to the curtain, stands the stage-manager, with his hat on the back of his head, apparently doing nothing but smile at the chaos.

As soon, however, as we have disentangled ourselves from the workmen and flying scenery, we perceive that there is really no chaos there. Every man knows just what he has to do, and does it on the instant. No orders are given, because none are needed, and everything moves with the precision of clockwork. All this is so interesting that only as it stops do we realize that the orchestra has been playing, that Jews and Romans are shouting alternately for Ben-Hur and Messala—in fact, that in front of a painted scene of the entrance to the circus which has been dropped across the stage about ten feet from the footlights, the play is going on, while behind this scene busy scene-shifters are getting ready for the race, which is immediately to follow.

From a new position farther down the stage, just in front of the place that will be occupied by the horses, all the preparations become visible. Men run forward and take up portions of the flooring—eight of them, revealing the same number of movable platforms, supported by heavy structures built under the stage. These platforms are like the continuous treads of a treadmill, and move upon rollers so nicely adjusted that when released from the brakes which hold them they move almost at a touch. Just back of these,—which are arranged in two groups of four each,—on a part of the floor which does not move, others place the chariots; and to the strip of solid floor between the chariots and the movable platforms, others still fasten a number of strong upright iron bars.

Before all this is fairly accomplished, the actors in the curious scene that is to follow begin to appear. From the passageway upon the right one of the fine bay horses of Ben-Hur, perhaps "Rigel," perhaps "Antares" (their names are not on the play-bill, as they ought to be), walks upon the stage, as serene and uncon-

cerned as the stage-manager himself. After him come the others, with the four of Messala, and the stable-boys who lead them (for they have their own grooms) pat their necks and stroke their noses with a suggestion of sugar-plums for good conduct—which they certainly deserve and, we hope, get. As their great, soft eyes take in the scene, gazing without the slightest nervousness at the strange sights,—the flashing lights, the shifting scenery, the bustle and the hurry,—there is in them no sign of fear that they will forget their cues or

sala, a spirited black, stands within a few inches of the painting which was mentioned as making the background of the stage. It is, in reality, a great panorama of the circus at Antioch, which, during the race, must be unrolled and drawn across the stage as fast as the horses seem to move, but in the opposite direction. For to the living audience the horses, though racing *on* the stage, must *seem* to fly past that ancient, painted audience with the speed of the wind, else the illusion of a real race would be destroyed. Now, it some-



IN THE ARENA AT ROME.

succumb to stage-fright. In fact, as we shall see, they know their part as well as any actor in the play. Quickly they are led forward, and each takes his place upon his platform, which is still securely held by the brake; the poles are attached to the chariots and fastened to yokes upon the necks of the two pole-horses; and wire ropes (not visible to the audience), connected with the harnesses, are secured to the iron bars.

And now comes a test of nerve which shows how completely these fine fellows are masters of the situation. One of the horses of Mes-

salas happens that the machinery by which this panorama is moved gets out of order, and it must always be tested at the last moment. Accordingly, without the slightest warning, this many-colored canvas begins to move swiftly within six inches of that horse's eye. He does not flinch, not even by the breadth of a hair. If, however, we imagine from this that these animals are spiritless hacks, we shall quickly be undeceived.

While all this is going on, the scene in front of the gate of the circus is in progress before the footlights, and the time for the next—the

race—is rapidly approaching. Hitherto the horses, as has been said, have paid no attention to the voices of the actors in front of the drop-scene or to the bustle around them behind it. But just as that first scene is ending one of them pricks up his ears and begins to paw the floor, and in an instant all those eight pairs of eyes are wide open, the eight heads are

excited person on the stage at that moment); "*the horses have merely taken their cue!*" They have watched for that last shout of the partizans of Ben-Hur, and as Messala immediately thereafter appears from behind the drop-scene, they know that the race is on!—for to them it is a real race, and they are eager for the fray.

At this dramatic and somewhat perilous mo-



THE RACE, AS VIEWED FROM THE STAGE OF THE THEATER.

turning nervously, and the eight bodies are trembling with excitement. The grooms take a firmer hold of the bits, and the men at the brakes bear down hard. Suddenly, without word of command or touch of lash, all of the eight horses are in the air! There is a great leap, a fierce struggle to shake off the hostlers' grasp, and a wild tattoo of beating hoofs.

"What has happened?" we shout, as we jump desperately for refuge behind something that looks like shelter, though it is only a canvas screen. "Nothing," answers the manager of this scene, at our elbow (he is the only un-

ment the cool manager of the race is in supreme command. He leans forward from his station in the wings, and, at the right instant, shouts, "Let 'em go!" The brakes are loosed, the hostlers spring back, and the horses drop instantly into their pace, and are off, as they fondly imagine, down the course. In the next moment he shouts again, varying only the pronoun: "Let her go"; and the big panorama also starts on its almost equally wild career. The stage-hands come hurrying off the stage into the wings, almost running over us as we press close to the manager in order that we

may lose no item of the remarkable scene, and all is ready for the order which will admit the audience to a share in the excitement.

Suddenly out go the lights and up goes the drop-scene, while the horses are thundering down upon us in the total darkness, only twenty feet away! Then the lights flash out again, and the audience also has the race in full view.

Not, however, the race we see; for in reality there are two, one for them and one for us.

They see the chariots from the side, as if they in fact sat in the seats of the ancient hippodrome. We, on the contrary, are standing, as it were, in the middle of the track, directly in the path of the speeding horses, whose noses we can almost touch. And the sight is, beyond question, a most remarkable one—one never beheld by any one before, unless he has had the good luck to be standing where we are now. Many have, of course, been able to see, for an instant, from a position somewhat like ours, a bunch of thoroughbreds as they flash down the home stretch for the finish. Doubtless, too, the spectators who sat at the ends of the Roman circus came still nearer to the sight as they watched the chariots speed toward them down the course. But when is it likely to have happened to any one, outside of this mimic hippodrome, to watch from a position such as ours eight horses racing neck and neck for a distance (measured by time) of

over a mile? For from the instant the brakes are loosed until the scene ends nearly three minutes elapse, and the horses are running at the rate of a mile in not very much more than two minutes.

To describe the effect of this extraordinary spectacle—the sensations that crowd themselves into that brief interval—so that the reader will grasp it, is impossible. In such a matter imagination is more helpful than words. I will only say that it is something to stir the blood with a most unwonted thrill, and to haunt the memory. At first, if one is nervous and fearful that "something may give way," one feels a decided desire to climb up into the flies. But such feelings are instantly driven away by the beauty and singularity of the picture—the splendid unfamiliar action of the charging horses, the whirling scenery, the odd stage surroundings, and the audience, dimly seen beyond the footlights, apparently applauding,—for mouths are open and programs are waving in the air,—but inaudible amid the thunder of the flying hoofs. Then, last of all, comes an intense interest in the race as a race, and as, by the action of unseen mechanism, Ben-Hur—chariot, horses, and all—slowly forges by his Roman rival and sends him and his chariot to the ground, one shouts as loudly as the Jews and Bedouins who, when the scene changes, crowd from the wings and surround the victor.

THE MIST-SPRITES.

—
BY VIRNA WOODS.
—

FROM the rivers and seas we mist-sprites rise,
And the cities we build are clouds in the skies;
And when we long for the earth again,
We fall in a million drops of rain.
If a cold wind blows through the frosty air,
As we marshal our hosts and hurry there,
We cover us over with coats of mail,
And down on the earth they call us hail.
But if to the clouds the cold wind rise,
We turn to snow-fairies in the skies.

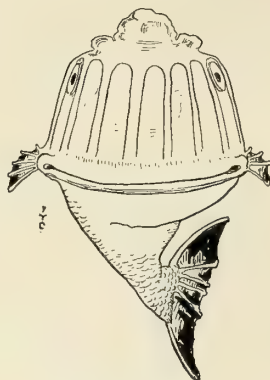
A BAKER'S DOZEN OF WILD BEASTS.

BY CAROLYN WELLS.



THE BATH-BUNNY.

THE BATH-BUNNY is chubby and fat;
He has citron stuck into his hat;
And sugar is spread
All over his head,
But he cares not a penny for that.



THE WINE-JELLY-FISH.

The Wine-Jelly-fish will not scold
If the weather's sufficiently cold;
And though the queer creature
Has scarcely a feature,
He is proud of his form, I am told.



THE MINCE-PYTHON.

The Mince-Python's a crusty old beast,
But a spirited guest at a feast;
One night at my niece's
He went all to pieces,
Or felt awfully cut up, at least.



A LITTLE BISCUITTEN.

A little Biscuitten said, "How
Shall I open my mouth when I meow?
For I cannot adjust
My crisp upper crust,
And I don't like to wrinkle my brow."



THE CREAM-PUFFIN.

The Cream-Puffin, who lives upon custard,
One day grew quite angry, and blustered;
When they said, "Will he bite?"
He replied, "Well, I might
If you sprinkle me thickly with mustard."



THE CORN-PONE-Y.

The timid Corn-Pone-y's heart fluttered,
But never a sentence he uttered,
Until somebody said,
"Pray, are you well bred?"
And he answered, "I'm very well buttered."



THE FLAPJACKAL.

The Flapjackal's dearest desire
Was to lie by a very hot fire;
When he found he was burned,
He suddenly turned
With a gesture expressive of ire.



THE MERINGUE-UTANG.

The Meringue-Utang rose on the sly,
And climbed to the top of a pie;
They beat him to froth,
And he felt very wroth,
But he only said calmly, "Oh, my!"



THE WHITE CHARLOTTE-ROOSTER.

The white Charlotte-Rooster averred
At the cake-walk he'd beat every bird;
Of course he was whipped,
Though he hopped and he skipped
In a manner extremely absurd.



THE SMALL GINGER-SNAPPER.

The small Ginger-Snapper in glee
Said, "I'm going to swim in the sea."
When they said, "You'll be drowned!"
Quite darkly he frowned,
Saying, "That does n't matter to me."



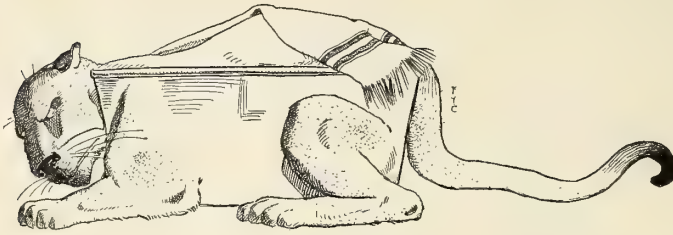
THE TIN-CANGAROO.

There was an old Tin-Cangaroo,
And very conceited he grew,
For in all of the shops
They noticed his hops,
Which were found in the yeast he would brew.



THE STONE-CROCKODILE.

On a shelf sat a Stone-Crockodile
Who had a phenomenal smile;
If you offered him lard
He winked very hard,
And he ate an astonishing pile.



THE BREAD-PANTHER.

The Bread-Panther remarked with a scowl:
 "I wish I could go out and prow!"

It 's so awfully slow
 To sit here and hold dough,
 Though it 's all covered up with a towel."



THE PASTRY-CUCKOO.

Then in came the Pastry-Cuckoo,
 And she said to the animals "Shoo!"
 With roars of delight
 They were soon out of sight;
 Some ran, and some hopped, and some flew.

CHILDREN AND COURTESY FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO.*

BY ELIZABETH R. PENNELL.

If you have read—and of course you have—Stevenson's "Garden of Verse," you will remember the delightful poem of four lines that describes the "Whole Duty of Children":

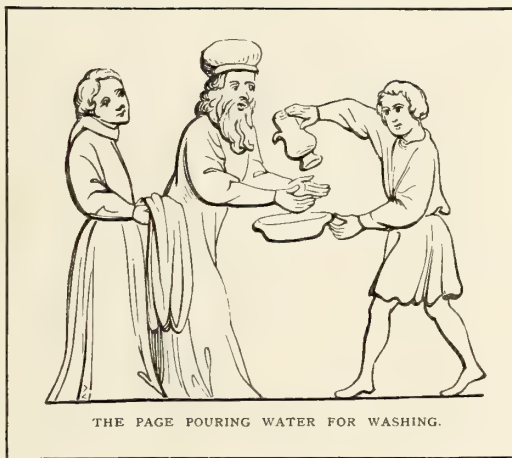
A child should always say what 's true,
And speak when he is spoken to,
And behave mannerly at table—
At least, as far as he is able.

Perhaps it has made you wish that duty was such a very simple thing for young people now. I am told, but I hope it is not so, that manners, as a study, have gone out of the school course altogether, in favor of more big books and even more lessons than ever. But even in my time, which, after all, was not centuries ago, we thought a great deal about manners. I look back still, and blush all over at the thought of the weekly politeness class, when we were not only taught to "behave mannerly," but made to give examples of how to do it! Oh, that awful moment when, with almost one hundred pairs of eyes—and laughing eyes—fixed upon me, I had to get up and practise dropping a curtsy or picking up a handkerchief. I have never suffered so from stage-fright since.

But that is not what I started to write about. I wanted rather to tell you something that I fancy will surprise you as much as it surprised me. More than four hundred years ago—that is, in an age when we have a way of thinking people were shocking barbarians because they had not any railway trains, or electric lights, or telephones, or trolleys—there were Englishmen who wrote books of "Curtesie," as they spelled it then, and "Demeanour," for the young; and the funny part of it is that the rules they laid down, though longer and more elaborate, are very much the same as Stevenson's in his four lines of advice.

In those days fathers and mothers chose to provide for bringing up their own children, boys and girls both, by sending them to

the houses of great nobles, where they served as pages, or as little maids of honor, and did many things no longer included in the education of the sons and daughters of well-to-do parents. Sometimes the boys waited at table; almost always it was their duty to hand round to the great people the water and towels for the businesslike hand-washing that was then the fashion before and after meals. Sometimes they were no better than the servants of



THE PAGE POURING WATER FOR WASHING.

those times, and were set to work by a touch of the whip, if necessary.

Now, in the nobler houses there were often troops of these youngsters, and you can imagine that it was not the easiest thing in the world to keep them in order. My wonder is that the princes and nobles and prelates put up with the nuisance of it all. But they did, and no doubt it was for their own comfort that manners were more seriously cultivated than book-learning. "If you have not good manners you are not worth a fly," one of the old writers told the youths in his charge. "All virtues are included in curtesie, which comes from heaven," a second assured them. Even when children were sent to school, it was chiefly that, like the "only son of a lord of

* The illustrations with this article are from Wright's "Domestic Manners and Customs," by kind permission of J. S. Virtue & Co., Limited, London, England.

high degree" in the ballad, they might learn courtesy!

As I have said, the rules for good manners were written; and often, that they might be the sooner got by heart, they were in verse. Later on, in the fifteenth century, a few poems of the kind were printed in books; but the greater number remained in manuscripts, fortunately preserved as treasures in the British Museum and other libraries until, not many years ago, a learned society called the Early English Text Society collected and published them in a big volume, edited by Dr. Furnivall, and this is how it came about that I learned about them.

The first is "The Babees' Book." In the old days children were "babees" much longer than they are now, and when poems were addressed to "bele babees," or "sweet children," they were usually intended for school-boys or the youths brought up as pages or "gentlemen henchmen" in court or at great houses. "The Babees' Book," therefore, though you might despise it for its name, is really a "Little Report" of how young people should behave. I do not give it in verse, as it is written, because I find fifteenth-century English very hard to read, and I am sure you, too, would find it so.

"O young babees, adorned with every grace, this book is for you," says the writer, "and the only reward I seek is that it may please and improve you. It is to teach you how you who dwell in households should behave at meals, and how you should have only sweet, blessed, and benign words to answer when you are spoken to." Does n't that sound just a little like Stevenson? And listen to what follows, and tell me if you have not heard much the same thing at home. When the "bele" or "fair babees" enter into the room, they must kneel on one knee to their lord. Of course no American babee would do that.

But wait: they must look at any one who speaks to them; they must not chatter or let their eyes wander, but answer sensibly and shortly; they must stand quietly and keep their heads, hands, and feet still. As I read this, I seem to hear a terrible voice out of the past crying out to me: "Don't wriggle!"

Other things that the babees were taught to do, children do no longer—more 's the pity! If any one older came into the room, the babees gave place to him; if any one praised the babees, they rose up and thanked him heartily; and they were continually making bows and salutations that, I am convinced, cost them hours of torture in a politeness class of their own.

And now we come to the part we cannot understand so well. For the babees were bidden to be ready to serve at the proper time—to bring drinks, or hold lights, or anything else, and so get a good name! At noon, when the lord of the household was ready for his dinner, some babees poured out water for him, others held the towel, and all stood by him until he told them to sit down. And



A KNIGHT PLAYING THE HARP BEFORE THE QUEEN AND HER LADIES.

dinner over, again the babees came with water and towels.

As for their behavior during the meal, once they had been allowed to sit down, they were told a great many things that "sweet children" are now expected to know without being told. They were to eat their broth with a spoon; they were not to lean on the table,

not to put their knives in their mouths or their meat in the salt-cellar, not to keep all the good things for themselves, not to cut their meat like

living in the finest palaces and castles in the land—which makes a difference! After the knife-cleaning, they were to sit in their places



MEN AND A BOY WAITING AT A ROYAL BANQUET.

field-laborers, who, it is explained, have such an appetite they don't care how they hack their food; they were to have clean plates and knives for their cheese, which seems no more than reasonable. They were not, another writer says, to throw meat bones under the table, which suggests that most unmannerly things did go on when no one was looking. I believe the "grown-ups" often needed the same advice, for you can read in history how the rushes which covered the floor instead of a carpet, in those days, were often strewn with bones and broken pieces from the table. At the end of the

until they had washed. And the verses end with the pretty warning, "Sweet children, let your delight be courtesy, and avoid rudeness."

There are several of these poems, but in almost all the chief care is to teach the babes how to "behave mannerly at table," probably because at other times and in other places they kept out of the way of their lord and master, and there was less chance of his being disturbed. Occasionally the professor of manners reminded them that the courteous youth should get up betimes, bathe, go to church, say good morning to everybody; that



PAGES AND A MUSICIAN ATTENDING THE KING AT HIS DINNER.

meal the babes were to clean and put away their knives! I washed my own knife, and my fork and spoon too, after meals, regularly for eleven years of my life; but then I was at boarding-school, while the "belè babes" were

he should be true in word and in deed, which again is like Stevenson; that he should keep his promises, never tell tales, and always mind his own business; that he should everywhere so conduct himself that men would say of him,

"A gentleman was here." Occasionally there was a reminder that "sweet children" should walk demurely in the streets, and that they should n't have their own way in everything. But, evidently, it was hoped that once young people had learned to behave themselves at table in the presence of their lord, all else would follow as a matter of course.

Children who stayed at home were no more at ease. A poem called "The School of Virtue" gives them careful directions how to set the table, serve the dinner, clear away, fold up the cloth, and, finally, bring basin, jug, and towels for their parents to wash; and then, all things done, to make a low curtsy. "Learn all the good manners you can," the poet adds, "for Aristotle, the philosopher, taught that manners in a child are better even than playing the fiddle!"

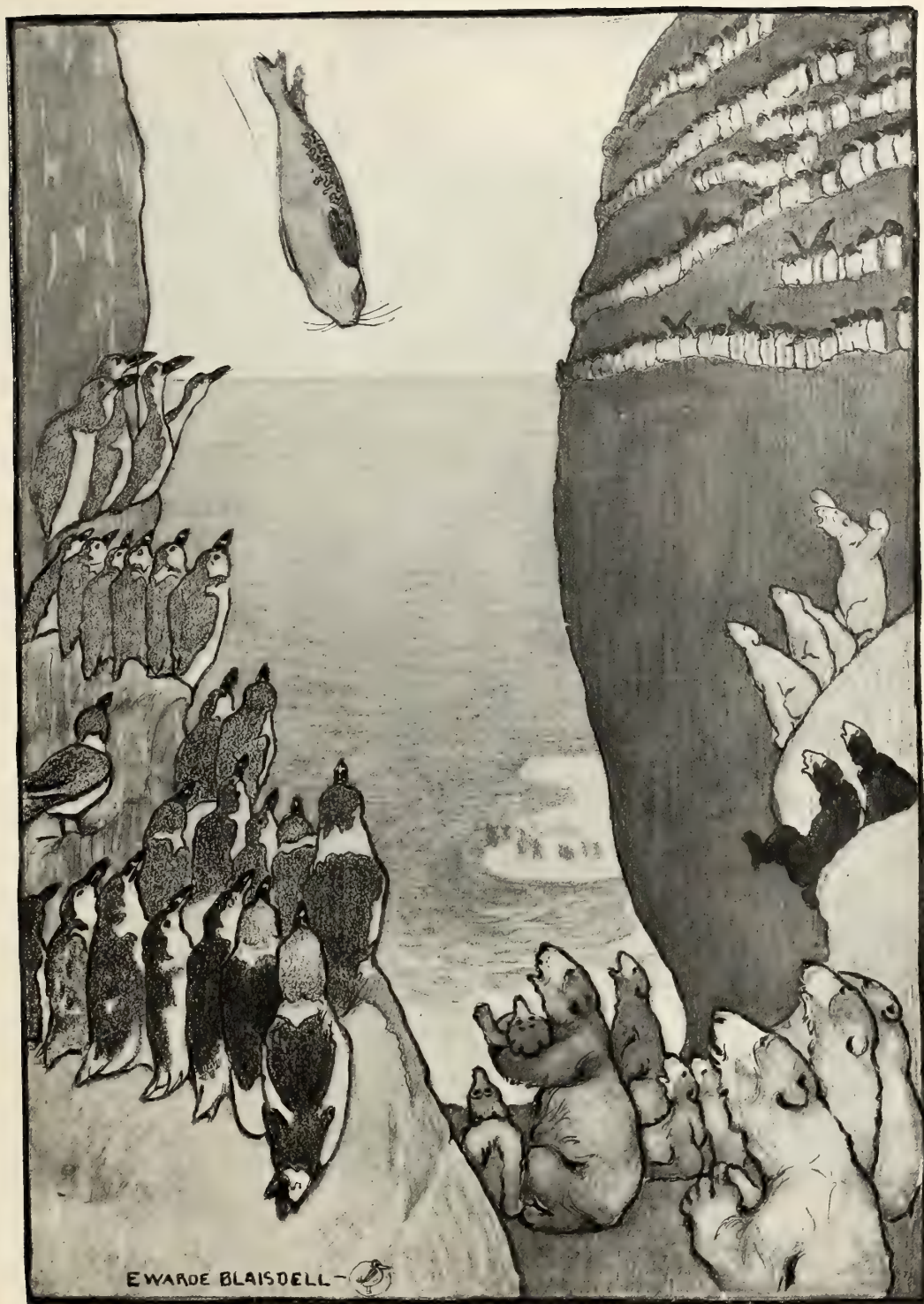
Now that you have seen how important "courtesy" was thought to be, perhaps you would like to know how the "bele babes" behaved—or misbehaved—when they paid no attention to their lessons in manners. I am afraid bad boys have always been the same since the world began. "Don't go bird's-nesting, or steal fruit, or throw stones at men's windows; keep away from fire and water, and the edge of wells and brooks," are a few of the warnings in an old "Lesson of Wisdom for all Children." There was a writer called Lydgate, who lived just about the time some of these books of curtesie were composed, and who wrote a poem, confessing his wickedness as a boy, that gives us a better idea of what went on even then. Lydgate, it seems, was not sent to a noble's house, but was brought up by the monks and went to one of their schools. He says that until he was fifteen he loved no work but play; I think I have heard of boys to-day who have exactly his tastes in the matter. He was afraid of the rod, naturally, for it was never spared when he was a child. Little girls were then taught to look upon "sharp and severe parents" as the greatest benefit they could receive, and there is the record of one, Elizabeth Paston by name, who was beaten once or twice a week, sometimes twice a day, and on one occasion had her head broken in two or three places. Poor

little thing! If this is the way the girls were treated, you can imagine the fate of the boys. But, fear the rod as he might, Lydgate was still late at school; he talked when he ought to have been studying; he told stories to get out of scrapes; he made fun of his masters; he stole apples and grapes; oh, dear! oh, dear!—he liked counting cherry-stones better than church; he would n't get up in the morning; he would n't wash his hands before dinner; he pretended to be ill when he was n't; he never thought of anybody when there was question of his own pleasure; and, altogether, he was about as bad a boy as could be found from one end of England to the other. I don't believe our old friend Frederick, who did so many naughty things in the nursery rhyme, was one bit worse. But, that bad boys may take heart and know that there is hope, I must add that Lydgate grew up to be a great man, whose reputation has lasted to our day, and that he wrote many poems, among them this confession of the apple-stealing and truant-playing of his school-days.

There is another poem by an unfortunate little "Birched School-boy," who sang sadly of the birch-twigs that were so sharp. Think of making a song out of your whippings! I do not doubt for a moment that he got only what he deserved, but I can't help feeling sorry for him, he is so plaintive. "Hay, hay!" he begins, "I'd sooner go twenty miles than to school on Monday!" But then, when a boy is late for school, and, asked by his master where he has been, answers, "Milk-ing ducks," what can he look for in return for his impertinence but a good "peppering" of one kind or another?

It was all very well for this little fifteenth-century truant to sigh, and wish his master was a hare, and his own book a wild-cat, and all the school-books hounds, when "to blow my horn I would not spare!" But he knew perfectly well, if he went his twenty miles, what would be waiting for him afterward.

It was for just such bad boys that *babees'* books and books of curtesie were written, and let us hope that Lydgate was not the only "sweet child" to profit by them—and by the birch-twigs—and to grow up to be famous.



HIGHEST DIVE ON RECORD.



JAPANESE KINDERGARTEN CHILDREN.

THE JAPANESE "YOSHIEN."

BY ANNA NORTHEED BENJAMIN.

"YOSHIEN" is the Japanese word for kindergarten. No large Japanese city is without one, and the small pupils who attend them are taught exactly what American children are taught in the kindergartens in the United States. But though the instruction, the music, and the games are the same, there are many other ways in which the Japanese kindergarten differs from those in other countries. The school building is almost always of Japanese architecture, of one story, the walls of board and plaster, and the roof made with slate-colored tiles. Inside, the rooms are much larger than in an ordinary Japanese house, and the floors are covered with straw mats. In winter it is very cold, and the kindergartens are not heated as are ours. Sometimes, in the bitter cold weather, there will be nothing but a brazier—called a *hibachi*—containing two or three small sticks of charcoal to warm a large room. But the Japanese are used to the cold during the winter, and do not understand how we can be comfortable with so much heat in our houses.

The children are brought to the school in the morning by their mothers, or by an older sister, or a nursemaid named an *amah*. Before entering the front door they slip off their high wooden shoes, called *geta*, and put their feet into straw sandals. There are shelves for the *geta* at both sides of the entrance, and when these are full the little wooden shoes are laid in a neat row in front of the steps. This looks very strange to the American visitor.

When the children go inside to the large room where the circle is marked on the floor, they make a deep bow to each one of the teachers, bending their bodies forward from their waists, head and all, in the most grave and courteous manner. This is the Japanese

way of bowing, and a child is taught to do it as soon as he can walk. When, a little later, one of the girls has taken the gifts to distribute among the scholars sitting at the tables, she makes one of these low bows as she delivers the gift to each one, and receives a bow in return.

When noon comes, the children march into a long room where their lunch or *beto* boxes are laid out at each one's place, and beside each of these is a pair of chop-sticks. Each little lunch-box contains several compartments, one on top of the other, and these have been carefully filled by the mother at home, one with snow-white rice, one with some little pieces of meat or pickles to eat with it, and the third with some tiny bits of sponge-cake. Tea is made at the school, very weak, and served in small blue bowls at each place. This is without either sugar or milk, for that is the custom in Japan. No meal is complete without this tea. When the signal is given the boxes are opened, and the chop-sticks make very rapid excursions to all the eager little mouths.

The pretty dress of the children and their courteous manners make the Japanese kindergarten the most picturesque in the world. Every child is dressed in a long *kimono* of some bright colors, with flowing sleeves. Around the waist is a sash, called an *obi*. Their straight black hair is cut in fantastic ways, like that of the Japanese dolls that belong to some American children. Here are some of the pupils' names: Miss Perfume, Miss Silk Umbrella, Miss Arrow Island, Miss Prune, Miss In the Bamboo; Mr. High Tree, Mr. Mountain, Mr. Long-tail-tiger, Mr. Middle-of-the-field, Mr. Before-the-river, and Mr. Three Valleys.

Of course these names are all in Japanese, and I have given them translated into English.



SERGEANT MCTIGUE'S TWINS.

BY LIEUTENANT CHARLES DUDLEY RHODES,
U. S. A.

To one who had once seen them together, there could be no question that they were twin brother and sister, so marvelous was the resemblance in height, form, feature, and even in voice. When quite small, and still in kilts, they had often been mistaken, the one for the other; and it had been a common occurrence to hear, "Please, sir, I 'm not Billy, I 'm Betty"; or, "I 'm not a girl, sir. I 'm Billy McTigue, not Betty!"—this with a touch of youthful indignation.

But the resemblance ended with their external characteristics, for their respective natures differed in a very marked degree. Betty was bold and aggressive, a leader in all that she undertook; Billy, timid, retiring, and painfully sensitive to ridicule.

Thus it was that when Tommy Bowen, the quartermaster-sergeant's little son, fell through the ice on the skating-pond, Betty alone had the presence of mind to push a board forward on the brittle ice, crawl out on it, and pull the struggling lad from the water, none the worse for the ducking. Billy had stood by, horror-stricken, and when the rescue was finally accomplished, was as white as the snow which covered the prairie.

Then there was the occasion when Bessie Scott, the adjutant's five-year-old, had run a nail in her tiny foot, Betty, without waiting for

older counsels, had carefully hurried the little tot up to the post hospital, where the old surgeon had taken steps to prevent dangerous consequences. Billy meanwhile had run off to inform the adjutant, and between fright and loss of breath, had barely made himself understood.

All this had happened in the years when the twins were very small; but time had not changed the two natures in the least. Betty was a decidedly feminine little woman, and Billy a very sturdy little man, but every one said that Betty should have been a boy, and Billy a girl. One cannot account for some of Dame Nature's doings; perhaps the good old lady enjoys a little variety with the best of us. Be this as it may, despite the difference in the dispositions of the twins, their affection for each other was something it was wonderful and beautiful to behold.

None of the big boys had again dared to brave Betty's wrath, after the lecture she gave Jim Kerrigan, the ordnance-sergeant's boy, when he called Billy a "girl," and threw sand down his neck, on the way from school. And as Betty's womanly self-reliance developed more and more, while Billy's timidity and reticence daily increased, she acted the part of a mother to him—their own mother being too busy to look properly after them; and Betty's maternal solicitude for Billy's welfare was as amusing as it was touching.

And so they had grown up, before the eyes of the regiment, during the long sojourn in Arizona and New Mexico; and that soldier was a "Johnny-come-lately" who did not know all about Billy and Betty McTigue.

And now indeed had come an eventful time in the lives of the twins. Billy, having arrived at an age when his father thought he should be

doing something in the world, had been enlisted as a trumpeter to Captain Cratty, in Troop M of "Ours," and a new life opened before him.

Betty, to be sure, did not at first favor a change which would take Billy away from her care, but she was a practical little woman, and soon the reasons for the step commended themselves to her mind. Moreover, she was a soldier herself, heart and soul, and I believe she must often have envied Billy's opportunity to enlist, while she, being a girl, was debarred.

Billy had permission to visit his home at any time when not on duty, and in his neat and soldierly appearance could be recognized his twin-sister's handiwork. Never had Billy a button off his trim-fitting blouse; and such a thing as a spot on the army-blue trousers was something unheard of. Some of the "recruits" had once attempted to tease the boy about his shining trumpet, insinuating that Betty had even polished this for him; but Flatthers and some of the older men had given the jokers such a talking to as precluded any further nonsense of that character.

Time went on apace, and a year had swiftly passed since Billy's enlistment. With a natural ear for music, he had learned his trumpet-calls well, and he blew them with sensitive appreciation of their beauty. The way he blew "taps" over the grave of poor Ned Kennedy is still remembered and talked about with feeling in the regiment.

But the boy shrank from the roughness of a soldier's life, and did not seem to take kindly to the atmosphere of the barrack-room. His natural timidity made him appear more and more reserved and undemonstrative; and among the men he was more than ever characterized, in private, as a "regular sissy."

"I believe if that boy 'd see an Injun, he 'd never stop a-runnin'," old Sergeant Jewett had said; and the time came when the veteran fully expected to see his prediction verified.

Spring was beginning, and with it came rumors of general restlessness at the Apache camp down on the Red Fork; and when, one night, a telegram came from the department com-

mander, directing one troop of cavalry to be sent to Pinal to cut off some renegades who had bolted from the Agency, no one was very much surprised.

As luck would have it, the colonel selected M Troop to go, probably because it was the one longest from detached service of this character. Then, indeed, were there hurrying to and fro in the darkness between the barracks and stables, the drawing of field-rations, the packing of saddles and the loading of pack-mules, the saying of good-bys, and in a remarkably short time the troop was ready for service in the field.

But where was Billy? As Captain Cratty rode down the long line of men, "standing to horse" in front of the stables, he noticed that his trumpeter was not in his usual place behind him.

But while the troopers, left foot in stirrup, were waiting the final command to mount, up rode the familiar figure at a gallop, reining in his horse behind the captain so sharply as almost to throw the animal back on its haunches. Then, with trumpet unslung, he was just in time to give the final note which caused the long line to swing into saddle as one man. And as they successively wheeled by twos to the right, the captain and his diminutive trumpeter took their places at the head of the column, and the little command wound its way over the brown sand-hills toward the southwest, the straggling pack-mules following as fast as the experienced packers could urge them.

For an hour the column pushed on through the darkness, and then came a short halt to tighten girths and to give the horses a hearty drink from the creek—the last water in any abundance for some time to come; then ahead again for three hours with another halt. They should then, the captain thought, be near Bear Spring, where he intended to have a hasty breakfast prepared, where the smoke of the cook's fire could not be seen and would not give warning to the renegades miles away to the southwest.

Telling his trumpeter to follow, the troop commander spurred ahead to reconnoiter. Half a mile on the trail they turned abruptly

to the left, a fainter trail leading straight up to the foot of a rocky butte, where, by the light of the moon just peeping over the foot-hills, could be seen the small spring which was to contribute to the troop's coffee.

The captain dismounted, and his trumpeter hastened to do likewise and hold his commander's horse. The latter, a high-strung, mettlesome Kentuckian, champed at his bit, not at all pleased with the change of proprietorship. Small wonder is it, then, that as the trumpeter turned his back on the animal, and peered anxiously down the long slope in the direction of the column, the thoroughbred should suddenly seize the yielding campaign-hat in his strong white teeth, and with a proud toss of his head, fling it high in air.

One sudden shriek, which, strangely enough, sounded suspiciously feminine, and the trumpeter made haste to find the lost head-covering. But an authoritative "Trumpeter!" from the captain brought the soldier to attention in an instant, and then—Captain Cratty saw that it was not Billy at all. But there before him in the moonlight stood Betty, her eyes cast down, and her long golden hair, which had been knotted up under the campaign-hat, flowing over the shoulders of her blue blouse—as natty a young trumpeter as ever wore the uniform.

"Why, Betty!—what on earth are you doing here?" exclaimed the captain.

A sob was the only answer, and the bluff old trooper thought to himself that here, indeed, was a pretty state of things. But he had daughters of his own, and the soft place in his big heart softened still more as he took the bridles from the trembling girl with a kindness which was not without its effect.

"Oh, Captain!" Betty stammered, "I thought you would never know me and—and I thought it would save Billy from disgrace, and—and, oh, I am so disappointed!" And covering her face with her gauntleted hands, she sobbed and sobbed.

"Come, come, Betty, there's no harm done, I am sure; and no one shall know of it. So stop your crying, child, and tell me all about it."

"Well, sir," began Betty, gradually drying her eyes and plucking up courage, "when the order came for the troop to go out, I bustled

about and got Billy's field-clothes ready for him—he always leaves them at the house; and—and when Billy did n't come to get ready, I was just frantic for fear he'd miss going. And at last, when I'd wondered and wondered where he could be, I stole up to his old room, and there, stretched out on the bed,—oh, Captain, you won't ever tell any one!—was Billy, so white and scared-looking that he was all of a tremble. And I stole away again, and he never knew I had seen him. But how sorry I felt for him! He really is n't a coward, Captain; he just can't help it. Indeed, he's always been that way. And I thought if I could get away with the troop I could take Billy's place. I can blow the trumpet nearly as well as he can, and—surely, Captain, you would n't send me back now!"

The brave young face looked very determined as she looked beseechingly into the tall trooper's face.

"Why, Betty, you certainly cannot remain with us. You ought to know that. We may be gone for months, and may have to fight these renegades very, very soon. You can do Billy infinitely more good by going back, and sending him on to join us at once. If he does n't come he will be court-martialed, whether you go in his place or not."

This argument had an immediate effect on Betty, who dried her eyes, and picking up the broad-brimmed campaign-hat, carefully tucked away her long locks again beneath its capacious crown.

"I'll go back, sir," she said bravely. "I never thought of it in just that way."

"Spoken like a soldier," exclaimed the captain. "Now, take this side trail off to the right, and you will avoid meeting the troop. Push along hard and fast, so that you may reach the post and see Billy by daylight. Quick, now! the troop will be here in a few moments." And the officer waved her toward her horse. "Above all things, make that brother of yours reach us before we arrive at Pinal!"

Then with "Good night, sir,"—"Good night, Betty, and good luck to you," Betty's horse, holding its nose high in air as it heard the approaching troop, went galloping back with her toward the far-away army post.

A tin cup of coffee all around,—hot, though a trifle weak,—bacon and hard bread in plenty, and the troop was again ready for the march, and, if necessary, for a fight.

An hour later, as the column crossed a little valley, and began the ascent of the steep trail on the opposite side, the troop-commander glanced over his shoulder, and looked back. What was his amazement to see a mounted horseman speeding at a gallop across the sandy expanse, a glittering trumpet shining in the moonlight as it swung from the cord about the rider's body.

The captain was perplexed. Betty returning contrary to orders? No; she was too good a soldier to disobey; perhaps, indeed, she had met with some accident. Nevertheless, the troop did not stop, but, arrived at the top of the rugged slope, pushed on across the barren mesa. Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes passed, and then, galloping up past the troop to his place at the head, halting only after saluting his captain, came the trumpeter. It was the same horse surely, but on him was none other than the long-looked-for Billy. The captain and he rode to the front; and the officer saw so much shame, contrition, and suffering on the boy's face, that he had not the heart to reproach him.

"I have n't a word to say, sir," began Billy, impulsively. "I deserve a court-martial if any one ever did; but do, Captain, give me one more chance. I *was* afraid to start—it's just born in me, I guess. And I *did* hide from the men, like the coward that I was. And then, when I at last discovered that Betty had taken my extra field-uniform, I began to suspect; and, afterward, when I found both horse and trumpet gone, it all dawned upon me, and made me almost too ashamed to live. So without letting a soul know, I jumped on an extra horse, and followed the troop as hard as I could ride. Over the butte there I met Betty riding back, and she gave me the horse and trumpet."

"Let this be a lesson, Billy," said Captain Cratty, solemnly; for he felt that the boy needed no other punishment than the shame which his own weakness had caused.

"I really don't think, sir," Billy continued, after a moment's pause, "that I am a coward at heart—only I could n't help feeling the most

awful dread when I heard of our order to cut off those Apaches." A smothered sob shook the boy's frame—he was very young.

"There, there, boy, cheer up! The future is before you, and no one shall ever know of your neglect of duty. Drop back to your place now; and if we do meet those Apaches, think of the brave sister who all but went in your place."

Billy fell back to his place among the men, who fully believed that he had been with the command throughout the night; and as the dawning light made objects more and more distinct, their thoughts were fixed on the probability of cutting off the renegades, or were busy with the question whether it would be necessary to pursue them into the fastnesses of the Sierra Madre.

And so they rode, a thin, black line on that landscape of red cliffs and brown plains; riding where the dust would not rise to betray their approach—behind hills, through cañons and ravines, and around precipitous bluffs, silently, and still more silently as the day began to dawn.

And near the head rode a boy, with a dancing trumpet slung from the shoulder, and at his hip an army revolver as large as his forearm. His drab campaign-hat was pulled well over his eyes, for he was heart-heavy; but there was determination in the way he sat the saddle, and a world of resolution in his firm-pressed lips.

The little army post was bathed in summer sunshine. The grasshoppers buzzed across the parade with a lazy uncertainty of purpose, characteristic of the day, the hot glare from the adobe buildings wearied the eye, and the post-flag hung limp as a rag from the tall staff in front of the guard-house.

"Number One" felt sleepy, decidedly sleepy, as he tramped back and forth on the guard-house porch, and the carbine on his shoulder leaned in a comfortable way toward the horizontal. The old sergeant in charge of the guard, seated on the bench in the shade of the wall, was the first one to see a mounted courier as he cautiously picked his way down the narrow trail leading from the San Michel; and as he afterward sped across the plain toward the post like one possessed. The sergeant sprang to his feet, and at the sound "Number One"

wakened to a perceptible interest in things around him.

"Trumpeter Kerrigan," the veteran thundered to an individual within the building, "run across to headquarters, and report to the

that very time racing toward the approaching courier. For had she not all day been watching that far-away niche in the hills where the trail led over the divide, with the pony saddled and waiting in the little shed behind the house?

And was it not Betty herself who learned from Sergeant Jewett all the details of the fight, a good half-hour before even the colonel and his adjutant?

We struck the Apaches [so the despatch briefly ran] at Gallisteo Cañon—a larger party than was reported from Department Headquarters. Three Indians are killed, and one mortally wounded. Three escaped, and are being pursued by Lieutenant Murlin with troop, toward the Nutria. Our casualties consist of Sergeant Sullivan, wounded in shoulder; and myself, bullet through thigh, received while imprudently reconnoitering ahead of troop. Both of us doing well. Trumpeter McTigue behaved with great gallantry—without a doubt saving my life under fire. Request ambulance to be sent at once. CRATTY.

And Betty, too jubilant to remain long in one place, moved about hither and thither, with joy in her heart, and Billy's beloved name ever upon her lips.



"BUT BILLY, SEIZING THE REINS, HAD LED THE HORSE UP THE CAÑON AT A RUN, THE BULLETS FLYING LIKE HAIL."

adjutant that a courier from Captain Cratty is coming down the San Michel trail. Off with ye now, as fast your legs can carry ye!"

The trumpeter hurried away, and the guard poured forth from the guard-room to get a look at the distant horseman. Except when hidden now and then by the lay of the land, the horseman could be plainly seen galloping across the long stretch of level toward the south.

And on her fleet little pony, Betty was at

It all came out later in the oral report of Captain Cratty, who, with Sergeant Sullivan, was carried into the post a day or two later, in the Red Cross ambulance. The troop had cut the trail of the renegades at Pinal, and, turning abruptly to the left had pushed hard after them into the hilly country, the trail becoming fresher and fresher with each succeeding mile that they urged their jaded horses. When the command reached Gallisteo Cañon the pace was made

slower on account of numerous obstacles, and Captain Cratty, telling his trumpeter to follow, had trotted ahead of the main party, hoping from the cañon's mouth to secure, through his field-glasses, a view of the Indians on the plain beyond.

Suddenly a volley of bullets from the rocks on each side had come rattling down upon them without warning. The captain and his horse, both pierced by the same bullet, had rolled over together, the animal in his agony plunging and kicking. Without an instant's hesitation, Billy had pulled his commander away from the struggling horse, and, in the twinkling of an eye, had helped him on his own frightened but uninjured steed. The officer, too weak to do aught but grasp the pommel of the saddle, shouted to the boy to save himself. But Billy, seizing the reins, had led the horse up the cañon at a run, the bullets flying about them like hail, until a projecting rock interposed. One bullet had clipped the edge of the saddle, and another had ruined forever Billy's handsome brass trumpet; but the captain was saved, even if he had received a flesh wound in the thigh.

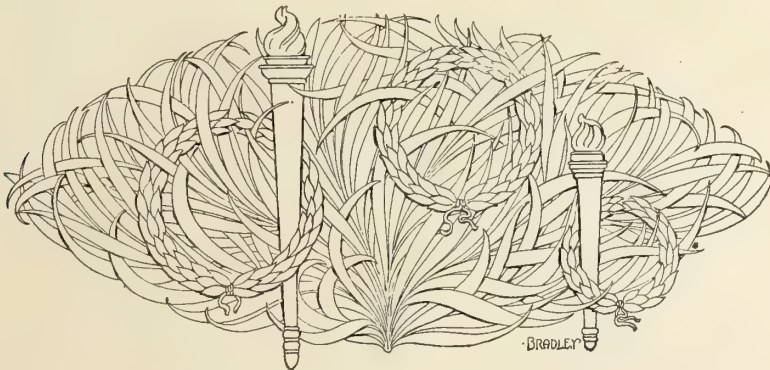
The Indians did not wait to try conclusions with the rapidly approaching troops (they had hoped to throw the party into confusion by killing its commander), but jumped on their ponies, and made off. The latter, however, ill-fed and worn out by the long flight from the Agency, could not outstrip the trooper's comparatively fresh horses. So that on the rocky hill-tops

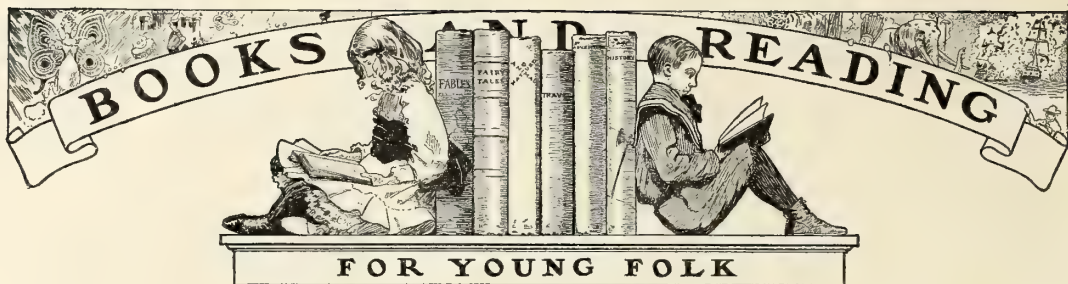
some of the Indians were overtaken—the troopers jumping from their horses, and, carbine in hand, continuing the chase on foot. In this way, as has already been mentioned, four of the renegades had been killed or wounded, and three had escaped over the Mexican line into the Sierra Madre.

Six months later (for the mills of the government grind slowly) a medal of honor reached the little Arizona army post from far-away Washington; and in front of the entire command, one evening at dress-parade, it was pinned by the colonel on the breast of Trumpeter McTigue. And the order announcing it stated that it was presented to

Trumpeter William McTigue, Troop M, 11th Cavalry, who at the risk of his life rescued his wounded captain from under fire of hostile Apaches, at Gallisteo Cañon, Arizona, May 20, 18—.

And Captain Cratty, leaning on his cane by the gate at Quarters No. 10, knew what no one else knew, except Billy and Betty; for he knew that Billy might never have become thus distinguished, had it not been for the brave little heroine who stood at his side witnessing the ceremony with a heart overflowing with joy and pride. But the old cavalryman wished with all his heart that Betty, too, might have shared in the honor she so well deserved. And he knew that if the matter had been placed in his hands, in short order there would have been *twin* medals of honor for the McTigue twins.





THE QUESTION COMPETITION.

IN this department of the July ST. NICHOLAS our readers will remember that one year's subscription to the magazine was offered for the best answer to these questions:

- Who wrote "Goody Two Shoes"?
- Where was Robinson Crusoe's island?
- Which is stronger, a lion or a tiger? Which is the braver animal?
- What book was first printed in England?
- What is the origin of the expression "N. or M." in the Catechism?
- What is the meaning of "viz."? What is its origin?
- Who was "A. L. O. E."? Who was "The Country Parson"?

About one hundred and fifty sets of answers were received, according to the conditions, by the middle of August, and the result is printed here in the earliest number possible after that date.

Our readers have shown so much interest in this little hunt for information that the editor of ST. NICHOLAS has consented to repeat such competitions often during the coming volume, in each case offering a free subscription for one year to the successful competitor.

The questions for the next competition will be found in this department next month.

The answers in general have been excellent, and if no similar competition was to follow, it would seem a number of prizes should be given in this contest; but as the disappointed competitors will have other fields in which to display their prowess, it has been decided to give only three subscriptions, to print in full the best list of answers, and to put upon a roll of honor the names of those whose answers were especially creditable, while they failed in some respect to equal the best received.

The first prize of one year's subscription to

ST. NICHOLAS for the best answers to the questions printed in the July Books and Reading department is therefore awarded to:

MAY LOWE, Circleville, Ohio.

Here is her list of answers:

1. The authorship of "Goody Two Shoes" has not been positively determined, though it is believed generally to have been written, in 1765, by Oliver Goldsmith, for one Newberry, a London book-seller. Some facts brought forth in support of this belief are that at this date Goldsmith was doing some writing for Newberry, being in need of money; and that the piece accords in style with several quaint little stories published with his essays. Cunningham, however, must have thought the authorship of "Goody Two Shoes" at least doubtful, for it is not included in his four-volume edition of "Goldsmith's Complete Works."

2. Frederick A. Ober recently brought out a book in which he states that the heretofore accepted theory that Crusoe's island is identical with that of Juan Fernandez is incorrect, and that Crusoe's island is, in reality, Tobago, in the Caribbean Sea, not far distant from the north coast of South America. Acting upon this hint, and reading the story with the aid of an atlas, it becomes evident that Ober is right and general opinion wrong. Chapter III. proves conclusively that Juan Fernandez could not have been Crusoe's island.

3. When one considers the difference of opinion among famous travelers and students of natural history, it is rather difficult to determine which is the stronger, a lion or a tiger. But following up the arguments pro and con, and deducing a personal opinion therefrom, I should say that the tiger is the larger and more powerful. Although the lion is not an open foe, and is, by nature, indolent, it is the braver of the two animals; for it is almost universally conceded that the tiger is cowardly.

4. Caxton had set up his press in Westminster Abbey in 1476, and in the following year he printed "Dictes and Notable Wise Sayings of the Philosophers," which, it is asserted by many authorities, is the first book which it can be said with exact certainty was printed in England. But the first book printed in the English tongue was a translation of Raoul le Fevre's work, "Recuyell of the Histories of Troye," which he put through the

press in either Bruges or Cologne. "The Game and Playe of Chesse" was the second book printed in the English language, and it is thought by some authorities to have been printed in England. The controversy among students as to which of the two works named was the first book printed in England must depend upon the decision of the controversy as to when Caxton established himself in England. If he did not go into England until 1476, the "Dictes and Notable Wise Sayings of the Philosophers" holds first place; but if, as is stated by several writers of note, he set up his printing-press in England in 1474, there can be no doubt that "The Game and Playe of Chesse" was the first book printed in that country; for there can be no reason for believing that he allowed the press to stand idle for three years.

5. "N. or M.," in the Catechism, is the abbreviation of "name or names," the respondent being required to give his names, if he have more than one, or his name, if he have only one. The correct form would be "N. or NN.," the "M" being substituted, a contraction of "NN."

6. "Viz." is a contraction of "videlicet," and means, literally, "it is easy to see," but has come to be used chiefly to indicate "to wit" or "namely." Its origin is a little peculiar, viz.: in former times many words were contracted, the proper sign of contraction being "3," used as a terminal. The early printers, having no type for the symbol "3," used the letter most like it in form, and thus the word "videlicet," which, contracted, would have been "vi3," became "viz."

7. Miss Charlotte Tucker, a prolific writer of juvenile and religious books, signed herself "A. L. O. E.," that is, "A Lady of England." The date of her birth is sometimes given as 1821 and sometimes as 1830. She died in 1893, in India, where, for eighteen years, she had labored as a missionary. It is an interesting fact that she used the proceeds from most of her books for the benefit of the missions.

"The Country Parson" was Rev. A. K. H. Boyd, a most delightful writer, the author of "Autumn Holidays," "Recreations of a Country Parson," and other charming works.

MAY LOWE,
Circleville, Ohio.

We think that our competitors, having already studied the questions and considered the answers, will see that Miss Lowe's paper covers the subject admirably, being accurate, complete, and full, though not verbose or wandering from the subjects.

The differences between the successful paper and those ranking nearest are so very slight that it has been decided to award a year's subscription each to Eleazer R. Bowie, Uniontown, Pennsylvania, and to Rachel T. Sanborn, Franklin Falls, New Hampshire. The

names of those whose answers were especially excellent are here printed on the

ROLL OF HONOR.

Sarah A. Ide	Martha A. L. Lane
Horatio Hughes	M. Elliott
Clare T. Beswick	Rosalie A. Sampson
Louise D. Putnam	Carroll R. Harding
Marjorie C. Hill	Alice Atkinson
Mary J. Bennett	Elsie C. Wykeham
Walter M. Kinkade	Ray A. Campbell
Canema Bowers	Emily C. Crawford
Edna C. Ogden	Leighton Miles
Mary Virginia	Albert Maxwell Small
Pritchard	Richard R. King
Helen Dutton Bogart	Beryl Fleming
	Effie Allen

Although, as has frequently been explained in regard to similar competitions, we cannot enter into any correspondence regarding the contest and awards, yet we shall take up the questions and discuss some of them, in order that the less successful competitors may see where their answers were lacking.

And first, let it be understood that in this department answers count not only in absolute correctness, but also as to their literary expression. They should be so written as to be interesting and to read well, and should tell what is worth knowing. Correctness comes first, of course, but how an answer is put is also of importance.

THE QUESTIONS.

1. Who wrote "Goody Two Shoes"?

Nearly all answered correctly that it was attributed to Oliver Goldsmith, because published by Newberry (Newbery, Newbury) in 1765, when Goldsmith was known to be working for that publisher, and because the style seemed to be like Goldsmith's. Some said it was signed by the name Griffith (or Giles) Jones, and one quoted the catalogue of the British Museum to prove this.

One answer said it was written by an unknown author in the Middle Ages, and others said the author was Helen Gray Cone and Charles E. Carryl!

2. Where was Robinson Crusoe's island?

This question was answered by very few. Nearly all took it for granted that the island Juan Fernandez in the Pacific Ocean was that on which "Crusoe" lived, simply because they had heard so. Yet even the slightest reading of the book itself shows that the island upon

which Crusoe was wrecked was on the other side of South America—north instead of west. Alexander Selkirk was not shipwrecked, and was not "Robinson Crusoe," though Defoe founded his story on the adventures of the Scotch sailor. Probably the island Tobago suits the description in Defoe's story. See the book on the subject by F. A. Ober. To name both Juan Fernandez and Tobago was not wrong. To name Juan Fernandez alone was not a good answer.

3. Which is stronger, a lion or a tiger? Which is the braver animal?

These questions admit, apparently, of difference of opinion among excellent authorities, and the best answers sent in recognized this fact. Many authorities are cited—too many to discuss here; but the weight of opinions seemed to declare the lion stronger and the tiger braver. One competitor says the gentlemen she asked all preferred the tiger, and the ladies all preferred the lion!—which is curious. Another competitor quotes the Bible (Proverbs xxx. 30): "A lion, which is strongest among beasts, and turneth not away for any." But

others tell of several lions running away from one tiger. In judging the answers, due credit was given, whichever opinion was adopted, but preference was given to answers citing authorities and giving reasons.

4. What book was first printed in England?

Here, too, is room for difference of opinion, as is shown in the winning answers. And three or four competitors claim that Corsellis at Oxford printed a book in 1468; but the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, in its article "Typography," declares that this book was wrongly dated, and should have been dated 1478, a year after Caxton's "Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers," which is generally accepted as the book which was the first printed in England. Caxton's books of earlier date are believed to have been printed at Bruges or Cologne.

The rest of the questions, except the last, are fully answered in the winning list.

As to "The Country Parson," many writers used that sobriquet, but Andrew Kennedy Hutchison (many wrote "Hutchinson") Boyd, who died in March, 1899, was the most generally known of recent years.

TWO BITS OF ADVICE.

BY MONTROSE J. MOSES.

ON the day before Thanksgiving

The turkeys were fed

On bread

And a great deal

Of corn and meal,

Which the cook scattered round

On the ground,

And at her call

They came, big and small;

And the turkey who was leader of the band,

Fat and proud and grand,—

So fat that, the other turkeys being thinner,

The cook said, "I will use him for the morrow's dinner,"—

While they were partaking of their corn and bread,

This turkey said:

"Gobble, gobble, gobble!"

Now, on Thanksgiving day

Tommy was fed

On soup and bread

And turkey and rice,

And celery crisp and nice,

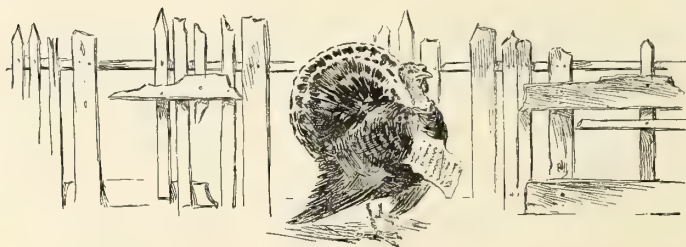
And pumpkin-pie that could n't be beat,

And lots of things that were sweet;

And Tommy's father, who was leader of the band,

Gave Tommy this command:

"Don't gobble, don't gobble, don't gobble!"





A Sargent. 1900.

A MELODY OF OLDEN TIMES.

AN ANGEL UNAWARES.

BY J. L. HARBOUR.

"OH, dear, dear! Some one else! What shall I do?"

Marcia Linn clasped her hands together despairingly and her eyes filled with tears. She was really greatly distressed. She was but sixteen years old, and she was the eldest daughter of a minister with a small salary in a country town. Her mother had been ill for some time, and the household duties had fallen upon Marcia's young and not very strong shoulders. Her father was hopelessly inefficient when it came to performing household duties, and Marcia had finally said:

"Father dear, it is lovely of you to try to help me out, but truly, father, you cannot

help out in any better way than by staying right in your study. You remind me of an elephant trying to make tatting, or something of that sort, when you try to do housework."

Mr. Linn laughed heartily at this, and fled precipitately, saying, as he reached the study door:

"You'll not catch me at housework again after that comparison."

He was helpful in other ways, and Marcia admitted that the younger children were "ever so good" in their willingness to help her, but her burdens were heavy, and there was no money for servant-hire in her father's slender purse.

Now it is a well-known fact that ministers' families have "lots of company," and the Linns were not an exception to this general rule. Sometimes Marcia declared that they entertained "a regular procession," and that they "might as well keep a hotel and be done with it."

"Well, dear," her patient and gentle father had said, "you know that St. Paul said that we should be 'given to hospitality.'"

"Yes, I know," replied Marcia, reflectively. "And was n't it also St. Paul who said that we should be 'patient in tribulation'? I guess that he had ministers' families in mind when he said that. There is certainly a good deal of tribulation about entertaining guests whose only claim to your hospitality is that they have a third cousin or a dead-and-gone aunt who was a member of your church twenty years ago!"

"Oh, it is n't often so bad as that," Mr. Linn said, with a laugh.

"Was n't it only last month that a woman came here and stayed a week on the strength of your grandfather and her grandfather having roomed together when they were at college? And did n't another woman come here with the awfulest boy that ever lived, and stay five dreadful days and nights, on the score of you having married her to her first husband? And you owned up to me that he did n't give you any fee for performing the ceremony!"

"Well, he turned out so badly," said the minister, "that perhaps she felt that I owed her something, and so she came and boarded it out."

"You are too good and too gullible for this earth," answered Marcia, with a ringing laugh. But she was not inclined to laugh at the time of the beginning of this story. She had just "got rid," as she frankly and tersely expressed it, of a troublesome and most inconsiderate guest, who had remained a week at the crowded little parsonage, basing her claim to hospitality on the fact that her uncle had once been a deacon in a church of which Mr. Linn had been the pastor.

"And she did n't even make her own bed, nor get up in time to eat breakfast with

us!" exclaimed Marcia, with just indignation. "And she wanted a fresh napkin every meal, and she asked me to send the children out of the house for two hours every afternoon while she took a nap of that duration. And I do not think that I shall ever achieve a greater moral victory in this life than I achieved when I kept my tongue still though she brought me a pair of her ripped gloves and asked me to take a few stitches in them. And now comes this!"

As she spoke, she held out a letter to her father. He took it, adjusted his glasses, and read, in cramped and peculiar writing and spelling, these words:

DERE BRUTHER LINN, i am agoing to pass threw your Town next friday on my way to vissit some kin of Mine over in Zoar an i will stop over for a fue days vissit with your famly if Agreeable. i shell injoy talking over old Times here in Lisbon with you when you was our pasture. your preachin done me good an you didnt holler as if we was all deaf an beat the pulpit as if you had a spite agin it like your suckessor, but he means well an what he says is good. So i will be thare next friday so meat me at the trane to see about my trunk an my love to your wife. So no more at presunt from

ANN PACKER.

Mr. Linn's blue eyes twinkled as he read this letter, and a smile played around his lips in spite of Marcia's evident dismay—which was great, or her sense of humor would have caused her to shout with laughter over Ann Packer's epistle. She was not in a laughing mood, although she did smile when her father said merrily:

"I must not fail to be at the train to see about Sister Packer's trunk and her love to your mother."

"Can't you bring the love home and send the trunk and Sister Packer some place else?"

"I fear not, dear. It is some years since I saw Ann Packer, but I remember her as a good woman whom I should be sorry to offend."

"But then, one must cook and wash dishes and spend time entertaining even the best of women, father."

"I feel sure that Ann Packer will make her own bed, and that she will not ask you to do any of her sewing."

"If she does, my moral powers will weaken, and I will Packer off in haste."

"Your moral powers must be weakening even now or you would never perpetrate such a pun as that," replied Mr. Linn, giving the pink lobe of Marcia's ear a little pinch, and then stooping to kiss her flushed face, while he added: "Don't worry, daughter. Let us be 'patient in tribulation.' Sometime we shall entertain an angel unawares. I must go and tell your mother about Ann Packer."

"Well, I suppose that there is nothing to be done but to grin and bear it," said Marcia, when her father had left the room. "I may as well go and get the spare room ready for Ann Packer. I do hope that she will be less exasperating than the last occupant of the room. 'Given to hospitality' is certainly one of the enforced duties of a minister's family."

Marcia's good humor soon asserted itself, and she smiled as she recalled some of the lines in Mrs. Packer's quaint letter. The guest-chamber had been made ready for the expected visitor, and Marcia was in the kitchen mixing a pudding for dinner when her father arrived with Mrs. Packer. Marcia put aside her work and went into the little parlor, where she saw a large, round-faced, motherly-looking woman, wearing an old-fashioned bonnet, a simple brown merino dress, and a very old-fashioned black crape shawl, with fringe half a yard long. She wore black lace mitts, and her narrow strip of white collar was fastened by an enormous cameo-brooch. Her abundant black hair, well streaked with gray, was brushed down smooth and shining over the tops of her ears. She greeted Marcia with loud-voiced and smiling friendliness.

"How de do, my child?" she said. "The last time I saw you you wa' n't knee-high to a duck. I remember just as well the day you was born! Susan Peek come over to my house and told me about it, and I remember of sending your ma a glass of my currant jell' and you a pair of little blue-and-white baby socks. You moved away from our town when you was still a tiny baby, and I 'a'n't laid eyes on you from that day to this. You favor your ma a good deal, as I remember her. Pa tells me that your ma is sick. I'm real sorry to hear that. I would n't have stopped off here if I had knowed that. But mebbe I can do

something for her or help you out in some way. I 'm used to all kinds of sickness, and they always sends for Ann Packer in any time of sickness or trouble of any sort, back where I live, and I always go and help out, and it 's a real pleasure to be able to do it. You just show me my room, and I 'll git into my working clothes, and then you set me to doing something."

"Would n't you like to lie down and rest until dinner-time?" asked Marcia, her heart warming toward this rare type of visitor.

"La, no! I never was a person who could lay down in the daytime. Then, I ain't a mite tired. The car-ride over the country was so pleasant I just enjoyed every mile of it. Seems like I never saw the country so beautiful as it is now. I fell in with some real pleasant folks on the train,—I always do when I travel,—and we visited and chatted together and enjoyed ourselves until I was real sorry when my journey was at an end. Now I 'm goin' to git on another dress and an apron, and whirl right in and help you out someway. You show me where things are, and I 'll git dinner if your ma needs you. Now you go right off to your study, Brother Linn. Don't you for one minute think that you 've got to set round and entertain me."

She gathered up her numerous pieces of hand-luggage as she spoke, and she said, as Marcia led the way upstairs:

"I got a lot o' things here for your little brothers and sisters—some toys, and a bag of bananas, and another of candy, and a dozen oranges. They had such elegant oranges over in Springfield, where I changed cars, and I thought it likely that you could n't git anything like them in this little town, so I fetched you some."

"Oh, I am so grateful to you!" replied Marcia. "Mother said this very day that there was nothing she would enjoy so much as a real good orange. We sent out, but we could not buy one in this town."

"Well, now, wa' n't it just providential that I bought that bag of oranges over in Springfield? Then, when I was packing my trunk I slipped in three or four glasses of my quince and currant jell', and a couple of bottles of my

grape-juice. I knowed they could be used in a minister's family, and it was real providential about the grape-juice, for there ain't anything so nice to have in case of sickness—so refreshing and stimulating. How glad I am that I fetched it! Wish I 'd brought more. I reckon mebbe you 'll think that I thought that you did n't have anything to eat; but when I made up a batch of sugar cookies for me to have some to carry with my lunch, I baked three or four dozen extra to fetch to the little folks here. Children think so much of such things. I've got them and half a loaf of some fruit-cake I made last Thanksgiving, and a little bag of my preserved and dried citron, all in this box. Then, I thought that like enough the children would 'preciate some of my candied-ginger and some of my sundried cherries. I have just bushels o' cherries on my place, and I have found out a way of dryin' them with sugar sprinkled on 'em, so that they 're kind o' sticky and moist, and children love 'em. I fetched you a gallon or so of 'em. And I 'll bet you 'll laugh when you know what I 've got in this big white box. You can't guess."

"No, I am sure that I cannot."

"I reckon you can't. Well, I 've got not only a dozen eggs, but I 've got the hens that laid 'em! Yes, I *have*! I expect to be away from home six or eight weeks, and I had these eggs in the pantry, and I wa' n't goin' to leave 'em there to spile. Then it just come across me that I might as well kill my two hens and fetch 'em to you as to leave 'em at home for the neighbors to look after. They 're young and fat, and if you say so I 'll whirl in and make up a big chicken-pie to-morrow. They say over where I live that I can make the best chicken-pie of any one in the town."

Chicken was a rare luxury on the minister's table, and Marcia's skill as a cook did not include a knowledge of how to make chicken-pie, therefore she said:

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Packer. Father was saying yesterday that he would like to have some old-fashioned chicken-pie, and I do not know how to make it, even when we have chickens, which is not often. Father would enjoy your chicken-pie."

"He dunno what 's good if he don't! It 's real providential that I put in them chickens. I put a quart jar of maple-syrup, wrapped in about forty layers of rags, in my trunk, and we 'll have some feather-light flannel cakes some mornin' for breakfast. I can make flannel cakes that won't set any heavier on a body's stomach than so much whipped white of egg. What a cozy, tidy little room this is! You must be an awful smart girl for your years to keep this house lookin' so nice and tidy, with your ma sick. But you look a little peaked, and you 've got to let me take hold and do the work while you go off and play. I 'm a three-hoss team when it comes to house-work!"

In less than half an hour Mrs. Packer was in the kitchen, arrayed in a spotless calico dress and a big blue-and-white gingham apron, paring potatoes, while her nimble tongue ran steadily and cheerily. She had made a call of five minutes on Mrs. Packer, and had quite won that lady's heart in that brief time. She cheered Marcia by saying, as she pared the potatoes:

"Your ma will be around soon. I tell you one thing she needs that I 'll do for her if she 'll let me. You know that doctors nowadays set a good deal of store on rubbin'. Massawge, some call it, and whatever they call it, it is a good thing, and I know the gen'ral principles of it, and I 'm well and strong, so if your ma will let me, I 'll rub her right up on her feet. You ain't the stren'th to do it. Your pa 's no sick-nurse—not meanin' any disrespect, but you know these literary and scholarly men like your pa ain't no more 'count in a sick-room than an old hen would be, no matter how well-meanin' they are. I 'll bet you a penny that I take your ma out for a drive within a week."

This prediction was fully verified. It had been a cheery and happy week in the little parsonage. Ann Packer had fairly radiated cheerfulness and merriment. She was the soul of good humor, combined with such good common sense that she seemed to know just what to do under all circumstances. She "took right holt," as she expressed it, and she darned and mended, she cooked and ironed, she swept

and baked. She nursed Mrs. Linn in a way that won the highest praise from old Dr. Smythe. She told stories to the younger children, and she kept the entire household

planned to stay but three days, but it was three weeks before she left the Linn home, and there were tears of real regret when she went away—she had brought so much cheer,

so much comfort, so much happiness, into the home.

"I have had a real good time," she said, "and I do think that it was real providential that I come just when I did, so that I could be so useful. It has been a real joy to do for your ma, and to see her looking so well now. I lot on stopping off and having another little visit with you on my way home, and I 'm bound that Marcia shall go on home with me. I know all the young folks in the place, and she would have a real nice visit. Folks would be real pleased to see their old minister's daughter, for they thought real well of you, Mr. Linn, they did so. There 's one thing about me goin' a-visit-in': I know that I don't make anybody no trouble."

"Trouble?" said



"'YOU 'LL LAUGH WHEN YOU KNOW WHAT I 'VE GOT IN THIS BIG WHITE BOX.'"

amused from morning until night. When she heard that there was to be a picnic during the week she said with decision:

"Now, Marcia Linn, you are going to that picnic and have a good time. I will be right here to get dinner for your pa and the little folks, and to look after your mother. You are going."

And Marcia went, and came home radiant with happiness because of the happy, free-from-care day she had enjoyed. Ann Packer had

Mrs. Linn. "Oh, Mrs. Packer, you make so much happiness!"

"I want to, Mary Linn, I do so. There ain't anything in this life any better than creatin' happiness. Well, good-by, and God bless and keep you!"

"Dear, good soul!" said Mr. Linn, with moist eyes. "I told you, Marcia, that sometime we should entertain an angel unawares."

"Yes, father; and your prophecy has already been fulfilled."

NATURE AND SCIENCE

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Edited by Edward F. Bigelow.

YOUNG FOXES.

THE chance to watch young foxes at play in the woods—and there are few sights more fascinating—is not so difficult a thing as one would suppose. This spring I found two dens within a mile of a city of twenty thousand people; and it is safe to say that within easy walking distance of every New England town one or more pairs of foxes build their den and raise their little ones every year.

The best way to find a den is to ask



the hunters first, then the farmers' boys. Every den has a main entrance, with all the earth from excavation scattered about its front door. That is to mislead you; the foxes seldom use it. And sometimes, indeed, it is closed altogether six feet underground. Ten feet away, hidden behind gray rocks or in a thicket, are other entrances, one for daily use, and one for danger generally. The hole is larger than that made by skunk or woodchuck, and a fox's workmanship is always neater than theirs.

There are three ways of telling whether there are any foxes at home.

First, examine the soft earth about the en-

"SUDDENLY YOU SEE YOUR FOX JUST AHEAD, SAILING OVER THE WALL AS IF THE WIND WERE BLOWING HIM." (SEE PAGE 76.)

trance carefully. Tracks like a small dog's, but narrower in proportion, and more dainty! That 's suspicious.

Second, examine the sides of the hole sharply. Here, clinging to a point of rock, is a long yellowish hair, which is crinkled in the middle; and there, trailing from a root-fiber, is another. There was a fox in here once.

Third, put your nose down deep into the hole and take a whiff. Waugh! a nauseating odor, strong and rank, the unmistakable odor of carnivorous youngsters. Now you are sure there are foxes there. You can come almost any bright morning or afternoon and watch them from a distance playing like kittens.

Before they are grown they will show you twenty curious tricks. One den, which I discovered on a great, lonely hillside, had only two cubs, but they were the most inventive I have ever watched. One afternoon, while I watched through a hole in the wall at the foot of the hill, both cubs came out, and after watching and listening, to be sure nobody was about, one curled up in a ball and went rolling downhill. The other ran after him, scrambling, barking, worrying his brother as if he were a woodchuck trying to get away.

Both ran back in a moment, in a desperate fright at finding themselves so far from their den. They went straight to a bush; and then I saw for the first time the keen face of the old mother. She was lying hidden under the

bush, just nose and eyes showing, watching gravely the antics of her little ones.

Something—a flying grasshopper, I think—flashed by them. Instantly both crouched and began to creep. I watched through my



YOUNG FOXES AT THE MOUTH OF THE DEN,
WAITING FOR DINNER.

glass. They stalked the grasshopper exactly as they would stalk a rabbit later, creeping from bush to stone, from stone to tuft of weeds, behind their game, until within springing distance. They caught him, too, for in a moment one was crouched with something between his paws; and the mother came over to see what it was.

You are fortunate indeed if you follow the



THE MOTHER FOX SEEKING THE DINNER.

cubs long enough to see them make a try at their first rabbit. Generally they miss him; for bunny knows a thing or two—when to run, and when to dodge, and when to sit still. But whether you see this or not, you can read all about it in a wonderful book. Follow the tracks after the first good snow, and you will learn to read many things more interesting than any written here.

If you follow far enough, you may see an unexpected end to your trailing. Suddenly you see your fox just ahead, sailing over the wall as lightly as if the wind were blowing him; and then, when you follow his back track, you find that he has been curled up on a warm rock in plain sight, watching you the past half-hour, until you came too near.

WILLIAM J. LONG.

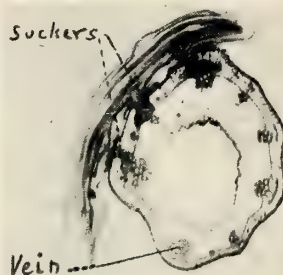
HOW THE DODDER ROBS THE GOLDENROD.



DODDER IN BLOSSOM ON THE GOLDENROD.

THIS autumn, when picking goldenrod, look for the coarse, yellow threads of the dodder, or bindweed, which often wind tightly about its stem. In August and September you will find its waxy white flowers forming clusters close to the stem of the goldenrod, far below its own yellow tufts. On the willows also, and the jewel-weed, you will often see the same clinging threads of the clinging bindweed.

This leafless yellow thread is one of the most expert of nature's parasitic plants—that is, a plant that feeds on another. A careful search shows that it is not rooted in the ground, but in the stem of the goldenrod. If you gather the seeds of the dodder in October or November, and put them on moist sand, in a tumbler covered with a piece of glass, you will learn in a few weeks that it begins its peculiar method of feeding very early in life. On com-



SUCKERS OF DODDER IN THE STEM OF THE JEWEL-WEED.

grows first this way, then the other, and dies off behind to grow farther in front, then rears upward and waves about in the air till it finds its prey. When found, the victim is embraced in its clutches, to be released only at the death of the dodder. You may readily watch it attack a seedling bean grown in the same tumbler with it.

The dodder feeds on other plants besides the goldenrod, and it seems to know just where to find the life-blood, or sap, of its prey; for if you cut across the stem of the goldenrod you will find that the dodder sends its grasping roots, or suckers, straight to the veins of its victim. To these they cling even when the dodder is burst asunder by the growth of the goldenrod; and then each bit, taking food by its own suckers, forms its flowers and ripens its seeds, to produce in the following summer another generation of pilferers like itself.

The dodder has been called "fragments of a silken net," and so it seems in the bright autumn meadows, when ironweed and goldenrod are at their best.

DUNCAN S. JOHNSON.

ing from the seed it does not attempt to establish itself in the ground, as any self-sustaining plant would do, but from the first it literally goes about seeking a victim. It



SEED BOXES OF THE DODDER ON THE STEM OF THE JOE-PYE-WEED.

SKILFUL AND BEAUTIFUL NET-WEAVING.



WEB OF ORB-WEAVER SPIDER, PHOTOGRAPHED IN EARLY MORNING WHILE THE DEW WAS ON IT.

"FROM what foreign country did this beautiful net come?"

"Will you tell us about the strange people that do such nice weaving?"

Yes; it is, indeed, beautiful, ingeniously made, and comes from a country that, in a sense, is "foreign" to many people — the realm of nature's wonders near at home! This is a photograph of the net made by the orb-weaver spider, and we can find many

by the roadside, old bridge, or in the fields on bushes and fences, and in other places, but rarely are they as perfect as this one.

The outer part of the framework is irregular, depending on the positions of the various objects or parts of a structure to which it is fastened. The central part is regular. From the center of the net are lines radiating like the spokes of a wheel. These are dry and inelastic, as are the outer supporting lines. On this radiating structure are the circular lines, that are sticky to catch the spider's prey, and are elastic so as not to be easily broken by the struggling captive insect.

Some of the orb-weavers strengthen the nets by a zigzag ribbon of minute threads across the cen-

ter. Some kinds of orb-weaver spiders live in the center of the net, hanging head downward. Others have a retreat near one edge of the net, in which they hang back downward, holding a few lines leading to the main structure of the net so they can at once feel any jar caused by an insect striking against the web and becoming entrapped. Thus the spider has a sort of telegraphic line from her traps to her home.

"How does she avoid getting entrapped herself?" do you inquire? Because she knows better than to step in her own traps, but walks on the firm lines that are not sticky. A spider thrown into her own web or that of another spider so as to strike against all lines, becomes entangled nearly as readily as a fly or grasshopper. Of course she will free herself more easily than other insects, because she is used to the web. When the sticky lines are first spun, the viscid matter forms a continuous layer on the outside of it, but soon breaks up into bead-like masses similar to the manner in which moisture on a clothes-line in a foggy day collects into drops. The webs are beautiful at all times, but especially so when they are covered with dew and the sun shines on them. Then they sparkle like magnificent pieces of jewelry.



NOVEL FORM OF SPIDER'S WEB, HANGING LIKE A BASKET WITHIN A DECAYING TREE.

FEEDING AND WATCHING SNAILS.

ON a pleasant day last spring, a party of boys and girls in St. Paul, Minnesota, went hunting for some land-snails; and a grown-up friend, Mr. D. Lange of that city, sends a very interesting account of the trip and its results. The accompanying illustration is from a photograph sent by him.

The party had to search with great care under the sticks and dead leaves in the woods. While the young folks were thus engaged, there was a gentle shower, and soon the stones, sticks, and leaves were quite wet; then the snails crawled slowly out of their hiding-places and over the rocks and leaves.

Several were secured and placed in a wide-mouthed glass jar, which served well as a snail-house. Lettuce-leaves were placed in the jar, which was left uncovered on the table, as it was thought the snails would not crawl out over the paraffin lining at the edge of the jar. For a few days this did serve as a fence; but one night, when they had eaten all their lettuce, one crawled out.

It was soon learned that a snail requires a moist surface on which to crawl. If it is not wet the snail must moisten its path with a slime that it makes for that purpose. So the snail will not go far on a dry surface. For this reason the snail travels chiefly in rainy weather, and can then be found most easily.

Various leaves were offered. They preferred lettuce, but would also eat cabbage; and they were often watched with much interest, as they would eat large holes into the leaves.

It was soon found that they would try to run away if the jar was left uncovered, so their glass house was covered with perforated paper. During the evening, after the lights were out, there was a peculiar rasping sound, similar to that made by mice gnawing, but not so loud. It was discovered

that the snails were "breaking out" by rasping large holes through the paper door of their house. After this the young folks covered the jar with mosquito-netting, held in place over the top of the jar by a rubber band. To the lower side of this netting the snails would often attach themselves, and the movement and structure of their mouth parts could be plainly seen as they tried to cut the threads; but they never succeeded in this attempt, although they would easily perforate three sheets of common writing-paper. The food leaves and the inside of the jar were kept well moistened so the snails could travel easily, and they moved slowly about, carrying their shells, and finding their way or searching for food with their "feelers," at the ends of which are their eyes. These seemed not for seeing, but for touching.

When the jar was not kept moist the snails withdrew into their shells and closed the "door" by one or more films.

They were frequently taken out and the jar cleaned, so that no stagnant water was allowed



THE SNAILS AT DINNER

to accumulate in their glass house. Nearly all will be returned to the woods, but three or four will be kept over winter; and these are to be placed in a cup with leaves in a cool room. There they will remain undisturbed from the first cold days of November to the first warm days of April.

Snails may be found in the autumn, under boards, stones, and leaves, even as late as the last of November. Of course it is very difficult to obtain them after the ground has become frozen or covered with snow. Then they have

entered on their long winter sleep, just where they happen to be when cold weather sets in. The shell is probably not so much for protection from enemies as for keeping the little moist animal from drying up when there has been no rain for a long time.

In keeping these snails in past winters, it has been found that they are very hungry in the spring, after their long sleep, and are as eager for their first lettuce-leaves as — well, as eager as the boys and girls for the contents of their lunch-baskets after a long tramp at a picnic.

FROM THE SHARP-EYED GIRLS AND BOYS.

HAVE NO "EYES," YET NOT BLIND.

IN that very interesting book, "A Rambler's Lease," the author, Bradford Torrey, expresses sorrow at the unwise repairs of the roads in his native country village, which he visits occasionally in his ramblings. He regrets that while the workers improve the traveling surface of the road, they injure the beauty by cutting down the natural picturesque borders of shrubs, small trees, and vines.

"What a short-sighted policy it is that provides for the comfort of the feet, but makes no account of those more intellectual and spiritual pleasures which enter through the eye!" He concludes that, after all, this unwise road-repairing may be for the greatest good of the greatest number, for "while all the inhabitants of the town are supplied with feet, *comparatively few of them have eyes!*"

I hope all St. NICHOLAS boys and girls have eyes, in the sense that the author means, and know how to use them.

BEETLE HUNTING-GROUNDS.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last summer, with a young lady who is a friend of mine, and is very much interested in nature study, I spent a great deal of time studying beetles. On the farm where we were was a place where there was once a sawmill, and in the rotten logs we found a great many beetles of all kinds and sizes. Once, as we were walking in the lane, we noticed a long tree-trunk half buried. I ran back for the hatchet, and in the log we found the best specimens of beetles I ever saw. We found some little bits of beetles,



THE LITTLE SNAPPING-BEETLE.



THE "EYED" ELATER.

and one or two eggs, and some large beetles.

We also had a breeding-cage and hatched butterflies and watched grasshoppers lay their eggs.

IRENE CRISLER.

A decaying log or stump is a "treasure house" for many interesting specimens of beetles (*Coleoptera*), of which perhaps the most interesting is the "eyed" elater (*Alaus oculatus*), which is the largest of the family of "click-beetles" or elaters. This is the great pepper-and-salt-colored fellow so familiar to us all, with its two large, black, velvety, eye-like spots, which are, however, not its true eyes. We may easily believe that nature has made these make-believe eyes to frighten away the enemies of the elater.

There are more than five hundred kinds of click-beetles in North America alone. Not all are in decaying wood, but many live in the ground, and feed on seeds and the roots of grass and grain.

The little "snapping-bug" is well known to all our young folks.

Professor Comstock evidently writes from memories of boyhood days in stating the following:

There is hardly a country child that has not been entertained by the acrobatic performances of the long,

tidy-appearing beetles called snapping-bugs, click-beetles, or skipjacks. Touch one of them, and it at once curls up its legs, and drops as if shot; it usually lands on its back, and lies there for a time as if dead. Suddenly there is a click, and the insect pops up into the air several inches. If it comes down on its back, it tries again and again until it succeeds in striking on its feet, and then it runs off.

We remember well carrying these creatures into the old district schoolhouse, where all lessons had to be learned from books, and where nature never had a chance to teach us anything. Here, with one eye on the teacher and one on this interesting jumper laid on our book behind the desk, we found a most fascinating occupation for the tedious moments. But the end was always the same: the beetle jumped so high that it betrayed us and was liberated, and we were disgraced.

REGARDING A PET WOLF.

GRAY HORSE, O. T.

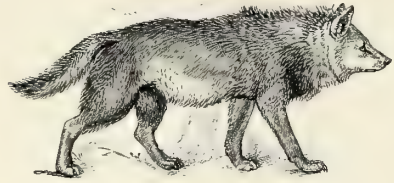
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My playmate has a pet wolf of the coyote species that was caught by an Indian boy. The coyote-wolf, prairie-wolf, or coyote, as it is often



THE COYOTE OR "BARKING WOLF."

called, burrows in the ground, where it lives and stays through the day, and there the young are reared. When this little wolf referred to was caught, the Indian boys killed its mother and then dug up this little fellow, together with three or four sisters and brothers, and brought them in for sale, as pets. My little playmate's parents bought this one, and my little playmate and myself had great times making friends with it and teaching it how to drink milk. Of course it was very timid and shy at first, and for two or three days would eat nothing at all; but we would dip our fingers in warm milk and then let it suck our fingers, and in this way it became very friendly, though when we first attempted to go near it, it would snap and snarl at us, and displayed a very vicious nature. Soon it came to know my little playmate, and afterward became a very affectionate pet; but to strangers and to the other domestic pets it would never be friendly, and would always rather sneak away by itself than to stay around and be sociable. It was always very fond of fresh meat, and finally became very mischievous, catching and killing little chickens. It also bit my playmate once or twice, though not severely,

so it was decided best to give him away. This was done, and we learned that soon after it died. We did



THE COMMON WOLF.

not grieve over it very much, because it was not nearly the comfort that a great many other wild pets are.

Yours sincerely,

HELENA HUFFAKER.

This letter will be especially appreciated by our young observers in view of the interest that has been aroused in wolves and their kin by the writings of Ernest Seton-Thompson, who drew the illustrations of wolf, coyote, and jackal on this page, and has written so much about wolves, and made so many pictures of them, that he is often called by his friends "Wolf Thompson."

The biography of "Lobo," the king wolf, in "Wild Animals I Have Known" is extremely interesting.

See the wolf pictures drawn by Mr. Thompson on pages 654 and 657 of the "Century Magazine" for March, 1900. You will be interested in the whole article, "The National Zoo at Washington," and especially in the touching story of the wild hunting song of the wolves, coyotes, and jackals on page 10 of



THE JACKAL.

the "Century" for May, 1900, concluding the second part of the article relating an evening interview with the animals at the zoo.

A GEORGIA BIRD OBSERVER.

ATLANTA, GA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very much interested in birds, and have seen many this season. I think the scarlet tanager and the rose-breasted grosbeak are the



THE YELLOW-BREASTED CHAT.

prettiest. I never saw a bird act so strangely as the yellow-breasted chat. He almost turns over in the air.

A Carolina wren has a nest, with young in it, on a shelf under our house, and I watch the old birds carry worms and grubs to their babies. Does this wren build a new nest for each brood, or does it fix up the last year's nest?

EARLE R. GREENE.

The Carolina wren is the largest of the family, and in the volume and variety of its notes and length of its song-season surpasses all other wrens. He is often called the mocking-wren, though many ornithologists tell us that the varied songs are his own and not imitations.

Some notes have been said by a Southern poet to sound like "sweetheart, sweetheart, sweet!" He sings so loudly that one expects to see a much larger bird, apparently trying to attract attention, but not easily seen, as he often darts quickly about in the underbrush. In his "loud, rolling whistle and warble, and jocund calls and salutations," he reminds us of the yellow-breasted chat which our young friend mentions in his letter, and the chat is known to observers farther north than is the wren.

The chat is the largest member of the warbler family, and has such a jumble of whistles, parts of songs, chucks, cries, barks, quacks, whines, and wails that, together with his conspicuous yellow breast, have given him the name "yellow mocking-bird." With his varied vocal feats, he performs clownish antics, making altogether a very entertaining bird.

Mr. Burroughs thus describes the bird's strange medley: "Now he barks like a puppy, then quacks like a duck, then rattles like a kingfisher, then squalls like a fox, then caws like a crow, then mews like a cat. . . . *C-r-r-r-r—whrr—that 's it—chee—quack, cluck, yit-yit-yit—now hit it—tr-r-r-r—when—caw—caw—cut, cut—tea-boy—who, who—mew, mew.*"

If you doubt that the chat says all this, and does the funny things our young correspondent describes, find it, listen and watch carefully.

Dr. Eugene Edmund Murphey of Augusta, Georgia, a well-known ornithologist, answers the question about the nest, and adds regarding the chat as follows:

"The Carolina wren builds a new nest each season, but seems to become very much attached to localities, building often within a few yards of the nest-site of the year before.

"The 'strange actions' of the yellow-breasted chat referred to are very characteristic of the bird. A chat will work his way little by little to the very top of some tall tree, generally



THE CAROLINA WREN.

a sweet-gum or tulip, and then launch himself out into the air with his wings raised above his back, parachute fashion. As he descends, his wings and tail are jerked up and down, and at every jerk a loud, discordant note, sounding like 'tat-tat-tat-tat,' is uttered, and keeps up until the ground is reached. This performance is evidently done in sheer playfulness."

Another eminent ornithologist reports that one pair of Carolina wrens built three nests in one season, raising a brood in each.



CHILL winds lie hiding by the way
 To catch the school-boy hurrying by.
 He heeds them not; his heart is gay,
 For lo! Thanksgiving day draws nigh.

November brings us the first real holiday—at least, the first that we celebrate with warm fires and good things to eat, and these are the best part of all holidays except those that come in summer vacation. We can celebrate two things this year. We can have the usual Thanksgiving offerings and feast (not forgetting our poor neighbors around the corner); and then we of the League can celebrate the fact that our organization has completed its first year, gaining strength and purpose with each month of its progress.

It has not seemed a long year, perhaps because it has been such a busy one, for we are sure that those League members who have

sent something almost every month (and there have been many of these) have not wasted much time in idleness. It would be useless to attempt to give any estimate of what has been accomplished, except in individual cases, and this would not be fair to the others. The work of all has been so good, and the progress of nearly all so rapid in everything undertaken, that many of those who began crudely are almost in the professional ranks to-day.

It is to be regretted that now and then some one has sent work that was not original. The rules are very clear on this and other points, and if read carefully cannot be misunderstood. It is hardly possible to believe that any child would wish to deceive, or, if so, would expect to escape the unpleasant results that are sure to follow. It is not difficult to mislead trusting parents and secure their in-

dorsement, nor is it hard to deceive the editors, who could not possibly read and remember all that has been written in the world, and are used to unusual and even startling excellence in the work of children; but it is utterly impossible to deceive the thousands of League members and readers who stand in judgment each month upon the contributions of their fellow-workers. The single instance of this sort (referred to on an-



"A COUNTRY ROAD." BY MADGE SMITH, AGE 12. (GOLD BADGE.)

other page) was immediately brought to our attention by people in all parts of the world. Let us hope that every child, whether talented or not, will at least begin his or her work industriously, perseveringly, and, above all, honestly.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 11.

In making the prize awards the contributors' ages are taken into consideration.

POEM. Gold badges, Theodore Kellner (age 12), 2512 Brown Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and Floy De Grove Baker (age 8), Milburn P. O., Wyoming, New Jersey.

Silver badges, Alice May Fuller (age 16), 563 Fifty-fifth Street, Brooklyn, New York, and Elsie L. Williams (age 13), 111 Fountain Place, Ithaca, New York.

PROSE. Gold badges, Harold S. Deming (age 16), South Woodstock, Connecticut, and Lucius A. Bigelow, Jr., the Westminster, Boston, Massachusetts.

Silver badges, Mabel L. Parmelee (age 12), 128 Main Street, Oswego, New York, Helen W. Prescott (age 12), Camden, Maine, and Smith Sanborn (age 8), Franklin Falls, New Hampshire.

DRAWING. Gold badge, Charlotte P. Dodge (age 15), Honolulu, Hawaii.

Silver badges, Romaine Hoit (age 16), 16 Sayward Street, Dorchester, Massachusetts, and Thomas Porter Miller (age 11), Hotel Burlington, Dover, England.

PHOTOGRAPH. Gold badge, Madge Smith (age 12), 116 Oak Avenue, Ithaca, New York.

Silver Badge, Erwin White (age 13), Box 147, Dedham, Massachusetts.

PUZZLE. Gold badges, Adolph Krahe (age 15), 229 Fifth Street, New York City, and Fred Swigert (age 10), Oregon Pacific Bridge Company, Seattle, Washington.

Silver badges, Mabel Carr Samuel (age 14), 84 Carlton Hill, Northwest London, England, and Harrie A. Bell (age 14), 815 West Ninth Street, Wilmington, Delaware.

POEM-ANSWERS. Gold badges, Alice Karr (age 12), 1108 Putnam Avenue, Plainfield, New Jersey, and Pierre Gaillard (age 10), Saluda, North Carolina.

Silver badges, Helen L. White (age 13), 102 West Ninety-third Street, New York City, and Beatrice Brown (age 12), 36 Barnes Street, Providence, Rhode Island.

WILD-ANIMAL OR BIRD PHOTOGRAPHS. First (five dollars and gold badge), "Squirrel," by Niels Rahr (age 15), Manitowoc, Wisconsin. Second (three dollars and gold badge), "Hawk," by Lucille Campbell (age 12), Knoxville, Tennessee. Third, "Heron," by Herbert Post (age 16), Westbury Station, Long Island.

The above prizes will be sent by registered mail in about ten days following the above announcement.

WHAT I LIKE BEST.

BY THEODORE KELLNER (AGE 12).

(Gold Badge.)

I THINK I like my books the best
Of all the things I own,
For I pass pleasant hours of rest
With them when I'm alone.

If no one wants to come with me
And join me in my play,
Then with my books I'll surely be
Throughout the livelong day.

They serve to pass the time away
And give me pleasure true,

Yet higher, better use have they,
And nobler purpose too.

For useful knowledge they impart,
Which benefits us all,
In science, literature, and art,
And all things great and small.

Now, that is why I like them best
Of all the things I know.
They give more pleasure than
the rest,
More joy than earthly show.

A WORD ABOUT CROWS.

BY HAROLD S. DEMING
(AGE 16).

(Gold Badge.)

WHY is it that crows are regarded with such universal dislike? "Oh," you will say, "they are so ugly and unmusical as compared with our other birds; and, besides, they are very destructive of property."

I am convinced that these charges are preferred through unthinking prejudice; they cannot be the outcome of study.

The casual observer of crows—or any birds—does not realize that to study them as they are, he must not rely on the word of

an unobservant farmer or person wishing an excuse for satisfying his desire to "kill something," but go to where they *live*, and then, like Br'r Fox, "lay low."

I have stalked and watched them scores of times, and nine times out of ten they were discovered, not ravaging some farmer's crops, but on a hillside or among the pines, or, more likely still, on the gravelly shore of a near-by lake, eating worms, dobsons, and the grubs of myriads of insects, which, if allowed to mature, would destroy more useful plant life than the crows were ever even accused of doing.

A favorite food of the crow is the fresh-water mussel. Walking sedately along the shore, croaking softly and hungrily, he picks up grubs and keeps an eye out for a mussel. When he sees one he snaps it up, and if he gets hold of its "foot," he makes short work of Mr. Mussel. More often, however, the shell-fish shuts up too quickly, and then the bird shows his cunning. Pick-



"A PROUD MOMENT." BY ERWIN WHITE, AGE 13.
(SILVER BADGE.)



"IN DARTMOORE." BY WELLESLEY T. POLE (ENGLAND).

A FAIRY-TALE.

BY FLOY DE GROVE BAKER (AGE 8).

(*Gold Badge.*)

I 'LL tell you about the fairies :
They dress in seaweed green ;
For best, in spiders' network.
They dance around their queen.

They hide in mossy hollows,
In cracks of rocks and grass.
They twine the briers together,
And will not let you pass.

They tilt upon the grasses,
They slide down mountains steep ;
They wander in the forest,
So still and dark and deep.

At night they come in armies
And camp upon the green,
And hide away so quickly
They never can be seen.

WEEDS IN MY LANE.

BY LUCIUS A. BIGELOW (AGE 8).

(*Gold Badge.*)

I LIKE to live in nature's glory. I love the sunny silence of my lane, where everything grows with all its might. Why do people call weeds common? They are frequent, but very wonderful, and I have spent my happiest summer days among them. First, I find yellow dandelions peeping from the green grass. Because they are the first to appear, they seem dearest, for in winter only the faithful fir-trees bear us company. The dandelions have long, narrow petals, and French boys call them *dent de lion*. They soon pass into little balls of down, which scatter in the breeze. They sow early; therefore they are thrifty. Next arrive a multitude of buttercups. They also have a French name—*bouton d'or*. They are happy, and nod to each other in the wind. Soon I gather white and buff daisies. Sometimes I make a nosegay of several hundreds. I hunt for clover, not with my eyes, but with my nose and also my ears; for where I find fragrant clover, there hums the big bee, looking for a honey breakfast, and never disappointed. Butter-and-egg grows in my lane, but I do not approve the name. I have christened it "orange-and-lemon," after its cousin fruit. Have you ever noticed how gracefully this blossom sits in its calyx chair? The silver yarrow and the gold tansy grow

NOTICE.

WE regret to say that the poem "Twilight," published in the August number, and for which a gold badge was to have been awarded, was not original, but was copied from a poem by H. W. Longfellow published under the same title. The poem was properly indorsed, and was, unfortunately, unknown or not remembered by the League editors. The gold badge, it is needless to say, was not sent, and the member's name was immediately dropped from the rolls.

It is with pleasure that we are able to call attention to an original poem of almost equal merit by a boy of eight—"Suggestion of Nature," by Lucius A. Bigelow, Jr.—in the same issue. Master Bigelow also has a quatrain in the October number, and in this issue a beautiful essay, for which, under the new rule published in August, he has been awarded a gold badge.



"OMAHA IN '98." BY DEAN M. KENNEDY.

BRIGHTYES' ADVENTURE.

BY MABEL L. PARMELEE (AGE 12).

(Silver Badge.)

IT was a bright sunny morning, and Brighteyes started out for his first fly alone. Among Mother Robin's many cautions was, "Don't perch on a chimney. You are liable to fall through."

After flying happily through the air for a time, Brighteyes suddenly spied a fat, plump bug on a chimney. Forgetting Mother Robin's caution, he flew straight toward it, perched on the chimney, and, just as he swallowed the bug, lost his balance and fell down, down, finally stopping with a bump in a closed-up fireplace.

He cuddled up in a forlorn, frightened little heap; but soon he began chirping loudly for help. He could n't fly up through the chimney, so he simply waited.

Some one, whom Brighteyes heard stirring round in what he thought must be the room next to the one in which the fireplace was, went away.

Then he heard voices coming nearer, and then some one took the fireboard out. It was a little girl and her grandma. The little girl put out her hand to catch poor Brighteyes, then drew it back, and said, "You catch him, grandma."

Brighteyes was nearly caught then, so he fluttered up the chimney a very little way and clung desperately to the inside of it. But the grandma put her hand up and caught him.

Poor Brighteyes! He was terribly frightened. He gave vent to his feelings in loud, shrill, dismal chirps, and snapped at everybody's fingers.

But no one hurt him. They put him on a tree, and almost before they let go of him he flew off to some bushes.

I don't think Brighteyes will ever perch on a chimney again, even if a fat bug is on it.



"SQUIRREL." BY NIELS RAHR, AGE 15.
(FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMALS.")

abundantly. I love the strong smell of tansy, because it means midsummer, when everything splendid is in sight. Burdock has a cool, shady leaf, a pretty pink blossom, and, little burs, which I use to make baskets for amusement. There are many other weeds in my lane. They are my intimate friends. I have noticed that yellow is the color often chosen by weeds—I suppose because yellow is so cheerful.

The nature studies in ST. NICHOLAS explain reasons. They interest me. I think about them a great deal. Last comes the tall goldenrod. It closes in my lane on each side, waving goodbye; for with its arrival summer makes preparation to leave us.



"HAWK." BY LUCILLE CAMPBELL, AGE 12.
(SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMALS.")

A VERY NAUGHTY CHIPMUNK.

BY SMITH SANBORN (AGE 8).

(Silver Badge.)

A PAIR of cat-birds built their nest in the woodbine beside the back door. Soon there were four eggs in the nest.

One morning the birds were not in the nest. We wondered what was the matter. Mama got up on a step-ladder and looked in the nest. It was empty.

A few mornings after we saw Mr. Chipmunk on the roof. Then we knew what had become of the eggs.

A pair of veeries built their nest in a flower-bed. Four baby veeries soon filled the nest.

When they were about half-grown, one morning we heard the mother bird making a great fuss, and we saw the squirrel running away. We looked in the nest and found all the babies gone.

I tried to catch him in a trap, but he was too cunning and kept away.

A short time after the painters were at work on our house. They let me have some paint and a brush, and I helped paint.

I was painting near the front steps when the squirrel ran under the steps and stood with his tail sticking out. I had my brush full of paint and I painted his tail.



"HERON." BY HERBERT POST, AGE 16.
(THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMALS.")



"A MEMORY OF SUMMER." BY
MARGARET WILLIAMSON, AGE 13.

THE TULIP-TREE.

BY LYDIA E. BUCKNELL
(AGE 13).

IN the yard around a cottage in a town in Illinois is a tulip-tree. The cottage is a story and a half high, and the topmost leaf of the tree is as high as the peak of the roof. It is a very shapely tree, wide near the base, and tapering to a point at the top.

In the summer afternoons the tree casts its welcome shade upon the lawn where the mother of the family sits with her sewing and where the children play their games. And,

indeed, they have been up in the tree itself and have found nice places to sit among the branches.

Some of these they have named the "King's Throne," the "Queen's Throne," and the "Seat of the Prince and Princess," and they even have places which they call beds. Of course, the children are the royal family in their play.

In the springtime, when the tree blossoms, the children climb the trees to gather some, to show to friends who have not seen any before; for in this part of the country the tulip-tree is not numerous. The tulip-flowers are green in the deepest part of the cup, shading into yellow, which shades into red. The outside of the petals are almost entirely of green, so that the flowers are not very easily seen from the ground.

The tree is admired by passers-by for its shapely appearance and dark, rich color, but is appreciated much more by the family for the happiness it gives.

THE WINTER COURT.

BY ALICE MAY FULLER (AGE 16).
(*Silver Badge.*)

IN the oak woods, on a carpet
Made of leaves all brown and dying,
Fairies had a farewell banquet;
For a frosty breeze was blowing,
And the wee folk shook and shivered.

They must leave the sunny brooklet
Where the squirrels came to chatter,
Leave the swings in vine and branches,



"MUFF." BY FLORENCE DAVIS,
AGE 14.

Leave the boats of purple shadow,
Leave them all, to seek a shelter.

In a long-forsaken school-house
Fairies held their court in winter:
Spread the desks with sunshine carpets
Gathered from the heat of summer;
Hung the canopies of cobweb;
Warmed the court with fireflies' glitter.
So prepared they for their revels
Through the long, white winter season.

Soft snow, falling o'er the school-house,
From the elfins barred the north wind;
Thus the elves, securely guarded
Through the dreaded reign of winter,
Sang and laughed at Storm King's ragings.

WITH NATURE.

BY ELEANOR H. ADLER (AGE 15).

WHEN did we go to our mountain home?

I only know

That the hills were bright in robes of green,
That fragrant violets bloomed unseen,
And the nesting birds 'mid their leafy screen
Sang soft and low.

How long did we stay in our sylvan home?

It seemed to me

That the mountain green wore a deeper shade,
The wild rose bloomed in many a glade,
And the songsters flooded the forest shade
With silver melody.

When did we leave our mountain vale?

The days were come

When the autumn red had turned to brown,
The goldenrod frayed her dainty gown,
Empty the nests in the tree-tops' crown,
When we left our mountain home.

SNOWBALLING IN AUGUST.

BY DOROTHY WEBER (AGE 11).

IT was a bright summer morning. Two little girls stood, with their wheels, at the gate of a pretty vine-covered cottage on one of the upper benches of Ogden, near the mouth of Ogden Cañon, where with "Joe," their lovely little Spaniel dog, they were going to ride.

They started off merrily, with Joe ahead. He soon started after a little wounded bird that fluttered along just ahead of them. The little girls were filled with pity, and rushed along to rescue it, when, with a shrill whistle, that sounded like "Ha, ha!" it flew to the top of a tall pine-tree and looked at them with a twinkle in his bright eye that seemed to say, "Did n't I fool you nicely?"

They rode along a narrow road, snow-



"WILD ANIMALS IN THEIR NATIVE HOME." BY G. M. MILLER, AGE 13.

crowned mountains towering for hundreds of feet on either side. Ogden River came rushing over its rocky bed, with here and there, behind boulders, cool, green places, where lurked the speckled trout.

They heard a wild whistle, and saw Joe dash up the mountain after a squirrel. But alas for Joe's hopes! The stones over which they were scrambling suddenly gave way. Joe and squirrel fell in the river below them. The squirrel slipped under a stone; Joe swam ashore and rushed around wildly, fairly howling with disappointment.

The little girls rode on until they came in sight of white tents nestled at the very foot of the mountains. They dismounted and went to the tents, for they had been invited to spend a day with a friend of theirs who was spending her vacation in the cañon. They had a fine dinner of trout and corn-pone, which they ate off a rustic table.

They then started to climb for the novelty of a royal game of snowball in August. They passed many beautiful flowers, and at last reached a snowdrift, and, having pelted each other merrily, they started home. They reached the cañon in time to mount their wheels and ride home, laden with flowers and wild berries.

A NOVEMBER PICNIC.

BY GRACE REYNOLDS DOUGLAS (AGE 10).

BETH MILLER stood on the porch watching the children at the party across the street playing games in the yard. Beth was not going to the party, although she was invited, because she was just recovering from whooping-cough, and though she did not whoop, she was not allowed to play with the children.

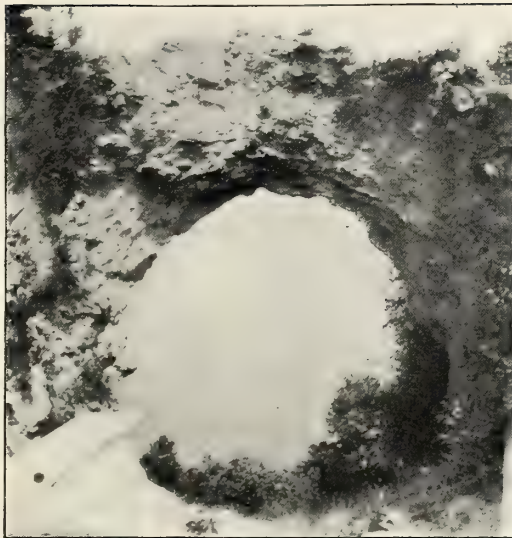
Some of the children waved their hands at first, and one little girl came to the fence and said, "Oh, Beth, we are having such fun!" But soon they were all too interested in their game to notice her.

Just then her father came in the gate and said, "It's too bad you cannot go, Bethkins."

"Oh, but I can watch them, papa," she answered with a smile, though her lip quivered. Just then mama came out with two mysterious-looking baskets. Following her came "Teddy," Beth's setter. Then papa said, "Hurrah! All aboard for the picnic."

Beth turned around with a joyful cry: "A truly picnic? Oh, what fun!"

It was a beautiful Indian-summer day, more like



"ARCH ROCK, MACINAC." BY HELEN S. TROUNSTINE, AGE 11.

beach-nuts, and from a tin box ice-cream was brought in form of autumn leaves, chocolate for the brown and orange ice for the yellow, and candied cherries for the tinge of red, and little cakes shaped like squirrels and Indians.

"It's a regular autumn lunch. I guess you did that on purpose, mama." But mama only smiled.

"We have all had just a lovely time," said Beth, as they left the meadow.

On the way home they met a little lame girl, and Beth gave her the violets.

"I hope I did not give her whooping-cough too," said Beth.

May than November, and after a lovely walk along the river-bank, they came to a pleasant meadow where in the springtime Beth had found violets.

"I am going to look for violets," cried Beth, skipping over the meadow, followed by Teddy.

"It's too late for violets, dear," said mama.

But Beth had faith, and suddenly she gave a cry of delight, and Teddy began to howl, and from the leaves Beth brought a tiny little blue violet.

"It's blossomed just for me, mama. I wonder if its brothers and sisters are out."

While mama was fixing the lunch papa helped her hunt for more violets. They found ten. Mama spread out a dainty lunch of sandwiches made of chopped

JOHNNY AT THE SEA-SHORE.

BY LINCOLN PADDOCK (AGE 11).

WHEN Johnny to the sea-shore went
In the railroad train,

From the station he was sent
To a hotel very plain.

Johnny thought he would
learn to swim,

And then to float and dive;
And when he told his brother
Tim,

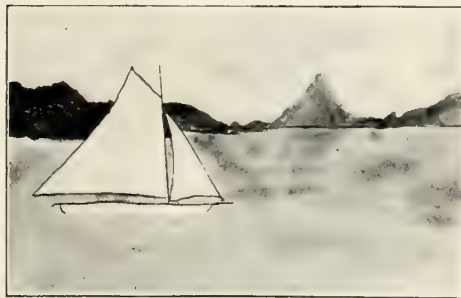
He said, "Oh, sakes
alive!"

Then back he went on the
railroad train

To his home in the city.

He wished that he could
come again,

He thought the waves so
pretty.



"SKETCH." BY NICHOLAS ROOSEVELT, AGE 7.

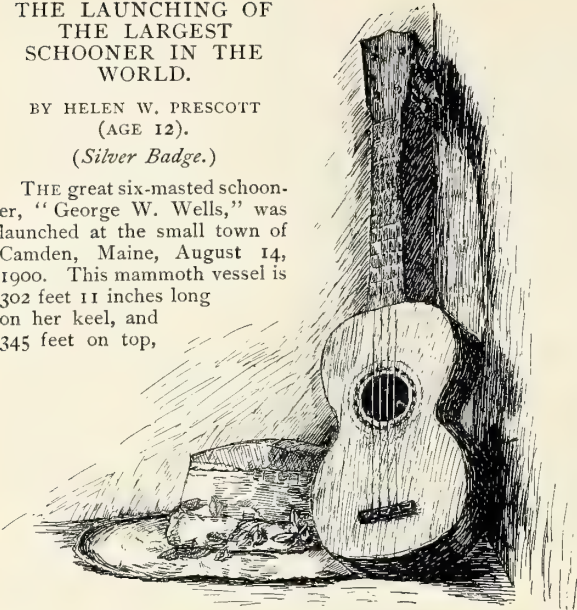
NOTICE.

To League members who have lost or mislaid their badges or instruction leaflets new ones will be mailed on application. No member should be without a badge and a copy of the printed rules.

THE LAUNCHING OF THE LARGEST SCHOONER IN THE WORLD.

BY HELEN W. PRESCOTT
(AGE 12).
(Silver Badge.)

THE great six-masted schooner, "George W. Wells," was launched at the small town of Camden, Maine, August 14, 1900. This mammoth vessel is 302 feet 11 inches long on her keel, and 345 feet on top,



"IN SUMMER VACATION." BY CHARLOTTE P. DODGE, AGE 15.
(GOLD BADGE.)

48 feet 6 inches beam, and 23 feet depth. She was made for carrying coal, and can carry 5000 tons. Her six masts are of Oregon pine, 119 feet long, and 30 inches in diameter. Her anchors are very heavy, one weighing 8200 pounds; the other, made at Camden, weighs 7500 pounds. There are also two smaller anchors. The George W. Wells cost one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. She was begun the 1st of April.

I am spending my summer in a cottage near the shipyard, and have watched from early June to the day of the launching. On this the harbor was full of boats of every description, 'most all of them gay with flags. There were crowds of people everywhere waiting to see her launched. Soon the men began knocking out the blocks of wood and props on which she rested. Finally the last block was knocked out, the men ran from under the ship, and the George W. Wells slid easily and gracefully into the water. Mr. Wells's daughter christened her by scattering flowers over her deck and releasing four white pigeons. Then the great heavy anchor was dropped lower and lower until the immense black schooner stopped. It was a grand sight to see her there amidst all the boats—the largest of them all.

TWO LITTLE KITTENS.

BY ELEANOR R. CHAPIN
(AGE 7).

Two little kittens
Lay down by the fire;
I kissed them good
night
And then did retire.



A PEN AND INK SKETCH.

BY ROMAINE HOIT, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

HELEN'S BIRTHDAY GIFT.

BY JEANETTE E. PERKINS (AGE 13).

THE birthday was coming of Helen and Ray
(They were twins, so they had but one birth-
day).

A week before mama had said,
Just before they went to bed:

Now, what do you wish for a gift, Ray dear?
For you know your birthday will soon be
here."

"I wish for a kite, and a ball of string,
And a bicycle-suit, and— most everything!"

"And what do you wish for, my dear little girl?
A doll, or a wheel, or a ring with a pearl?"

"Well, mama dear," our Helen replied,
"I would like a wheel that I could ride;

"And I want a new doll, and I'd like a pearl
ring.
But I can think of a better thing.

"'T is better than dolls, or a ring, or a wheel,
Or a horse, or a bicycle-suit, a great deal!"

"And what may this wonderful wish be, my
dear?"

"I wish for ST. NICHOLAS for one whole year!"

Ray got his kite and ball
of string,
His bicycle-suit, and
"most everything."

Helen had wheel and ring
and doll,
And the ST. NICHOLAS,
which was best of
all.

When papa said, "Nell,
tell me quick
Your very best present,"
she answered, "St.
NICK!"



"THE ORGAN MAN." BY ERNEST
BURTON, AGE 8.

NIGHT.

BY MARGARET STEVENS (AGE 9).

So still I lie in my little bed,
As still as a little mouse,
And the night comes on with creeping dark

Through all our
great big
house.

But soon mama
brings the
candle-light,
That flickers round
my head;
And she gives me a
kiss upon my
cheek
As I lie asleep in
bed.

BACK TO SCHOOL.



BY ELSIE L. WILLIAMS (AGE 13).

(Silver Badge.)

"WHERE have you been to, my little maid?"
 "I've been to the sea-shore to hunt shells and wade."
 "Where have *you* been, you stanch little man?"
 "I've been to the mountains to catch fish with Fan."
 "But now we'll go back to the work with our brain,
 Wishing and longing for summer again."

NOVEMBER.

BY MARGARET A. HOBBS (AGE 12).

THE sky is so blue
 And the air is so clear
 That we very well know
 November is here.

WHEN GRANDMA TOLD A STORY.

BY MINNIE VAN CAMPEN (AGE 14).



"GRANDMA."

OFTEN round the fire-
 place,
 Cheering with her smil-
 ing face,
 In her old accustomed
 place,
 Grandma told us sto-
 ries.

Baby Ben upon her knee,
 Sitting where we all
 could see,
 All as happy as could be
 When grandma told us
 stories.

Of when she was a little
 lass,
 Of how she once spelled
 down her class,
 And for a prize some
 beads of glass—
 Yes, grandma told this
 story.

Of how the Indians tore around,
 Of how her father held his ground,
 And how she once a nugget found.
 Yes, grandma told good stories.

Many a winter's night like this
 We'd listen, while apples would pop and hiss.
 Soon she'd say good night with a smacking kiss,
 After grandma had told a story.

THE LIFE OF THE BREEZE.

BY CAROLINE LEE CARTER (AGE 15).

BORN at the first faint gleams of dawn,
 Waking the flowers with its baby breath,
 Carrying tidings of coming morn,
 "Life is awaking," it softly saith.

Speeding away o'er the sunny lea,
 Rushing along in a crazy whirl,
 Hurrying over the open sea,
 Breaking the waves into showers of pearl;

Murmuring low in the forest pine,
 Rustling the leaves on the marshes' brink,
 Waving the fronds of the drooping vine,
 Over the pool where the dun deer drink;

Dying at eve when the sun hangs low,
 Bidding farewell to the tree-tops high,
 Sinking away with the evening glow,
 Its life goes out with a little sigh.

THANKSGIVING.

BY PLEASANCE BAKER (AGE 13).

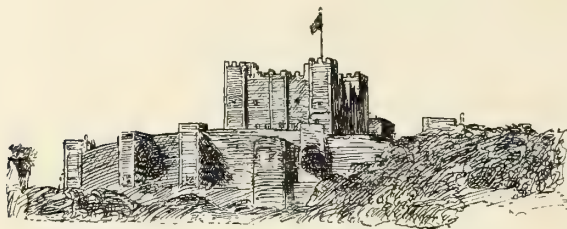


JUST about this time o' year
 All Polly's pets seem doubly dear;
 She feeds and pats and pets them, too,
 Until they don't know what to do.
 She says: "On this Thanksgiving day
 I'm thankful I can work and play.
 I'm thankful I can work, you see,
 'Cause mama says I ought to be,
 And thankful for my play, you know,
 Because it's natural to be so.
 Of course I'm thankful for my doll,
 And my home and relations, but most of all
 I'm just as glad as I know how
 That none of you 's a turkey now."



CHAPTERS.

OWING to lack of space this month, the chapter report is limited to a few numbers. All those heard from, however, are doing well, and with the return to school



"DOVER CASTLE." BY THOMAS PORTER MILLER, AGE 11.
(SILVER BADGE.)

many new chapters are being formed, a full report of which will appear in due time.

Chapter 101 meets every two weeks to read the ST. NICHOLAS. The secretary of Chapter 105 says:

Our chapter—105—is getting along very well. We meet around at different houses, and play games and generally enjoy ourselves.

At one house the afternoon was given over to playing charades. At another a progressive heart party was given. At a third a paper fish was shown for the space of two minutes; then it was hidden, and paper and scissors were given out, and we were required to cut out a fish as near as possible like one shown. These are only a few of the various things done.

We were obliged to separate for the summer, but we all correspond. The president writes first, and sends her letter to the secretary, who forwards it, with her letter, to the next member, and so on until the pack reaches the president, who takes out her first letter and puts in a second.

In the fall we will again resume our usual meetings.

Yours very truly, JULIA W. WILLIAMSON,
Secretary of Chapter 105.

"Happy-go-lucky."

NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 149. Mrs. Frank Chapin, President; Bertha Chapin, Secretary; six members. Address, Pine Meadow, Connecticut.

No. 150. J. H. Compton, President; F. W. Haasis, Secretary; seven members. Address, Perth Amboy, New Jersey. Chapter 150 meets every Monday about one o'clock.

No. 151. Annie Parsons, President; Lois Wallace, Secretary; seven members. Address, 545 West Second N Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

No. 152. Josephine Paddock, President; Ethel L. Paddock, Secretary; seven members. Address, 141 West Seventieth Street, New York City.

No. 153. The "Merrymakers." Elinor C. Holmes, President; Mabel C. White, Secretary; six members.

Address, "Maplehurst," Winsted, Station A, Connecticut.

Chapter 153 has made up a "cry" for its own special use. Here it is:

"St. Nicholas League, the cry we give!
Live to learn and learn to live!
Hullabaloo, Hullabalee,
Chapter a hundred and fifty-three!"

Please remember that in forming chapters we will, if desired, send the badges all in one envelope, postage paid by us.

Many teachers have assisted in organizing chapters among their pupils, and to such as desire them we will send badges and instruction leaflets in such quantities as seem likely to be needed, postage paid.

Much pleasant entertainment and mutual benefit result from chapter organization. Weekly meetings, at which recreation and mental culture are pleasantly and about equally divided, must in time result in great good to those who take part willingly and in the proper spirit.

NOTICE.

Don't forget the new rule (published in August) which permits a prize-winner to take a second prize within the six months' time limit, provided the second prize won be of greater value than the first.

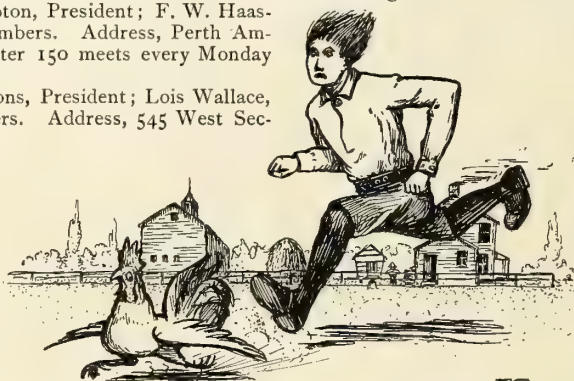
ROLL OF HONOR.

A LIST of those whose work, though not used, has been found worthy of honorable mention.

POEMS.

Marguerite Stuart
Hattie Faber
Katherine Hammond
Charlotte Touzalin
Helen K. Stockton
M. Letitia Stockett
E. Mabel Strang
Mabel H. Williamson
George W. Frost
Donald Sweet
Gertrude Kaufman
Edward H. O. Pfeiffer
Harriet A. Ives
D. Stoneglass

Angus M. Berry
Jane McCoy
Nannie C. Barr
Natalie Ryan
Ruth S. Laighton
Amelia E. Lautz
Emma Bettis
Alice Elizabeth McGee
Asa B. Dimond
Josephine V. Hamline
Edmund Burroughs
Marie Sellers
Hattie A. Poindexter
Harry Oswald
Adele Schlesinger
Lillian Hendrix
Harry L. Miller
Sue Barrow
Odette Grow
Edna Reynolds
Edna A. Tompkins
Lorraine Roosevelt
Watt Shelton
Eleanor S. Whipple
Walter Stahr
Beatrice Baisden
Risa Lowie
Gertrude Grosland
Ruth Kantrowitz
Marguerite M. Hillery
S. K. Smith
G. M. Ward
Isabelle Louise Towner
Marie Salina Sebault



"A HOT PURSUIT." BY FRED STEARNS, AGE 15.
(Winner of gold badge, April.)



"SKETCHES." BY PAUL K. MAYS, AGE 12.

Eva Wilson
Jean Olive Heck
Ida M. Snively
George Elliston
Esther Stuart
Ina M. Ufford
Bertha Hart Nance
William Force Stead
Maude McMahon

Ragland Glascock
Francis C. Nickerson
Mary Ellen Derr
Alice Ranney Thompson
Lesley M. Storey
Arthur Edward Weld
Nettie Lisk
Dorothea Posegate

PROSE.

Gilbert Cosulich
Zech Chafee, Jr.
Lois P. Lehman
L. Frank May
Ethel L. Rourke
Dorothy M. T. Brown
Christine Sutorius
Florrie A. Lawrence
Glenn Southwell
Ethel Fern Gerard
Mary Perkins Abbot
Carolyn D. Tompkins
Margaret Hardenbergh
Gillmore
Rachel Workman
Ada M. O'Connell
Denison H. Clift
Ellen Elizabeth Bates
Mary P. Parsons
Alice F. Payson
Alice K. Bushnell
Irma L. Herdegan
Elizabeth Deeble
Irwin A. Hall
Josephine Dormitzer
Helen Greene
Louis Bronson Le Duc
Helen McCollough
Minnie Sweet
Elizabeth K. McKoy
Mary Pattison
Esther L. Hager
Marguerite Du Bois
Elizabeth Chapin
Donald Cole

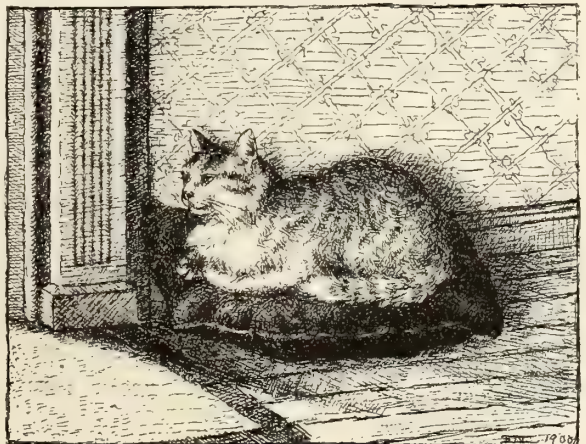
Priscilla Baron
Anna C. Ashman
F. W. Hoosis
Florence Townsend
David M. Cheney
Elford Eddy
Martha E. Sutherland
James W. Davis
Fronie Ballintine
Elizabeth Le Boutillier
Harriet P. Fuller
Ruth Pasco
Henry Harrinton Tryon
Ruth Eunice Woodbury
Mary R. Bucknell
James A. W. Hunter
Helen Bartlett Maxcy
Leslie Leigh Du Bros
Harold B. Kennicott
Ruth A. Trimble
Esther Johnston
H. Leroy Tirrell
Dora Call
Will O. Jelleme
Mary Bonner
Helen Dutton Bogart
William Doty Maynard
Florence Brack Bracq
Marjorie Sybil Heck
Dorothy Eckl
Syrena H. Stackpole
Marguerite Graham
Ruth Gertrude Butters
Harriet Park
Helen Ludlow White

James Gamble
Reighard
Hadjie Dawson
Pauline Coppee
Duncan
Janet R. Penman
Katherine L. Roosevelt
Marguerite Beatrice Child
Charles Thomas Blackmore

DRAWINGS.

George A. Stowell
Thomasa Haydock
Margaret E. Conklin
Charlotte Lewis
Phelps
Pauline Croll
Alice M. Rogers
Edith E. Maxon
Clark N. Dennis
Edna L. Hager
Theodore S. Paul
Gertrude A. Lambert
Sara Marie Jordan
Morrow Wayne
Palmer
Henry F. Sherwood
Clare S. Currier
Hilda C. Tate
Stanley Hirsch
Herman Livingstone, Jr.
Carrie May Fraser
Helen C. Edmunds
Richard de Charms, Jr.
Ruth M. Cornell

Laura G. Wales
Mildred Curran Smith
Louise Powis
Dorothy Louise Harwood
Hester L. Wood
Sarah E. Phillips
Eleanor Hollis Murdock
Laura Gardin
Theodore B. Parker
S. Arthur Silverberg
James Dyke
Phyllis Sylvester
Christine Payson
Helen G. Johnson
Jessie Willits
W. Gilbert Sherman
Charles H. Seaver
Oliver Wolcott Roosevelt
Arthur Conklin Hoppin
Donald R. De Lorila
De Mott C. Dressler
C. B. Andrews
Ursula Roberts
Carrie May Norris
Lucille A. Dutton
Josephine Paddock
Melanie G. Atherton
Helen de Veer
Ruth A. Sherrill
Elisa B. Agan
Katherine M. Schmucker
Otto Wolpert
Ruth Eunice Woodbury
Mary Lees Sheldon
Henry G. Young
L. Glaet
Beth Howard
Ruth B. Hand
Emily E. Comfort
Christine Hitchings
Clare E. Ferguson
George Worthington, Jr.
Grace Tetlow
Alma Marie Stevens
Catherine Lee Carter



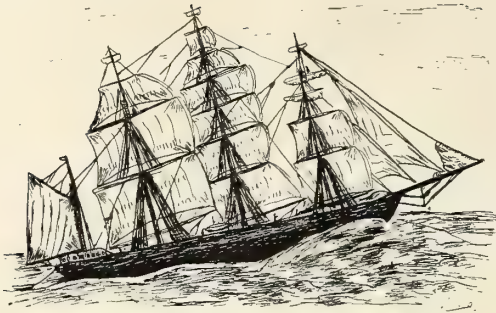
"CONTENTMENT." BY ELIZABETH NORTON, AGE 12.

(Winner of gold badge, July.)

PHOTOGRAPHS.

Julia F. Carter
Robert C. Mason

Lulu Senff
Ray W. Irvin



BY ALAN M. OSGOOD, AGE 11.

Walter S. Meyers	William M. Evans
George Rodman Goethals	Edmund D. Brigham
Harold B. Smith	Ida Crabbe
Clement Tingley	Helen G. Sill
Katherine E. Vaughn	H. Pendleton
Lucille Cochran	Enid May Scriber
Spencer Bowen	William W. Bodine
J. Parsons Greenleaf	Marjorie Cockroft
Muriel R. Mersereau	Mary M. Ostrander
Walter S. Heller	Jane E. Rowland
Royce Paddock	Eleanor Shaw
Donald Munro	C. P. Searle, Jr.
Marguerite C. Kolb	Will James Lowrie
Sara A. Oakley	Lesta Eckfeld
Elsie P. McClintock	Janet P. Dana
Patty Phillips	Thomas R. Pooley, Jr.
E. A. Gilbert, Jr.	Willie Berry
Roger Sherman	Glenway Maxon
Paul Moore	Helen M. Wilson
W. D. Miller	J. Chester Bradley
Rosamond Sargeant	Margaret Leet
Eleanor E. Dana	Eugeniè Havard
Constance W. Warren	Thyrza Benson
Nelsie Rockwood	Edwin Hahn
	Donak M. Day

PUZZLES.

Dorothy Purviance Miller	Harrie A. Bell
A. H. Kyd	Lois Olive Treadwell
Ruth Bagley	Henry Goldman
A. S. Rychen	Dorothy Knight
Anne E. Valentine	Elizabeth B. Lloyd
Emily S. Peck	Frederic C. F. Randolph
Anna G. Harris	Florence Benedict
Margaret G. Stone	Francis Butler
Elton Morris	Hillolje R. Edwards
Dorothy Platt	Gertrude L. Cannon
Florence Beatrice Thaw	Will Ruggles
Eleanor Fries	Ethel Buchenberger
May A. Chambers	John Hills
Ethel Lee	Rachel Brodhead
Doris Webb	Edith Spalding
Beatrice Wright Bill	Kent Shaffer
Pleasants Pennington	Mary B. Carpenter
Israel Mirsky	Josephine H. Howes
Beardsley Butler	Margaret Lewis

The prize puzzles and others selected for publication, as well as the list of puzzle-answerers, will be found in the regular Riddle-box.

NICE LETTERS FROM LEAGUE MEMBERS.

NORWICH, CONNECTICUT.

My DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think there is no monthly magazine as good as yours. I enjoy it so much. The League badge you sent me is beautiful in color and design. I think the "Nature and Science" is lovely and very instructive. I love the League, and am trying to do my best so as to win a prize, and make my uncle, who sends the ST. NICHOLAS to me, pleased. Hoping that ST. NICHOLAS will prosper well *forever*, I am,

Your interested reader,

VIRGINIA LYMAN.

AURORA, PRESTON COUNTY, WEST VIRGINIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am spending my summer in a little village in the mountains, and as there are plenty of fields and woods all around, I, with my two sisters, go on a great many rambles.

In these rambles we gather many wild flowers and curiosities. There are some very beautiful rhododendron-blossoms here. Some of these bunches are white, some pink, and still others nearly white with only very delicate tinges of pink.

The thing I want most to tell you about is a triple or quadruple ox-eyed daisy which my sister found. To describe it the better she has drawn a picture of it for me to send.

Its center, instead of being round, is three or four times of an ordinary ox-eyed daisy, Ruth (that is my sister's name) she thought it was a cater-

Its stem is broad and flat, as long as that so that when first saw it pillar. but you can see in the outline of three stems if you look carefully.

Thinking this might interest some of your readers,

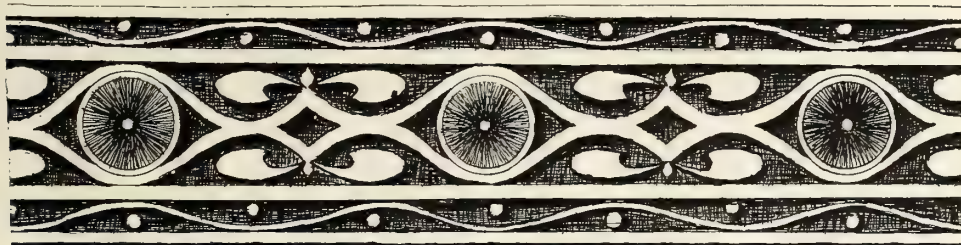
Your friend, MARY DARWIN.



George Dwight Franklin sends a pretty poem about the sun and a rose. Perhaps we will have room to print George's next poem.

Other entertaining and appreciative letters have been received this month from Bettie Barrows, Katie Heckscher, Paul H. Prausnitz, Ethel Rispin, Gardiner V. V. Littell, Eugene Baeck, Norah H. Gray, William E. C. Davis, Louis A. Kerper, Laura L. Byrne, Wilmot S. Close, Frank Damrosch, Jr., Edith Lewis Lauer, Marguerite M. Hillery, Ruth Osgood, Harry S. Miller, Edna Reynolds, Kenneth G. Carpenter, Ellen Burditt McKey, Isabel K. Levason, Elisabeth Spies, Rex Auchincloss, Sally W. Orvis, Amy B. Harris, Beatrice Harrison, Walter S. Primley, Janet Golden, Doris Webb, Hildegard Allen, Mary Holmes, Gordon Weeks Waller, Helen Tillotson, Conradine C. Uran, Ruth S. Beebe, Philip T. Heartt, Ray Johnson, Myron W. Rightmire (with a history of Selkirk's Island too long to print), Elizabeth Le Boutillier, Janet Boyd Merrill, Margaret White, Jessie F. Thompson, Dorothy Hyde, Helen Brackenridge, Elizabeth Peachy Hodge, Richard B. Washington, Florence Wurts, and Ida Crabbe.

Prize badges are usually sent about ten days following the published announcement of the winners. October prize-winners will receive their badges about the first of the month, or very soon thereafter.



DECORATIVE BORDER. BY HENRY C. QUARLES, AGE 14.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 14.

The St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers.

A SPECIAL CASH PRIZE. To any League member who during the first year has won a gold badge for any of the above-named achievements, and shall again win first place, a cash prize of five dollars will be awarded, instead of another gold badge.

Competition No. 14 will close November 22. The award will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for February.

POEM. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author. Subject to contain the word "Winter."

PROSE. Story or article of not more than four hundred words. It may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author, and the title must contain the word "Valentine."

PHOTOGRAPH. Any size, mounted or unmounted, but no blue prints. Subject, "November." May be interior or exterior, with or without figures.

DRAWING. India ink, very black writing ink, or wash (not color). Subject, "A Pleasant Memory." May be interior or exterior, with children, birds, or animals.

PUZZLE. Any sort, the answer to contain some word relating to Valentine's day.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

WILD-ANIMAL OR BIRD PHOTOGRAPH. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun.

For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird, taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

Every contribution of whatever kind *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*.

ADVERTISEMENT COMPETITION NO. 2.

The members of the St. Nicholas League are offered a second opportunity to prepare advertising features for any one of the list of firms named on advertising page 17 of this issue, and to submit them in competition for the following cash prizes:

Five Dollars each for the twenty most attractive advertisements for the firms named on page 17.

Three Dollars each for any other features accepted for use by any one of these firms.

The rules controlling this competition are the same as those governing the other regular League contests. Writings and drawings for this special contest, however, *must not* bear the author's or artist's name and address. These must be given on a separate slip accompanying each contribution—not for publication, but for the proper filing and reference by the editor of the League. Any member of the St. Nicholas League may compete (and any reader of ST. NICHOLAS, not over eighteen years of age, may become a member of the League upon application for a League badge and instruction leaflet). These are sent upon application accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope.

Any feature may be introduced—drawings, poems, puzzles, photographs, reading matter of any description—anything that will attract and hold the reader's attention and help the sale of wares offered by any firm named on the list. Suppose you had goods to sell, how would you go to work to tell about them in such a way that every reader of ST. NICHOLAS would stop and look and listen? Read the list of firms over carefully, and decide what you think about it.

Some of the cleverest writers and artists of the day have contributed witty rhymes and sentences, or striking illustrations, to the advertising pages of the magazines. Some of the brightest advertisements have been suggested by boys and girls. And as this competition is open to those who have won badges or honorable mention in the League, they still will have an opportunity to show what they can do in the commercial field. It is safe to predict that a very interesting series of advertisements will be developed by this competition.

The advertising competition for November will close November 22, and all communications intended for it must be marked, "Advertising Contest," and addressed to the Editor of the St. Nicholas League, The Century Co., Union Square, New York.



TAILPIECE. BY AGE

EDITH C. BARRY, 16.



THE LETTER-BOX.

THE picture on page 44 of this number is a scene from the ancient history of our "new world."

From the thirteenth century and until about four hundred years ago, there reigned in Peru, South America, kings known as the Incas. This word meant "chiefs" in their own language; and chiefs they were in more than name, for they were absolute and supreme in the state, in religion, and in warfare.

The artist, Mr. Gleeson, has drawn for our readers a scene in one of the Incas' great stone palaces—of which the ruins still exist in their native land. The picture shows how fierce birds and beasts, trained to hunt for the Inca, were cared for by one of his foresters. The attendant is shown offering food to the eagles.

Pizarro, the Spaniard, conquered the old Peruvian race, as you may read in the works of the American historian, Prescott.

ITHACA, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl twelve years old, and I do just love your magazine better than anything. It is one of my Christmas presents, and I am beginning my fifth year. I like your continued stories best of any.

One summer I was at Cook's Point, on Canandaigua Lake. Almost every child there took St. NICHOLAS and was devoted to it. You should have seen how anxious we were when the boat used to bring the mail on the 25th, and how angry we were when you did not come. All the girls were especially interested in "Quick-silver Sue," and one of the ladies there used to read it aloud to us.

Last winter I had a dear kitten, which I was very fond of; but he ran away twice, and the second time he never came back, so I have had no pets since then. I am going to belong to the St. Nicholas League, which I think is a fine thing.

Wishing you a long life, I am,

Your devoted reader,

JULIA WRIGHT McCORMICK.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little American boy, eight years old, spending the summer in England.

I had an experience that I think perhaps American boys would like to know about.

I went with my parents to Hampton Court, a few miles out of London. It is an old palace which Cardinal Wolsey presented to King Henry VIII. over four hundred years ago.

I did wish every American boy and girl could have wandered, too, over those gorgeous flower-gardens, and through the great vineyard, where one old grape-vine (one

hundred and fifty years old) was twice as big around as my body, and had twelve thousand bunches of purple grapes hanging on it! Oh, how my mouth did water for a single bunch! but I could not even touch a leaf.

After a while we started into the palace. I forgot to say it was a warm day, and I had on a little linen suit with a blouse waist, such as all American boys wear.

When we started up the palace steps to go in, an officer said, "Little boy, where's your coat?" I said, "Why my coat? My overcoat is in London." Then he said, "You ought to wear it." "Oh," I said, "it's too hot." Then the officer said, "Well, you must get it." I thought the officer was trying to be funny, and we all started in, for we had paid for our tickets, when he called roughly: "Stop, there, you can't go in!" Soon we saw he was mad, and we could not see what he was so cross about. Then a policeman stepped up to us and quietly explained to me that nobody was allowed in the palace without a coat on—that it was the home of royalty, and though none lived there now, it was the law that nobody would be allowed to be disrespectful enough to go into the palace without a coat.

I tried to explain I was a little American boy, and that I was dressed, and that the suit *had no coat*, but all I could say would not change the officer's mind, and I had to stay out. I wanted to show respect to the Queen's laws, for everybody loves her, but I felt like telling him that Americans knew just as well how to dress boys as the English, but he was so cross I dared not. A fourteen-year-old boy after he had been through the palace lent me his coat, and I put that on and then the officer *had* to let me go through.

You can imagine what a guy I looked in such a big coat! But I am a little Yankee, and old John Bull can't keep Uncle Sam out, even if he is only a little boy.

JOHN NIPGEN McWILLIAMS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to write and tell you about a Kindersymphonie we had one summer. There were fourteen boys and girls in all, and we all had different instruments to play on. The name of the symphony was "The Sleigh-ride." I had to open the concert by playing a bugle call upon the trumpet, which is a very bad thing to play on, as if you get laughing it is simply impossible to blow. When we all got fairly started it was really quite effective, as there were so many different sounds: the piano, the trumpet, the bells, the zobo, the drum, the castanets, and many others. In the middle of it a boy and myself played the zobo, which is very hard to keep in tune. After the symphony a great many boys and girls played both duets and single pieces upon the piano, after which we had cake, ice-cream, and lemonade. Taking it altogether it was really quite a success.

Very truly yours,

ARABELLA SMITH.



OUR RIDDLE BOX

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

BEHEADINGS. Bismarck. 1. Broad. 2. Irate. 3. Selfish. 4. Mate. 5. Amiss. 6. Relate. 7. Climb. 8. Know.
CHARADE. Scarabee.

A MUSICAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,
 To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.

OBLIQUE RECTANGLE. 1. C. 2. Cap. 3. Carol. 4. Poles. 5. Lethe. 6. Shear. 7. Eaves. 8. Realm. 9. Sleet. 10. Medea. 11. Keg. 12. A.

SYLLABIC PUZZLE. I. Oregon. 1. Orange. 2. Emu. 3. Gondola. II. Merrimac. 1. Merry. 2. Rivalry. 3. Immaculate. III. Olympia. 1. Ovate. 2. Olympus. 3. Piety. 4. Acorn.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY Co., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 15th, from G. Bernice Roome—Hildegard G.—Mabel Wingate—Joe Carlada—Marguerite Sturdy—Helen L. White—Rachel and Eddie—Esther Menzies Hax—Elsie Fisher Steinheimer—Daisy Masterman—Pierre Gaillard—Florence E. Bruning—Mabel Hanaway—Mary D. Jewett—"The Brownies"—Caroline F. Camp—Alice Karr—Florence L. Case—Lizzie Carman Webb—Madeleine Meeder—Sara Lawrence Kellogg—Thos. J. Durell—Eleazer R. Bowie—Beatrice Brown—Mabel, George, and Henri—John Egmont—Marjorie R. and Uncle Ted—"The Thayer Co."—M. W. J.—Edward H. Merritt—Julia and Marion Thomas—No name, St. Joseph, Mich.—Carrie A. Doke—Dorothy Kemp-Welch—Helen Dudley—Jessie Knickerbocker Angell—Clara Drey Lauer and Co.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 15th, from B. Lockett, 1—L. Ring, 2—F. and A. Goldman, 2—Corinne Wendel, 8—A. Valentine, 1—Mary L. Logan, 2—G. Cookman, 2—Harriet Byers, 2—R. M. Harris, 1—J. Welles Baxter, 1—M. F. Crossman, 1—I. Dudley Dusenberry, 6—I. M. Lowrie, 1—B. Karelens, 1—Clara M. Penn, 3—C. F. Harding, 2—H. Valentine, 1—Howard J. Sachs, 2—F. Husted, 1—M. Harrison, 1—Katharine Baird, 2—"Kearsarge," 6—E. Forney, 1—Elizabeth J. Crane, 3—M. Stranahan, 1—E. V. C. Jones, 1—C. Guild, Jr., 1—F. Foster, 1—M. C. Deutsch, 1—Kathleen Starrett, 2—E. P. Denny, 1—M. Davis, 1—A. Dickson, 1—L. Hyer, 1—E. Wright, 1—R. A. Bliss, 1—Janet Townsend, 2—"Allil and Adi," 9—E. Patrick, 1—E. and H. Coster, 1—E. Belle Cone, 1—Everard P. Miller, Jr., 4—H. E. Bense, 1—R. Marshall, 1—Florence and Edna, 9—Ethel Wood, 3—"Philos," 6—Helen E. Childs, 2—Howard Osgood, 2—Helen and Barto, 7—F. Evans, 1—"Pine Cones," 5—R. Auchincloss, 1—Emily S. Peck, 9—May Putnam, 6—Philip S. Beebe, 9—K. I. Taylor, 2—Lydia Richardson, 1—L. W. Dommerich, 4—Ethel Irene Snow, 7—"Punch and Judy," 8—Irene Kavin, 2—Lillie Rosenthal, 9—Agnes Ruth Lane, 8—Ethel and Edith Buchenberger, 8—Harold C. Stephens, 7—Henry Kent Heurt, 6—Agnes C. MacIndoe, 4—Thos. H. McKittrick, 3—Charles Stevens Crouse, 9—Oscar Doring, 6—Nessie and Freddie, 9—Jessie C. Chase, 2—F. E. B., 3—Nina Makkellar, 1—Kate Dalwigh, 1—Emily Sibley, 3—Margaret A. Lewis, 5—V. Hatch, 1—Helen Tredway, 9.

ANAGRAM.

FILL all the blanks with the same six letters, differently arranged.

Oh, refulgent moon! thou dost cause the waves of the
 ***** to glisten like ***** . Thou *****
 the clouds with silver and dost ***** our feelings in
 admiration, as we ***** in vain for thy message
 through the ***** night. ELLA H. COOPER.

OVERLAPPING SQUARES.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

A HARVEST PUZZLE. 1. Negro; 5. orange. 2. Rasp; 6. pears. 3. Pages; 7. Grapes. Added letters, ear.

CONCEALED INSECTS. First verse, ant, scale, walking-stick, gnat, flies. Second, wasp, glow-worm. Third, midge, dragon-fly. Fourth, chrysalis, firefly, carwig. Fifth and sixth, flea, mosquito, tumble-bug, hornet, humble-bee, grasshopper, praying-mantis, aphid. Seventh, termites, spider, weevil, caterpillar. Eighth and ninth, moth, locust, katydid, ladybird, butterfly, caddis, ant-lion, beetle, cicada. Tenth, roach, centipede, cricket.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Lincoln. 1. Lafayette. 2. Icarus. 3. Napoleon. 4. Cook. 5. Ontario. 6. Livingstone. 7. Nelson.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Access. 2. Closet. 3. Cotter. 4. Estate. 5. Seethe. 6. Street.

(Four letters.) The upper part of a glacier. 8. A vegetable growth.

These words read the same across and up and down.

HARRIE A. BELL.

HALF-SQUARE.

1. RELATING to our own country. 2. Relating to a country very near to us. 3. A banner. 4. To rule. 5. A useful metal. 6. To preserve. 7. A common article. 8. A letter.

LILLIE KNOLLENBERG (League Member).

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

I AM composed of thirty-seven letters and form a line from a translation of the Iliad.

My 3-31-1-20 is a measure. My 22-27-29 is to procure. My 34-21-33 is a personal pronoun. My 13-5-16-17-10-7-37 is a garden vegetable. My 28-26-35-24 is to converse. My 18-14-11-19-2 is a girl's name. My 9-8-36 is gave food to. My 32-23-30-4-12 are places where things are sold. My 15-6-25 is recompense.

FRED SWIGERT (10 years old).

1. PART of a cavalryman's equipment. 2. Part of a window. 3. (Six letters.) Joins. 4. To make a severe reply. 5. Roving. 6. That which props. 7.

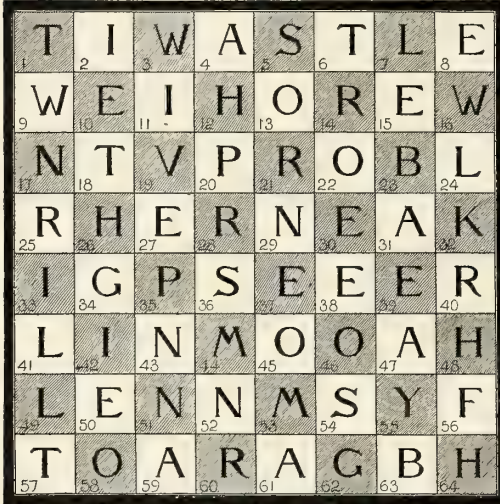
CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, in the order here given, the central letters will give an important date in American history.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A sylvan goddess. 2. An equestrian. 3. The salted flesh of a pig. 4. Stones. 5. A juicy fruit. 6. A cross, ill-tempered woman. 7. An elf. 8. Birds which are the symbols of gentleness. 9. A young person.

MABEL CARR SAMUEL.



(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

A KNIGHT who was very fond of literature started one day for a tour upon his chess-board. This was lettered as shown in the above diagram. By starting at the right square, and following what is known in chess as the knight's move, the name of several prominent authors may be spelled. Where did the knight start? Where did he travel? Who were the authors? Use each of the sixty-four letters but once.

(If the knight started at 4, he could move to 10, 19, 21, or 14. If he started at 27 he could move to 17, 10, 12, 21, 37, 44, 42, or 33.)

ADOLPH KRAHE.

CHARADE.

My *first* is drawn, but not by paint or lead;
My *second* we mourn for when it is dead;
My *whole* is in rolls, but not in bread.

LOUISA L. KOBBE (League Member).

AMPUTATIONS.

WHEN the following words have been rightly guessed, each word may be beheaded and curtailed and a word will remain. EXAMPLE: g-rap-e.

When the following amputations have been rightly guessed, a four-line verse will be formed.

1. Amputate recognized and leave at this time. 2. Amputate an image and leave to perform. 3. Amputate

tate tangles and leave a word used to express negation. 4. Amputate to mind and leave a common little verb. 5. Amputate a royal personage and leave not out. 6. Amputate to punish and leave hurry. 7. Amputate a minute particle and leave a preposition. 8. Amputate animals used for food and leave to achieve. 9. Amputate to aid and encourage and leave a common verb. 10. Amputate one who receives unlawful interest and leave positive. 11. Amputate inspired with dread and leave a pronoun. 12. Amputate twigs and leave to supplicate. 13. Amputate rolled in a circle and leave to develop. 14. Amputate resembling a peach and leave every. 15. Amputate certain weapons and leave what you now see. 16. Amputate to fasten and leave not out. 17. Amputate frightened and leave anxiety. 18. Amputate parts of the body and leave a conjunction. 19. Amputate a fur-bearing animal and leave within. 20. Amputate entanglements and leave a word used to express negation. 21. Amputate certain near relatives and leave not the same. 22. Amputate influences and leave method.

ADDIE S. COLLOM.

CHARADE-COUPLETS.

EACH charade may be answered by the name of an author.

1. A kind of berry and a prickly spine
Make a writer of wonder-tales so fine.
2. A traveling conveyance, a kind of bread,
Make one whose wonderland you have read.
3. A kind of a tree and a part of a bird
Make one of whom we and the world have heard.
4. An emperor and a purpose fell
Make one who of water-babies could tell.
5. An obstinate donkey, a tress of hair,
Make one who wrote of a brownie rare.
6. A middle-sized pelt and a sort of fish
Make one whose forest tales you wish.
7. A motherly fowl and a cup o' hot drink
Make a writer that all boys love, I think.
8. A shoemaker's tool and a tiny dwelling
Make one of whom all the girls are telling.
9. A kernel of grain and a meadow fair
Make a poet whom parents and children share.
10. A sweetened roll, a relation old,
Make him who wrote of a river of gold.

LIZZIE E. JOHNSON.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. MATERIAL. 2. To come. 3. Useful to photographers. 4. To drink frequently. 5. To develop. 6. To buy back.

MARIE B. REICHENHART.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL.

1 . . . 4
.
* . * .
.
* . * .
3 . . . 2

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Small flies. 2. To originate. 3. A common piece of furniture. 4. A scriptural name. 5. An ecclesiastical superior.

From 1 to 2 and from 3 to 4 each name a famous American. MARION E. MOREAU (League Member).



"With the snow-white wings above them and the glory-streaming star."
"THE SHEPHERDS IN JUDEA."

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXVIII.

DECEMBER, 1900.

No. 2.



THE SHEPHERDS IN JUDEA.

BY MARY AUSTIN.

Oh, the Shepherds in Judea,
They are pacing to and fro,
For the air grows chill at twilight
And the weanling lambs are slow!

Leave, O lambs, the dipping sedges, quit the bramble and the brier,
Leave the fields of barley stubble, for we light the watching-fire;
Twinkling fires across the twilight, and a bitter watch to keep,
Lest the prowlers come a-thieving where the flocks unguarded sleep.





Oh, the Shepherds in Judea,
They are singing soft and low—
Song the blessed angels taught them
All the centuries ago!

There was never roof to hide them, there were never walls to bind;
Stark they lie beneath the star-beams, whom the blessed angels find,
With the huddled flocks upstarting, wondering if they hear aright,
While the Kings come riding, riding, solemn shadows in the night.



Oh, the Shepherds in Judea,
 They are thinking, as they go,
 Of the light that broke their watching
 On the hillside in the snow! —

Scattered snow along the hillside, white as springtime fleeces are,
 With the whiter wings above them and the glory-streaming star—
 Guiding-star across the housetops; never fear the Shepherds felt
 Till they found the Babe in manger where the kindly cattle knelt.



Oh, the Shepherds in Judea! —
 Do you think the Shepherds know
 How the whole round earth is brightened
 In the ruddy Christmas glow?

How the sighs are lost in laughter, and the laughter brings the tears,
 As the thoughts of men go seeking back across the darkling years
 Till they find the wayside stable that the star-led Wise Men found,
 With the Shepherds, mute, adoring, and the glory shining round!





A.S.

ONE little girl had five little dimes;
She had counted them over a good many
times,
And again and again she had left her play
To plan how to spend them for Christmas
day.

For papa and mama and baby boy
And grandpa and grandma would all enjoy

THE SHINIEST DIME.

BY JESSIE L. BRITTON.

Her little gifts as much as a score
Of other presents that cost far more.

Four of the dimes were dull and old,
But one was shining and new, I 'm told;
And once the little girl said to a friend,
"This new one is almost too pretty to spend."

At last the Christmas shopping was done;
The dimes were spent, yes, every one;
And Annette seemed the happiest girl alive
As she hurried home with her parcels five.

She had a secret for mother's ear:
"I bought a nice present for papa dear,
And for grandpa and grandma and baby,
too;
But I spent the *shiniest* dime for you!"

A CHRISTMAS PONY.

BY CAROLINE BENEDICT BURRELL.

IT was one of the merriest Christmases we ever had, after all, though we thought it was going to be a dreadful one. You see, mother had been ill for ever so long, and the doctor had sent her to Colorado for the winter, and that left father and us children all alone except for Aunt Maria, who had come to stay with us. You don't know what it means to have your mother gone at Christmas-time. It's just dreadful. So, though we had some fun getting mother's box ready to send and thinking how glad she would be to get it with all the letters and presents, after it had gone we felt worse than ever. Polly cried every single day, and the boys were cross and slammed things the way they do when they feel bad; of course they can't cry, because they're boys. The baby just fretted and fretted. Aunt Maria said it was teeth, but I knew better; it was lonesomeness.

I did n't cry, because I'd promised mother I would n't; but I just tried and tried to swallow that big lump that comes in your throat, and that you can't swallow, after all.

Father sighed behind his newspaper and pretended to be very jolly when he came out from behind it, but he can't pretend very well, so we knew he felt glum, too. We had some money to buy presents for one another, but we could not seem to think of anything to get, and it rained and snowed and froze all at once, anyway, and we had sore throats, so we could not go outdoors at all. And Christmas only a week away!

Then one night after the children had gone upstairs and I sat all alone with father in the sitting-room, feeling worse than ever because it was so still, and the fire looked as though it wanted me to lie down on the rug and cry,

father suddenly threw down his paper and began to laugh.

I jumped because I was so astonished, and he said solemnly, "Henrietta Charlotte, how old are you?"

Now, generally father calls me Harry, because he does n't like my name any better than I do; but my grandmother just insisted I

Harry, you must do something to help him out, this year."

I did n't know what he meant, but I nodded my head and tried to look wise.

"A man came into my office yesterday and wanted to sell me the prettiest little pony you ever saw in all your life. His name is 'Dancer,' and he is so brown and glossy and



"YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THE CHILDREN'S FACES WHEN THEY SAW THE DEAR LITTLE SLEIGH AND PONY, AND A REAL SANTA CLAUS WITH A REAL PACK!" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

should have it because, as she said, it was a good old family name, so of course I had to. Mother says grandmother had a very strong character. So when father said "Henrietta Charlotte," I knew something very special was coming.

"I 'm fourteen," I said, sitting up very straight.

"Fourteen, are you?" father went on, with a twinkle in the corners of his eyes. "You 're almost grown. Now, how about Santa Claus?

full of tricks that I thought I would give him to the children for their Christmas present—"

"Oh, father, how good of you!" I exclaimed, jumping up; but father went right along, smiling to himself.

"And there 's a little sleigh, big enough for four children, that is, if they are n't *too* big, and fur robes, and a fine harness and a whip, and everything. Now, would n't it be a good plan to take the table and chairs out of the dining-room, and put boards all over the floor,

and put the pony and sleigh right in the middle of the room, and have a pretended Santa Claus about your size in the sleigh, with a real pack of presents on his back—I mean her back?”

“Oh, father,” I gasped, “how perfectly, perfectly lovely!” And then I just hugged him.

Of course we did n't tell the children one word, but they found out that something nice was going to happen, and cheered up wonderfully. The sun came out, and we all went downtown and bought presents, and the days just flew till Christmas Eve came. That night we hurried the children to bed as early as we could, but they all had to say “The Night before Christmas” and their prayers, and it took so long that I got a little impatient, because I was sure the pony must have come. At last I was ready, and father and I flew out to the stable, and there, sure enough, was a man with a little sleigh and the little pony—Dancer. He shook hands with me right away, and rubbed his head on my shoulder, and wanted to play. Father just stood and laughed.

Then the man took the shafts off the sleigh and carried it into the house by the side door that opens into the dining-room. The boards were already on the carpet, so they put the sleigh right down in the middle of the room, and then they put the shafts on again.

“The pony 'll walk up thim two little stheps jist like a lamb,” the man said as he left, “an' it 's a fine show he 'll make in the marnin', an' a Merry Christmas to all of yez!”

Then I tried on the fur things father had got for me, and the wig and the long whiskers, and we had a jolly time. After that Aunt Maria came in, and we trimmed the room with evergreens and holly and tinsel, and decorated even the little sleigh and shafts, too. It was so pretty when we had finished it!

The next morning father woke me at five o'clock, for we knew the children would wake by six, and we wanted plenty of time to get the pony in, though we were sure he would be only too delighted to come. I was dressed in two minutes; and when father came down we slipped out to the stable and put the harness on Dancer, and led him to the side door, which we had left open for the light. And—would

you believe it?—when he got to the steps and took one good look into the dining-room, and saw all the lights and greens and shining things, he just planted his four feet like four stone posts and would n't budge! We coaxed him and patted him; we turned the lights down so that they might not frighten him; father brought some boards and made a nice little inclined plane over the two steps, in case it was those he objected to; but Dancer just shook his head and stood perfectly still.

After that we fed him some oats and a lot of sugar and a red apple, and he ate them all and rubbed his head on my shoulder, but he would *not* go into the house. At last the clock struck six, and I heard some one shout “Merry Christmas!” up in the nursery. I knew the children would be down in a minute, and we must give up our lovely surprise. I was cold and hungry and tired out, and I just put my head down in Dancer's mane and began to cry a little.

“Never mind,” said father, cheerfully; “we 'll have Santa Claus and the sleigh anyway. Run in and get your furs on while I take this disappointing animal to the stable.”

What do you think that little scamp of a pony did when he heard that? Without a word from either of us he marched up those steps and into the dining-room, and stepped into the shafts of the sleigh in a second, and stood waiting to be harnessed!

Well, it did n't take a minute to fasten the buckles and throw some green and tinsel over him. Then I threw on my furs and wig and pulled my pack on, for we heard the children tumbling down the stairs. And I only just got into the sleigh in time, as father threw open the folding doors. You should have seen the children's faces when they saw the dear little sleigh and the pony, and a real Santa Claus with a real pack! That funny Dancer seemed perfectly delighted with the children, and stood there almost all day, eating candy and pop-corn, and letting himself be hugged. Father took a picture to send to mother so she could see how happy we were, and even if she was n't there, it turned out to be, as I said at the beginning, the jolliest and merriest kind of a Christmas, after all.



• RHYME of the •
TORY TOLLEVERS

By *Ethel Parton*

*And would you have the story
With all the How and Why
They stayed to cheer a Tory
Who came to hang one high,
To cheer a Tollever Tory
Nor hang a Tollever spy?*

A light hand tapped at Tollever's door,
Tollever whispered "Hark!"
Eye to the keyhole, knee to the floor,
His wife peered into the dark.

They opened it wide and they found
her there,
Pale little maiden Prue,
The porchway roses over her hair
Shaking their evening dew.

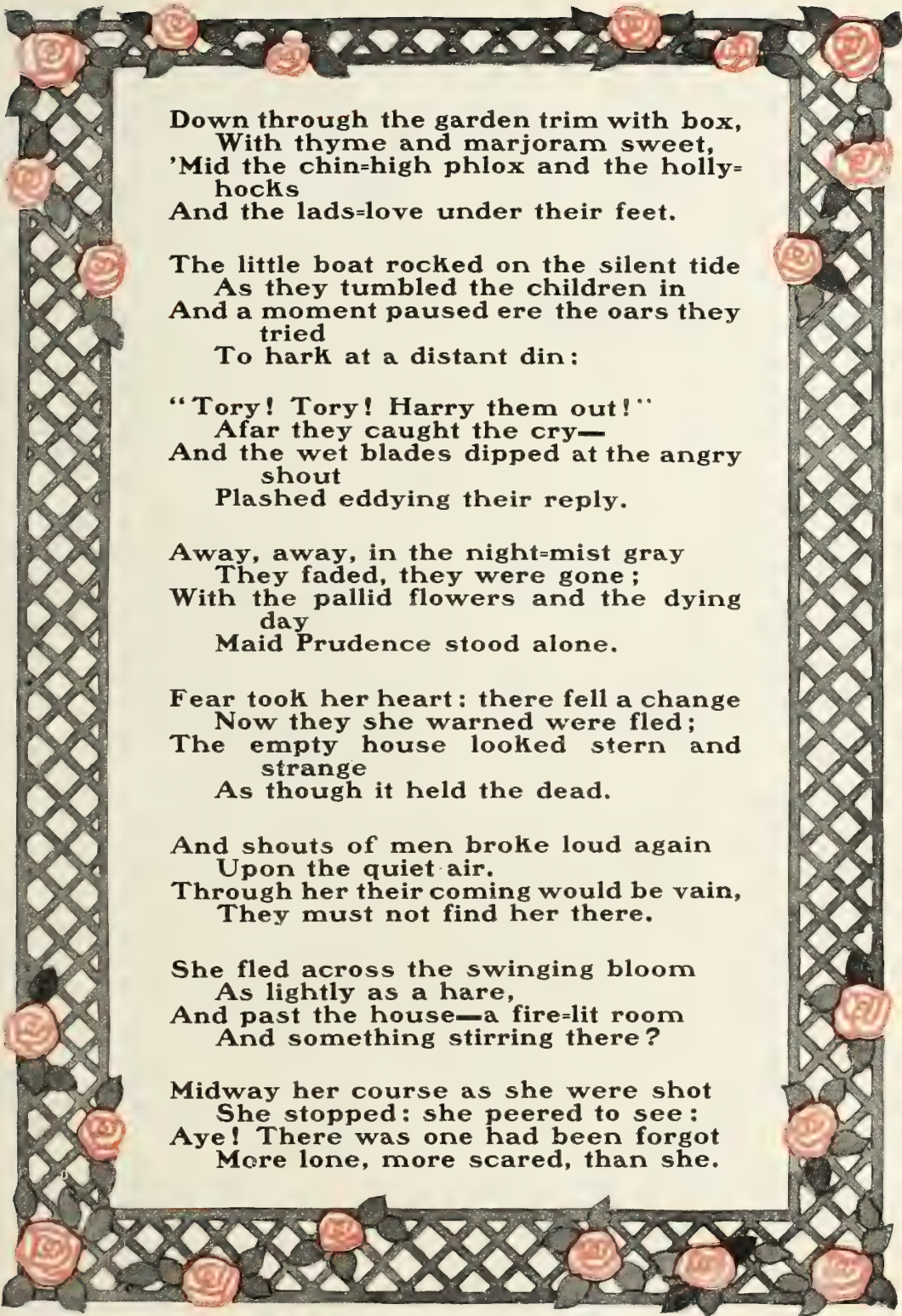


Pale in the dusk as a flittering moth
To lattice and jamb she clung,
Her tremulous warning panted forth
With childish stammering tongue.

"We love no Tories and spies we hate,
My mother she bids me say,
But the creek winds in by your garden
gate:
Take boat and steal away.

"My mother says, whatever ye be,
Tory, traitor, or spy,
For your children's sake that have
played with me,
God spare you, and good-bye.

"Haste, for the mob is afoot!" quoth
she,
And Tollever swore in wrath;
They snatched what chattels they might
to flee
And away down the garden path.



Down through the garden trim with box,
With thyme and marjoram sweet,
'Mid the chin-high phlox and the holly-
hocks
And the lads-love under their feet.

The little boat rocked on the silent tide
As they tumbled the children in
And a moment paused ere the oars they
tried
To hark at a distant din:

"Tory! Tory! Harry them out!"
Afar they caught the cry—
And the wet blades dipped at the angry
shout
Plashed eddying their reply.

Away, away, in the night-mist gray
They faded, they were gone;
With the pallid flowers and the dying
day
Maid Prudence stood alone.

Fear took her heart: there fell a change
Now they she warned were fled;
The empty house looked stern and
strange
As though it held the dead.

And shouts of men broke loud again
Upon the quiet air.
Through her their coming would be vain,
They must not find her there.

She fled across the swinging bloom
As lightly as a hare,
And past the house—a fire-lit room
And something stirring there?

Midway her course as she were shot
She stopped: she peered to see:
Aye! There was one had been forgot
More lone, more scared, than she.





Unmothered, wailing low in fear
A baby lay on the floor—
The surging shouts came near, more
near,
But Prudence fled no more.

“Tory Tollever, out! Come out!
Nor hide you in your den
We'll hale you out, we'll harry you out”
(Alack, how fierce be men!)

“Your door-yard holds an elm tree high
That hath a goodly bough:
'Twill bear the weight of a Tory spy—
Come out and we'll hang one now!”

No answer gave the dumb drear house
Dark on the streaked sky—
With rallying-call, with rout and rouse
They stayed not for reply.

Heaving shoulder and thrusting hand
They brake the door apart—
And they saw within a little maid stand
With a baby held to her heart.

They saw her eyes gleam wild alarm
But she held her burden tight
That snug once more in a curving arm
Knew never a throb of fright.

“What have we here?” one cried to her
And his deep voice wrathful rang:
Quoth she, “’Tis a Tory baby, sir,
Too little a one to hang!”

Then loud and loud that jovial crowd
In laughter lost their ire—
At their leader checked and Prudence
cowed
And the baby by the fire!



They saw their prey had slipped away,
They growled and let him go,
Laugh they would since they might not
slay,
And hark to the Tory crow!

The Tory liked the leaping flame,
The Tory liked the crowd,
The Tory's twinkling dimples came,
He chuckled and laughed aloud!

(All rosy-red in the flame-lit gloom
Little and least, they shone
In the dusky house, the invaded room
Those two young things, alone.)

They caught the lass up shoulder-high,
She clasped the baby still,
The low round moon was a-peep in the
sky,
As they carried them over the sill—

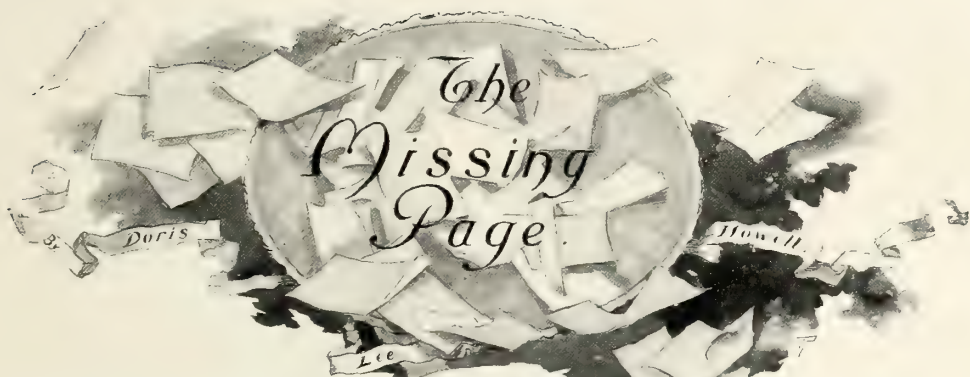
Over the sill and down the road
They carried the traitor pair,
And ever the Tory baby crowed
And snatched at his captors' hair.

Down the road and into the town—
And the folk ran out to see—
And never they set maid Prudence down
Till safe at her home was she.

Then, Tory baby and tell-tale Prue
Who had warned the spy away—
With a laugh and a cheer they freed
the two
And went their rollicking way!

*And some are thinking, maybe,
"Better though wrath run high,
Is cheering a Tory baby
Than hanging a Tory spy.
So, Hurrah for the Tollever baby!"
(And Tollevers all, goodbye.)*





THE front gate closed with a snap; hurried steps were heard on the veranda; the outer door opened, then slammed noisily, and, with four long strides, Tom Hammond mounted the stairs, reaching the landing just in time to hear the key gently click inside the room before him.

"Elizabeth," he called, beating a loud tattoo upon the door, "Elizabeth Marcella, open to me at once, lest I take measures to cause you both wrath and humiliation. Dost thou hear, fair damsel?"

No response.

"Betsy—oh, I say, Betsy," said he, in a sudden change of tone, "can't you let a fellow in?"

Still no reply.

"Sweet sister of mine, wilt thou not admit the brother of thy love?" he continued wheedlingly, through the keyhole.

Still silence supreme.

"Hey, Bess!" he cried, this time with aggravating pretense of awe, "doth genius burn?"

Continued silence, broken only by the steady scratch of a pen and an occasional flutter of paper within.

"Oh, I merely wanted to tell you, Betsy,"—the voice sounded anxious now, or as much so as was possible through the spasm of suppressed mirth,—*"I was reading only this morning that for overtaxed brains the application of some cooling liquid to the head often brings quick relief. In fact, they say the*

result is often wonderful, and fatal consequences, accordingly, are thus often averted. If I judge rightly in the present case, I suggest that this theory be put into immediate practice, for—"

The key moved softly in the lock.

"That's a good girl," said the outsider, coaxingly. "I knew you'd melt at last before my persuasive powers. Persistency, as Professor North used to say, is—"

The sentence was left unfinished; for, without warning, a stream of cold water shot mysteriously and unexpectedly through the slightly opened door, and Tom's mischievous face was dripping.

The door was then opened farther to reveal a slight, girlish figure, with a small silver atomizer extended in one soft white hand. The face was dimpled with laughter, and a teasing voice said mockingly:

"The application of some cooling liquid to the face often brings quick relief to an overtaxed tongue! In fact, the result is often wonderful; as, for instance—"

But Tom had made a sudden dive toward the open door, and before Bess could withdraw to the seclusion of her room, he had wedged his one hundred and forty pounds of solid avoirdupois inside, and stood triumphantly looking down at his pretty seventeen-year-old sister.

"It's not fair to take advantage of a girl!" she exclaimed laughingly. "Besides, you must n't bother me now; I'm busy. Wait

till after supper," she went on entreatingly, "and then I solemnly promise to make a martyr of myself for one whole hour, and without a murmur."

"Oh, no; there is no time like the present," he replied complacently. "Whenever I gain an advantage, I mean to follow it up and make the most of it. Lost opportunities never will return, you know! So I seize the present moment to incline mine ear to the thrilling passages of my sweet sister's latest literary production, and, if necessary, to rendersome

valuable criticism and advice on the subject! Being of superior age and wisdom, I deem it no more than just to give you the benefit of my own enlarged ideas. Also—though my natural modesty makes me shrink from saying it—my kindness of heart and generosity of nature compel me to offer assistance to a struggling bro—ahem! sister, and—"

A fluffy silk sofa-pillow here checked the

superfluous flow of speech, as Tom was unceremoniously backed into the corner by the steady push of two little hands.

"Tom-m Hammond, you — you wretch!" cried his sister, bumping his head delicately against the wall. "Now, sir, you do penance at once or I'll never forgive you!"

"Aha, my fair lady, so you thrust all my proffered assistance ruthlessly to one side! So be it! But *me* to do penance? Oh, no, no, my dear; I'd rather see you doing a cake-walk instead!" And pulling her bodily along be-



"AND TOM'S MISCHIEVOUS FACE WAS DRIPPING."

side him, with the hilarity that all the dignity of his nineteen years had not yet smothered, he began to whistle merrily the latest ducky song.

"Tom, you are dreadful!" cried his sister, dropping into the nearest chair after a lively skirmish about the room. "Just see what a fright you've made of me!"

She adjusted the small tortoise-shell comb to the disordered ripples of thick brown hair, and ruefully held the streaming lengths of

gauzy blue ribbon before his unsympathizing gaze.

"Behold the up-to-date 'maiden all forlorn'!" was his consoling reply. "If life was n't too short to waste in petty words, I'd apologize," he went on, in mock seriousness. "As it is, allow me to be of practical use, and rearrange that fluff—what do you call it?—thing about your throat."

Bess made a sudden move toward the atomizer, saying threateningly: "If a second application of this well-known remedy is necessary, I shall not scruple to do my duty!"

Tom dropped penitently into a chair, and vowed good behavior. Accordingly, the weapon of defense was laid aside; but Bess shook her brown head suspiciously.

"Too many past experiences make me sadly doubt your reform," she said impressively. "However, now that you have succeeded in getting in, would you mind telling me what your errand is?"

"Not in the least," he answered, with airy ease and a manner of great condescension. "Fact is, I had several; so I'll give them to you in the respective order of their importance. First, father having driven to the city without me, I sought your presence in the hope of receiving some sisterly balm as a means of relief for my wounded feelings. Second, to inquire if your ladyship will be so gracious as to bestow the honor of your company upon so unworthy a subject as myself at the concert this evening. Third, to see if I could soften your heart sufficiently to respond to my urgent need, and to persuade that domestic necessity of evil—commonly known to the household of Hammond as Eliza Ann—that I am actually suffering for another piece of chocolate cake. Lastly, in the flickering hope that you might dismount from your pinnacle of reserved and lofty silence long enough to read me those words of your inspired pen with which you mean to entrance the audience on the night of commencement with your marvelous essay!"

Bess laughed gaily, and crossing the room to the side of her teasing hero, she perched herself upon the arm of his chair.

From babyhood days Tom had always been

the torment of her life as well as the pride of her heart, and throughout the whole young life he had unfalteringly remained the idol of her girlish fancy. Involuntarily Tom's long arm slipped round her slender waist with a brotherly squeeze as she pushed her small white fingers through his light curly locks.

"Oh, Tom, you ridiculous boy," she said, giving his hair an affectionate little tweak, "I'm sure it *is* too bad that father went off without you—that is, from my standpoint. As for the cake, you don't deserve any; so it will be through no help of mine you get it."

"I might have known that," Tom murmured dejectedly. "In fact, I felt it in my bones."

"But as for the concert," she interrupted serenely, "I shall be delighted, I assure you. However," she added severely, "no teasing, bribing, or threats can move me regarding the essay, and not a single word do you hear till the night of commencement. There!"

"But, Bess," he urged, in his most wheedling voice, "you might at least let a fellow know the subject."

"All things come to those who will but wait," she replied sagely. "Therefore have patience till the 20th of June, and virtue will bring its own reward."

"But two months is such an everlasting time to wait," he retorted dolefully. "I say, it's not using a man fair to treat him like that. Besides, I always tell *you* things," he ended, with an entreating glance.

"Yes, Tommy, we all know you never *could* keep anything to yourself," she answered soothingly, with a patronizing pat upon his sun-browned cheek.

"Have you undertaken the theme of woman's suffrage?" he questioned roguishly. "Or possibly," he blandly suggested, "it's on the joys of a brother's tender love. Ah, yes!" he continued, with elaborate gestures, glancing toward the small mahogany writing-desk, where his own picture stood in a pretty frame, "I am sure that must be it, and that my own worthy likeness is the source of inspiration from which you draw your lofty ideals! Bess," he cried, with warming enthusiasm, pressing her hand with fervor too over-

done to be sincere, "I actually believe there is a possibility of your winning that prize! In fact, I'll go still further and say there's barely a doubt of it!"

"But if I do win, Tom,"—her brown eyes suddenly became serious,—“and Miss Tower told the French teacher she was almost sure I would—no, keep still, you torment; I was n't eavesdropping at all: I was doing some translating in the recitation-room, and really could n't help hearing. But if I *do*,”—and the two little spots of pink suddenly deepened in color,—“I know what I shall do.”

“What? Or is the secret to be revealed only when your plans have materialized?”

“I shall buy that picture at the Art Exhibit; I mean the one that made such a deep impression on me the first time I saw it. I should love it always, for it could never lose its inspiration, and—”

“And then, with the one you already possess,”—glancing mischievously toward the mahogany desk,—“you would ‘make life, death, and that vast forever, one grand, sweet’—Elizabeth! how dare you! Ugh, I'm not over-fond of violet-scented lace handkerchiefs, so please keep yours where they belong—which is n't, my fair Betsy, inside my mouth!”

“Tom, my overtaxed patience can bear no more! Now, if you are not out of this room before I count ten,” she cried, with a threatening look, seizing both atomizer and sofa-pillow, “I shall not answer for the consequences!”

Tom made a hasty exit, calling over his shoulder when he reached the landing: “This is what is known as ‘fleeing from the wrath to come,’ I suppose!”

But the door closed with a bang, and the key slid quickly in the lock.

Since Judge Hartwell had offered to the twelve graduates of ‘Miss Tower's select school for young ladies’ the reward of one hundred dollars for the best written and most gracefully delivered essay, Bess Hammond had set her heart on winning it. There was among the whole class only one who she really feared might prove a formidable rival.

This was Louise Denton, who was struggling against the greatest difficulties to receive

the diploma that later would secure for her the teacher's certificate. Throughout their school-days the various and more insignificant triumphs or failures had fallen to each alike, and hence always remained about equal. Now this was to be their last contest, and both were working untiringly for the final victory.

It is true, Louise had always studied hard and worked faithfully to acquire the high standard that Bess Hammond had always reached without apparent effort. Louise was slower in both thought and action; but when once a problem was solved or a difficulty surmounted, she had always scored an advance never to be lost, as Bess had good reason to remember. It was, therefore, with equal zeal and determination that both girls resolved to work for the prize that should mark, either with failure or success, the last supreme trial of scholarship—though, as a matter of fact, their motives were different.

Bess worked with the energy of her whole vivacious nature; for to her the securing of the prize meant only the conquest of various difficulties, and a reward for brilliant effort.

Louise struggled bravely for all this also; but in addition to the glamour of praise and admiration was the half-frenzied hope of securing the money. It meant so much to her for its own sake. Of course no one else could even realize just what it did mean to her, for no one but Louise knew of the invalid mother's needs at home, who had denied herself almost the very necessities of life to afford Louise the advantage of a thorough education.

But Louise knew all this, and many painful details, besides,—which would have made Dr. Hammond's pretty daughter Bess open her brown eyes in amazement; for poverty in the real sense of the word was unknown to her.

Early on the graduation day, when Bess Hammond spread her dainty gown upon her small white bed, she vaguely wondered what the other girls were going to wear. She knew what a few of them had chosen for this all-important occasion, but it suddenly crossed her mind that Louise Denton would probably have nothing new, and that the last year's dimity would have to answer.

With a sudden pity, she sat down in the small willow rocker, her whole bright nature now aroused in genuine sympathy. Not that

"If I only dared!" she whispered softly, taking from the closet the lovely new swiss and gently shaking out its soft white folds.



"IN HER EAGERNESS SHE WAS KNEELING BY MRS. DENTON'S SIDE, HER EYES FULL OF ENTREATY."

Louise Denton would n't look superb even in calico, with that queenly bearing and well-poised golden head, but—and her girlish mind was filled with all kinds of impromptu plans.

"If I only dared offer it to her! But she's so proud—though I've never worn it, and no one need ever know."

The more she thought of it, the more it

seemed a pity to let that old dimity go to commencement, and to allow the beautiful new swiss to remain shut up in the dark, stuffy closet at home. She was thinking what she could do to prevent such a catastrophe; her eyes were wandering dreamily about the room, and then turned vacantly toward the open window. Then the perplexed face instantly cleared, and, with a soft little laugh, she ran hastily down the stairs to the broad, shady veranda.

With nimble fingers she gathered a whole armful of the pearly white roses which were twining so gracefully about the trellis, her cheeks glowing with delight.

"I may at least take her these, and that will be an excuse for seeing her," she thought. "Then it *must* come about; and she will have to take it, for I won't take no for an answer."

Louise Denton's proud face met Bess Hammond's laughing one at the door with a look of helpless bewilderment. To see Miss Tower's most popular pupil on the very day of commencement at her own home, her arms filled with beautiful white roses, caused her too much surprise to be stifled in one moment.

"Oh, Louise," she exclaimed gaily, "I just happened to think, or rather did a few minutes ago, that you might like some of these roses for to-night! There are such quantities of them that there's plenty for both of us, and it seemed *such* a pity to leave them there, when every rose in Brighton ought to grace our commencement!"

Louise's face relaxed. She opened the door wide. It was so unexpected and so very thoughtful of Bess that her face softened with pleasure. Then, too, they would be such a welcome addition to the plain old dimity. Even the new ribbons would look stiff by comparison.

"How can I ever thank you!"

Her voice was so pleased that Bess almost wondered at it.

"But are you sure, Elizabeth, that you have left plenty for yourself?" she said, glancing at the great armful as if in doubt.

"Oh, lots!" the other replied lightly.

But when Bess entered the small sitting-room, and saw Mrs. Denton's pale face bent eagerly though somewhat anxiously over the old

dimity, while with nervous fingers she was arranging its freshly laundered folds, Bess felt, for the first time, that more than the new swiss dress should rightfully fall to Louise Denton's lot.

"Look, mother dearest," cried Louise, her face radiant with pleasure, "see what this good fairy has brought me!"

Mrs. Denton rose hastily, and with quiet dignity extended her hand smilingly. She, too, was pleased to see Dr. Hammond's beautiful daughter, and the gift caused her faded blue eyes suddenly to fill with tears.

"We were going to make the white lilacs do," she said a little sadly, when Louise left the room to put the flowers in water; "but these lovely roses will serve so much better to hide the defects of the poor old dimity. I had hoped to do better by Louise when she graduated," she added regretfully, with a wistful look about her mouth, "but my last illness has left us with so many debts that Louise would n't hear of such a thing for a moment."

Then was her opportunity, and Bess knew it. With a quick little movement, she put out her hand and laid the dress at one side.

"Mrs. Denton," she began hesitatingly, "do you suppose—could you persuade Louise—oh, Mrs. Denton, *would* Louise wear one of my dresses, do you think? I have so many, and there's a new swiss—never worn—that's just the thing."

The faded eyes brightened for an instant, and then she slowly shook her head.

"Oh, my dear child, we could not accept that, you know,—” she began.

But Bess checked her with an imperious little gesture of impatience. "Why not? I have one that is as pretty, and, besides, this has never been worn, and it would fit Louise, I know. Mrs. Denton, you must *make* her wear it; do consent—*do!*"

In her eagerness she had slipped to the floor and was kneeling by Mrs. Denton's side, her eyes full of entreaty. The small white hand went forward and clasped the thin fingers with a persuasive pressure; and, to her joy, Mrs. Denton at length gave an answering smile of consent.

But it was when Bess had reached the gate that another thought occurred to her busy

brain, and, returning, she ran lightly up the steps once more.

"And oh, Louise," she called, "you must let us call for you to-night. Now be sure to be ready at quarter of eight"; and with-

halted and, with both hands in his pockets, he gave a long, low whistle.

"Well, you beat my time o' day, as Aunt Nanny Post used to remark!" he began, a quizzical little look about the eyes. "Here I've been chasing all over the premises trying to find some trace of the missing princess, when lo! she appears looking as cool and unconcerned as if this were not the very day she is to glorify the town of Brighton in general and the family of Hammond in particular. Now, suppose you give an account of yourself," he added, pulling her into the hammock beside him. "Are n't proper young ladies supposed to keep themselves in retirement on such an important day as commencement?" he asked gravely, "or have times changed since I was young, and is it true that would-be graduates are nowadays allowed to wander about in a harum-scarum kind of way without consulting their elders?"

As the day wore away and twilight began to approach, Bess had lost much of her enthusiasm over the prize. She even picked up the brilliant essay in a guilty kind of way, and then, half sadly, replaced it in the drawer. Somehow, she felt that the prize ought not to come to her; for Louise—yes, the proud, beautiful Louise—really needed the money.

Tom was dressed an hour too early, and was restlessly pacing the lower hall with boyish impatience while his sister

out waiting for a reply she sped joyfully homeward.

On the veranda she met Tom, pacing slowly up and down. As she opened the gate and, smiling, came up the broad walk, he suddenly

still remained enshrouded in the mysteries of her wonderful toilet in the room above. Dr. Hammond, who was usually so grave and silent, seemed for once to have laid aside the dignified reserve of his nature, and greeted his



"'A PAGE WAS MISSING,' LOUISE REPLIED DULLY, 'THAT WAS ALL.'"
(SEE PAGE 121.)

daughter with a proud and happy smile when she at last appeared among them in all her girlish loveliness.

"Whew! Oh, I say, Bess, can a fellow touch you in a rig like that?" asked Tom.

"Certainly not, young man," she answered laughingly. "Do you suppose I would imperil all this finery to your destructive 'touches'? Wait till I get home; but hold your peace till then!"

"Now, father," declared Tom, "if this—er—commencement affair was only a beauty show, Bess might have a ghost of a chance to win distinction. Don't you think so?" he asked roguishly.

Tom gallantly escorted Bess to the carriage, and handed her the essay as tenderly as the most exacting could wish. Then, with a low bow, he murmured, "The exit of fame and beauty!"

The door snapped; but before the carriage started it suddenly reopened, and a merry voice called softly, "Tom!"

The brother turned and approached the carriage.

A smiling face bent forward in the darkness.

"You may *kiss* me, Tom; but don't you dare *touch* me!"

The brilliantly lighted hall was crowded to its utmost capacity; the galleries were filled to overflowing, and even the aisles were packed with eager spectators. The little suburb town of Brighton had seldom witnessed such a gathering as was seen at the commencement exhibition in the old hall that night.

Louise Denton was more beautiful than ever in the lovely gown, with its broad, sheeny

sash and the clustering white roses. She was perfectly cool, and never for a moment lost a particle of her customary self-poise and graceful dignity.

"Oh, I hope, *I do hope*, that she will win!"

Bess said over and over to herself; and, what is more, she meant it from the depths of her heart.

Her own name, she noted, was last on the programme, and Louise Denton's just preceding. When at last Louise herself moved slowly and gracefully before the sea of upturned faces, Bess leaned eagerly forward, her own big brown eyes filled with admiration. Her breath came in quick, short little catches as she listened enthusiastically to the well-modulated voice. Louise was doing remarkably well, and Bess's heart thumped joyously. The essay itself was deep and brilliant—better than her own, it seemed to Bess, and Louise's rendering of it was simply perfect.

She glanced down at the carefully written lines before her, and then hurriedly laid her hand over the pages, as if in fear they might bring up the

old longing for success. If she cared, and really *tried*, perhaps—but she did n't! Had not she, Bess Hammond, everything in the world that an indulgent father and adoring brother could bring into her life to cause her happiness?—while Louise, proud, beautiful Louise, had little but care and poverty to fill *her* life.

All this ran through her mind in a vague and hazy way, when suddenly Louise hesitated, stammered, and at last broke down altogether.



ELIZABETH READS HER ESSAY.
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

What could it all mean? She had done so grandly up to this point that Bess was not the only one who wondered. There was scarcely more than a moment's pause, and she had nearly finished, but Louise seemed disturbed, and the last few pages lost all their brilliancy and sounded tame and spiritless.

With a burning face and misty eyes Louise took her seat, her proud heart beating almost to the verge of suffocation.

"A page was missing," she replied dully, in response to Bess's sympathetic face; "that was all, but it is enough to insure my failure. Not that I'd care, except for my poor, dear little mother—"

"Hush, darling," Bess whispered softly, a light of tenderness, mingling with determination, creeping into her own brown eyes. The little lines about the mouth had not gathered there for nothing, and the small, clenched hand meant resolve.

It was only a missing page that had cruelly shattered Louise Denton's one fond hope, and it was only the missing page that took away Bess Hammond's last grain of selfishness. Yes, Louise had failed; but she, Bess Hammond, should *not*; for—and then the pale, anxious face in a certain small sitting-room rose as in a mist before her, and Bess made up her mind.

She then heard her own name announced, and as she went forward there was the merest suggestion of a happy smile about the half-parted lips, and her eyes were shining like two stars. She saw her father's pleased face before her, and noted Tom's, now beaming with boyish pride. He caught her glance, and the clear blue eyes shot straight to that fluttering heart beneath the lace and ribbons the message of love and encouragement that Bess most needed.

She certainly must be in a dream, for the mass of humanity before her was like a great, dark uncertainty. Page after page was turned, while scarcely another sound than Bess's voice broke upon the terrible stillness of the hall. People leaned eagerly forward in their seats with parted lips, fearing to draw a natural breath for fear of interruption.

Now her voice rose thrillingly sweet, and then softly dropped to the tenderness of some

line in a minor key, while her face, radiant at the beginning, seemed now transfigured with a new beauty unknown to it before. Depths of her nature were being sounded that had never before been fathomed, and her whole soul was pouring forth in a flow of eloquence. Her pure, unselfish resolve to win for another's sake had clothed her words with marvelous beauty, far beyond her own comprehension.

Louise stretched forth her hand and clasped Bess's tightly when Bess at last took the seat beside her. Her clear gray eyes looked with frank affection into the lovely flushed face, and her words of praise were sincere and true. And when Bess again went forward to receive the prize, after the consultation of the judges, Louise Denton's eyes followed her with all the unselfishness of her noble nature.

But it was not until they were securely "packed"—flowers and all—in the carriage a half-hour later by the devoted Thomas that Louise learned what Bess wished to do with the prize she had won.

"But you must, dear," Bess urged, as Louise poured forth her refusals. "Besides," she added firmly, "I know you would have won it yourself if it had n't been for the lost page, so I could never feel it was justly mine. Then, too, Louise," and the brown head bent slightly, "you can consider it a loan, if you will; but you must take it for the little mother's sake, if not for your own."

And then the haughty Louise, her eyes overflowing with tears, took her friend in her arms and kissed the happy face lovingly.

From the reserved, undemonstrative girl it was so unexpected an act that even Bess was astonished; but it was in that moment of unreserve that the prize of one hundred dollars changed hands and went to the little white house in the valley instead of to the big, handsome one on the hill.

For a week Bess evaded all inquisitive remarks concerning the picture, for Tom had insisted he should go with her when she bought it, and the secret had thus far been whispered to no one but her father.

Then, one day, when she was quite disarmed, and was beginning to feel a quiet sense of security that no one else should know, Tom

marched in without ceremony, and caught her in his arms.

Instead of tossing his cap to the three rousing cheers he gave, Bess herself was whirled into the air with each deafening salute.

Then, when she escaped from his clinging hands, he looked mischievously down at her from his towering height, and said, with an attempt at gravity: "Verily, Bess, thou art indeed worthy to be called my sister!"

CHRISTMAS ON THE "MAYFLOWER."

BY ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

HISTORIANS take so little note of the doings of women and children that I presume not one of my readers ever heard of Christmas on the "Mayflower"; and yet the unwritten history of individuals and nations is always most interesting. I am indebted for my facts to Elizabeth Tudor Brewster, named after the Queen. She was a favorite niece of Elder William Brewster, who went to Holland with the Pilgrims, and lived there several years. My husband's mother was a Brewster, and into her hands came many of the private family letters, dim and yellow with time, and among others this account of Christmas.

While yet at sea, the mothers began to discuss the probabilities of reaching land by December 25, and having some little celebration for the children, as they had half a dozen on board of the right age to enjoy some holiday performances. The foremothers who came from Holland had imbibed the Dutch love for festive occasions, and were more liberal in their views than the rigid Puritans direct from England, who objected to all the legends of old Saint Nicholas. But Elder Brewster, then seventy-nine years old, and loving children tenderly, gave his vote for the celebration. Accordingly, as they sailed up the beautiful harbor of Plymouth, the mothers were busy in their preparations for the glad day. Knowing the fondness of Indians for beads, they had brought a large box of all sizes and colors, which they were stringing for the little Indians, as they intended to invite a few of them to come on board the ship. The mothers had also brought a barrel full of ivy,

holly, laurel, and immortelles, to decorate their log cabins. Of these they made wreaths to ornament the children and the saloon. As soon as the Mayflower cast anchor, Elder Brewster and his interpreter, and as many of the fathers and mothers as the little boats would hold, went ashore to make arrangements about their cabins, to visit the squaws and invite the children. The interpreter explained to them the meaning or significance of Christmas, the custom of exchanging gifts, etc., and they readily accepted the invitation. Massasoit was sachem of the Wampanoags and chief at this point. The yellow fever had reduced his tribe, once estimated at thirty thousand, down to three hundred, now scattered all along the southern coast of Massachusetts.

When the Pilgrims landed there were only a few huts at that point. But the noble chief Massasoit was there, fortunately for our little colony, consisting only of one hundred and two, all told—men, women, and children. Massasoit was a splendid specimen of manhood, honest, benevolent, and he loved peace. When Christmas dawned, bright and beautiful, he came on board with two squaws and six little boys and girls, all in their ornaments, paint, and feathers, the children in bright scarlet blankets, and caps made of white rabbit-skins, the little ears standing up on their foreheads, and squirrel tails hanging down their backs. Each one carried a small basket containing beech- and hickory-nuts and winter-green-berries which they presented gracefully to the English children standing in a line ready to receive them. The interpreter had

taught them to say "Happy to see you," "Welcome," and "Farewell" in the Indian tongues. So they shook hands and received the natives

eating, and that the children would not know how to use knives, forks, and spoons.

Moreover, he said they never ate except when they were hungry, and the sun was still too high for that.

The exchanging of presents was a very pretty ceremony, and when they were ready to depart, the good elder placed his hands on each little head, giving a short prayer and his blessing. While all this was transpiring the squaws asked the foremothers to give them beads, which they readily did, and placed wreaths of ivy on their heads. As they paddled away in their little canoes, the horns and drums sounded.

Then the mothers decorated their tables and spread out a grand Christmas dinner. Among other things, they brought a box of plum-puddings. It is an English custom to make a large number of plum-puddings at Christmas-time, and shut them up tight in small tin pails and hang them on hooks on the



CHRISTMAS DINNER ON THE "MAYFLOWER."

graciously, presenting them, in turn, with little tin pails filled with fried cakes, almonds and raisins, some bright English pennies, a horn, and a drum. The mothers tied strings of beads round their necks, wrists, and ankles, with which they were greatly pleased.

They went all over the ship, and asked many questions about all they saw. When Massasoit proposed to go, the mothers urged him to stay to dinner, but he declined, saying that they did not understand English customs in

kitchen wall, where they keep for months. You see them in English kitchens to this day. With their plum-puddings, gooseberry-tarts, Brussels sprouts, salt fish, and bacon, the Pilgrims had quite a sumptuous dinner. Then they sang "God Save the King," and went on deck to watch the sun go down and the moon rise in all her glory.

The children took their little baskets to their berths, the last objects of interest on which their eyes rested as they fell asleep.

The Sorcery of Hal the Wheelwright.



Written at the
Castle of Stokeham
in Kent, this first
year of the Reign of
his gracious Majesty
King Henry V.

By Bertha Runkle

NOT for a pouch of silver pennies would I let this writing fall under my lord baron's eye! I have scraped through the parlous business with a whole skin, which is more than I should own did my lord know the truth. My part is to thank the kind saints, and guard my tongue. Yet, since some day, though scarce in my lord's lifetime, it may become possible to clear my brother's name, I set down here the record.

My brother Hal was ever quick with tools, and I at my books. Therefore our good master the baron, having a care for us, the orphan sons of a steward who had served him well, sent me to school under the monks at Canterbury, and prenticed Hal to a blacksmith, and later to the best of armorers. Both of us fared well, and at length were back in the castle, I clerk of the accounts, Hal head of the forges. And who so popular in all the great household as big, brawny Hal, with ever a jest on his lips, and a kind word for all?

One morning, as I sat at work over some matters of leases or the like, with never a thought of any evil to befall us two, the door was flung open by little Robin, the page, gasp-

ing for breath, his face white, his eyes popping from his head.

"Ned!" he panted, "oh, good Ned! come quick. Thy brother is in covenant with the evil one! He rides a broomstick in the court, like the witches at their revels!"

"What 's this?" I cried, springing up; but the youngster turned and ran out. I followed, perforce; wondering what in the world my clever brother had invented presently.

Hal had ever the cleverest fingers and nimblest brain to forge new devices. He loved to work in iron, and fashioned many a thing besides mail and weapons. Not long before, I had wandered one day into the smithy, to find him busied in cutting a number of fine steel rods into lengths of an ell or so.

"What art planning?" I asked. "A trap, perchance?"

He laughed mysteriously, and shook his head.

"What is 't, then?"

"What thou couldst never guess in a month o' Sundays," Hal made answer, laughing again as if greatly pleased with his secret. I, remembering the many inventions he had

devised for our wonder, indoors and out, made no doubt this was some new scheme of the kind.

"Ay, that it is!" he cried. "Such an invention as none has ever dreamed of. If I can do what I plan, I will make a machine that will travel like a horse—an iron horse that will need no corn, but will bear me like the bonniest steed ever foaled in broad England."

"Thou 'rt jesting!"

"Nay, never was I earnester."

"Then thou art mad."

But all he would answer was, "Wait and see."

I thought little more of the matter as the

center of the quadrangle, riding his horse of iron, was Hal.

Nay, 't was no horse; but what else it was I know not how to tell. Yet, since the world will never see its like again, I must e'en try to give account of it.

Hal had fashioned two wheels, about an ell's length or less from rim to rim, finer than any ever seen. The little steel rods aforesaid were the spokes, and the rims were of stout ash wood, with tires of thin iron. He had placed the wheels not opposite each other, as in every vehicle known to man they are placed, but, instead, one behind the other, a little space apart. Between them, sundry rods of the size of a spear-



"ALONE IN THE CENTER OF THE QUADRANGLE, RIDING HIS HORSE OF IRON, WAS HAL."

days passed on, and he spoke not of it. But now, as I ran after Robin, I remembered. And when I reached the courtyard, I saw.

In the court were nearly all the castle folks assembled, but huddled fearsomely back into doorways, leaving the yard free. Alone in the

shaft, some upright, some lying flat, held the wheels together. And upon the top of this framework he had mounted a leathern saddle, but scarce bigger than his two hands. Hereon he sat, at the height of a table-top from the ground, his feet resting on either side of the rod he bestrode,

each on a little step at the end of a steel rod. Between his feet was a strange little turning wheel, all spikes, as if he had stolen it from the torture-chamber. Thence mysteriously ran a chain to the rear wheel.

Deem not that I perceived all of this at first glance. 'T was not till later I learned so particularly of the machine. All I could see now was Hal astride two wheels and a rod, waving his feet in the air like a man possessed of devils, while—'t is the solemn truth; ask our whole household else—the *thing moved*. I expect not to be believed. The tale has spread over our whole shire, and everywhere they cry, "Lies! lies!" Ask Father Peter whether it is lies; ask my lord baron; ask Prior Ambrose. There sat Hal, astride that bar of wood, proud as one on horseback—and the thing moved. Nothing that mortal eye could see was before to pull, or behind to push. There was not even wind to rustle the grass. Yet that dead thing of wood and iron sped like a living thing. Round and round the court it went, swift as a hound, noiseless as a snake. What wonder that folks shrank back, blanched, murmuring prayers, and crossing themselves with shaking fingers?

As I ran out, Hal caught sight of me. Gaily he waved a hand, crying:

"Holà, Ned! What said I? Have I not fashioned an iron horse?"

At the word, the men at my side drew away from me, as if I too were uncanny. And Hal seemed not to notice their pallid looks, but wheeled around the court with no thought of aught else but his engine.

Some one shouted, "The baron comes!" and turning, I saw in the doorway my lord himself, with Father Peter at his shoulder. My lord, for all his dignity, gaped at Hal like any amazed urchin; while as for the good chaplain, he could do naught but fumble his beads.

Hal, circling the corner, perceived my lord, and leaped hastily to the ground, the infernal engine nigh springing from his grasp as he did so. But he quieted it, and stood holding it, making reverence to the baron.

Then my lord baron looked helplessly on Father Peter; but Father Peter only stared

helplessly back again, muttering half-heard aves. So my lord himself spoke, in no very steady tones:

"*Avaunt thee, Sathanas!*"

"Please you, my lord," quoth Hal, bowing low,—to hide a smile, methinks,—"please your lordship, 't is no Satan, but only Hal the armorer. This is a new machine I have made me, my lord."

With this, Hal stepped forward proudly to display his contrivance, whereat my lord baron and Father Peter skipped back into the doorway like girls that see a mouse.

"I do beg your worship to believe it is no witchcraft," Hal cried. "'T is naught but a machine of wood and iron."

"Come away from it," commanded my lord.

Hal let go his hand, and the thing fell to earth with a clatter that made every man and woman of us jump.

"Heaven help us, 't is alive!" one cried.

"Nay!" Hal answered, laughing out, "it is as dead as the deadeest door-nail of them all. For look you, it cannot even stand if I do not hold it."

"And thou sayst there is no devilment about a thing that cannot stand alone, yet can carry a man about the court!"

"Nay, I know not how it is, my lord; only this I know: when it rolls fast it will not tip over. Why, bethink you, my lord," Hal cried, "have you not seen the youngsters playing at rolling cask-hoops? The things cannot stand alone, yet they run as long as one strikes them. So this."

My lord hesitated, half convinced. Hal returned to his engine and raised it.

"'T is so easy a child could ride," he said, grasping the cross-bar over the front wheel. Of a sudden, the thing was moving, he in the saddle. Round the court he rode, then leaped off before the baron, flushed and smiling.

"See, my lord, 't is no more witchcraft than are the horses in the stable."

The baron shook off Father Peter's restraining hand, and strode over to Hal's side.

"If it be no devil-work, but honesty, I can ride upon the thing as well as thou."

"Ay, if your lordship had the knack—"

"Knack, thou knave! Thou 'rt insolent, sirrah."

"I cry your pardon, my lord."

"Knack, quotha?" shouted my lord. "Am I not knight and baron? Have I not fought at Flint and Shrewsbury and Bramham Moor? If any man can ride this horse of thine, I am he."

"But, my lord—"

"But me no buts! Ride thine engine I can and will."

He grasped the cross-bar as Hal had done, and bestrode the fearful machine, the on-lookers meantime pattering prayers for his safety, and dreading they knew not what. If the foul fiend should carry off their valiant master, they were lost indeed.

My lord raised himself to the saddle somewhat awkwardly, being heavy of flesh, and set his feet upon the rests, Hal meanwhile holding the machine with his blacksmith's arm.

"But it moves not," protested my lord; and even as he spoke it started, Hal clinging to bar and saddle, my lord's noble legs thrashing about like a bird's wings after a ducking.

"Let go!" commanded the baron.

"My lord—" panted Hal.

"Let go!" repeated my lord in thunderous tones; and Hal let go.

The awful thing made a wild plunge forward, then a mad swoop to one side, and fell to earth, while the lord baron shot ahead over the wheel and measured his length in the dust.

The house-folk shrieked in terror, but none stirred save Hal and me. He ran straight to his machine, and picked it up, and looked at every part to see if it were hurt; while I sped to my lord's side. But e'en as I ran, he rose.

Had it been any other but the baron, I must needs, scared as I was, have laughed out on him, his clothes thick with dirt, wiping his bloody face on his sleeve, and sputtering out maledictions.

"'T is sorcery!" he shouted. "Vile sorcery. By my halidom, I will have you burned at the stake for this! Here, Wat, Hodge, Stephen!—come and seize me the villain straightway, and fling him into the dungeon!"

The men came forward to their task with no great eagerness to touch Hal, though quite agreeing that he should be in durance.

"'T is no sorcery, but honest wheelwright's work," shouted Hal. "Stand off, mates! Let me be!" And as they still came at him, his mighty fists laid Hodge and Stephen flatter than the baron had been. But now the other fellows ran up from all sides, and though Hal made black eyes the household badge for that week, yet at length was he overborne.

"My lord, I have done no wrong, but only the cleverest wheelwrighting ever conceived in England. I do protest I am no sorcerer!" cried poor Hal, but to no avail. My lord would listen to nothing.

No sooner was Hal safely stowed in the dungeon, his accursed machine with him, than the baron sent to Stokeham Priory for Prior Ambrose. Being high sheriff, my lord could have burned Hal out of hand, but would not—for he was a just man—till he had consulted his neighbor, the prior. Yet I dared not count on aid from that pious quarter; for Prior Ambrose was so tried and so embittered in temper by the manifold insolences of the Lollards that flourish in our country that he had no tenderness left for any man.

As I stood trembling in the court whence they had led away my wretched brother, the baron turned sharply upon me.

"What hand hadst thou in this, Edward?"

"None, good my lord."

"Take heed thou tellest truth."

"I had naught to do with it, my lord."

He glowered at me a moment, then broke into a harsh laugh.

"I believe thee, thou little clerk. Thou didst never know hammer from file. Get thee hence."

I slunk off, alack! not daring to plead for Hal.

'T was the weariest day I ever spent. I durst not venture into my lord's presence; I durst not go near my brother's prison. The household, one and all, shrank from me, and would scarce speak a word to me. At length arrived the prior; he and the baron descended to Hal's prison. When they returned their faces boded ill. One of the trenchermen told

me aside, with a black look, that the prior was to stay the night; in the morning Hal would burn. At that news, I flung myself despairing against the baron's door; but he opened not to me. I retreated to my own chamber under the roof, where I lay sobbing on my pallet. I could not believe my brother guilty. Big, jolly Hal, whom every one loved, could not be in league with Satan. 'T was not possible. It was a shame to see the very folk that only yesterday had been pleased at a word from him turn against him now. Yet, were he not my own brother, belike I also

had deemed his engine devil-work.

Late in the evening, when I had sunken half asleep from sheer despair, the baron summoned me. He lay in bed, drinking his hot posset. I made my reverence, and he said



"THE AWFUL THING MADE
A WILD PLUNGE
FORWARD!"

to me, very hard
and stern:

"I have sent for thee, Ned, deeming it right to tell thee what is fixed upon for thy brother. Since we cannot make him confess to covenanting with the devil, we purpose to try him



"'T IS SORCERY!' THE BARON SHRIEKED. 'VILE SORCERY. BY MY HALIDOM, I WILL HAVE YOU BURNED AT THE STAKE FOR THIS!'"

by water. To-morrow shall he be flung into the moat, his infernal engine tied to his back. If he swim under that load, 't will be his familiar bearing him up, and he shall be stoned to death."

I fell on my knees, crying, "My lord, my lord—"

He silenced me sharply.

"Thou hast heard my judgment. Begone."

At this, his two squires laid sudden hold of me and hustled me from the room.

Verily, I was sick at heart. Poor Hal! If he swam, stoned to death; if he sank, drowned. Innocent or guilty, his life was forfeit.

In the dark of the night a scheme was born in my mind. I have read, in the book of strategy at the monastery, that the plans of great captains succeed because they are simple and bold. Be that true, then was my plan worthy of Alexander himself. Yes, I would creep past the squire in the anteroom, into my lord's chamber, lift the keys from under his pillows, unlock my brother's prison, and set him free. I stood a most likely chance of being caught at it, and hanged when caught.

The waxing moon shone in at the west windows; I knew it was past midnight, when every soul in the castle should be asleep. I stole on bare toes through the corridors, toward the baron's chamber. I paused at the door with my ear to the keyhole, to listen to the deep, steady breathing of my lord's squire.

Now Heaven grant the bolt be not pushed! The door yielded to my touch.

My frightened hand shook; meseemed the clatter of the latch and squeal of the hinge could be heard in the deepest dungeon. I dropped on my knees against the wall, hoping the squire might deem the wind had swung the door. But as the creak died away, I heard once more in the stillness his steady breathing. Hardly daring to credit my good fortune, yet emboldened by success, I rose and stole across the room to the doorway of my lord's bedchamber.

No door was here, but only arras. I stepped through boldly, for even from without one could hear the baron's snores. I stepped, I say, boldly into the room, and then stopped still, smothering a cry. It had ever been my lord's custom to sleep alone in his chamber,

keeping one squire without. But to-night, as I parted the arras and walked out into the clear moonlight, I almost ran into an armed sentinel keeping watch by the door. I was never a bold carl; I was like to die then with sudden fright. I stood frozen in my place, waiting for him to seize me. But he moved not, and at length, when the beating of my heart stilled to let me hear it, his deep breathing came to my gladdened ears. Leaning against the door-post, his poleax still over his shoulder, the sentry had fallen asleep.

I scarce dared move lest the least sound wake him. Yet I could not stay as I was, and retreat I would not. I crept across the room, noiseless over the rushes, to my lord's bedside. Him I feared less of the two, comfortably settled as he was. I passed my hand under the pillow, and touched the keys. Alack, they lay square under the baron's head; it was in no wise possible to stir them without rousing him.

Meseemed I had come to an *impasse*; yet in the next instant I knew what I should do. I plucked a hair from my head, and passed it timidly over my lord's face.

I felt as if I as well as poor Hal were in league with the devil; for it fell out even as I had dared to hope: the baron twitched his head once or twice, then, without waking, rolled over on his side, away from the keys.

It was well to wait till his sleep was deep again before slipping my hand under the pillow to grasp the keys. Kneeling on the floor, I took them in my two hands, and holding them as firm as I could, drew them toward me. With all my care, two of the great, clumsy metals clanged together.

My lord baron never stirred, but the sentry at the door jumped into wakefulness, and strode over toward the bed. I was crouched down in the dark, in the shadow of the bed-curtains. He saw not me, but only his master sleeping peacefully. Then marching once or twice about the room, he passed out to inspect the anteroom and corridor, came back, paced the chamber a space, looked long at the soundly slumbering baron, and finally flung himself down in a chair, his ax across his knees.

At length and at length, he too slept. Stuffing the keys into the breast of my jerkin,

I crawled on hands and knees across the bright moonlight to the door. Once through the arras, I dared to rise. The sentry had



"I FLUNG MYSELF DESPAIRING AGAINST THE BARON'S DOOR."

shut the outer door; once again I had to brave its creak; but this was nothing compared to the terrors behind me, and right soon I was speeding down the dark corridor.

Making one's way to the cellars, at two o'clock of a March morning, is no pleasure jaunt; but I had not come safe out of the baron's bedchamber to be daunted by half a mile of darkness. In childhood I had played hide-and-seek over every inch of these passages; my knowledge of them stood me in good stead now. I came at last to Hal's dungeon, and drawing out my keys, strove in the inky blackness to fit one to the lock.

As I fumbled, I became aware, in spite of the clatter and jangle I made myself, of a curious noise from within the dungeon—a singular grating sound that rose and fell, now seeming close to me, now scarce to be heard. I could not fancy the cause of it; my heart

smote against my ribs. Then I bethought me that mayhap some friendly soul had contrived to smuggle Hal a file, wherewith he was working on the window-bars. Yet the dungeon windows were but slits, too narrow to let out big Hal. He might never escape but by the door.

I turned the key, swung the heavy door open, and peered fearfully within.

The room was large, with a huge pillar in the center, and two small, high windows on the edge of the moat. The clear moonlight shone across the floor, and what did my amazed eyes behold but Hal, mounted on his awful wheels, circling round and round, those iron tires grinding on the stones. His face was bright as if he had not a care in the world, and so absorbed was he that he neither heard the door creak open nor saw me on the threshold.

He had circled the place maybe a dozen times before I could gather my courage to speak his name. What man in his seven senses would spend the night before his death in such employment?

At length, as he came toward me, I did speak. He started; the engine lurched, and he had just time to save himself ere it fell clattering to the pavement.

"Ah, Ned!" he cried joyously, "my lord has sent thee to free me! I knew he would; he could not believe such arrant nonsense as that I practise sorcery. I explained it all to him and the good prior. I knew they could not mistrust me when they came to ponder the matter. Faith, I am glad they are convinced at last, for though these stones are famous to ride over, they are o'er-hard for a bed."

I could not stem his rush of words in his delight at release. His confidence in my lord was so different from the cruel reality that I knew not how to tell him the truth. At my silence he exclaimed:

"Beshrew me, Ned! but methinks thou doubted me too."

"No, no, Hal!" I cried, flinging my arms about him, half choking him. "Hal, dear, dear brother, thou 'rt to undergo the ordeal by water, at sunrise."

He gasped; he knew well what that meant.

"'T is impossible," he cried.

"Nay; it is true."

"The baron was bitter against me for that fall," Hal muttered. "Yet how was it my fault, Ned? He would ride alone. I saw they were both hard set against me, my lord and the prior. Yet I showed them the en-

"And he sent thee here to tell me? Were it not for getting thee into trouble, I—"

"Nay," I made answer. "He sent me not. He slumbers—at least, I trust so. I stole the keys, brother—I could not see thee drown. I

know which unlocks the postern. Thou shalt go forth a free man."

"How now, Ned! Thou to steal the baron's keys? Marry, he sleeps with them under his head!"

"Ay, but he was snoring. Come, Hal, come. We are shent, the two of us, if he wake to miss them."

But Hal stood still in bewilderment.

"Thou, little Ned! thou wentest into my lord's chamber and didst pluck the keys from under his head?"

"Ay, I told thee. But come, Hal. Start at once; thou shouldst be half across the country by sunrise."

Then big Hal in one stride came and seized me in his arms.

"Why, little Ned!" he cried, "paladin Ned! For all the times I have called thee milksop I cry thy pardon. Beshrew me if thou be not the pluckier of the two."

"Why, Hal, I could not see thee drown. But come, brother, make haste."

He broke away from my clutch, and turned back to his machine. He lifted it in his arms, held it a moment, then, with a sad face, laid it down again tenderly against the column.

"I cannot carry it," he said mournfully. "I should be mobbed as soon as the first yokel



"I SCARCE DARED MOVE LEST THE LEAST SOUND WAKE HIM."

gine, and how it ran. No devil-work at all, but honest mechanism. And the baron has known me all my life, and my father before me. How can he accuse me of sorcery? I will cram the lie down his throat!"

"Hush!" I cried, for I knew not but a warder might be nigh. "Hal, curb thy fury; it avails not. The baron's word has gone forth."

caught sight of it. Nor can I ride it; the roads are too rough. But I tell thee, Ned, for all they mean to drown me for sorcery, the day will come when folks will ride the length and

the wood below the castle an owl hooted, and very far off another answered; else, there was no sound. The moon was low now, which was well for Hal. He knew the countryside and the people for miles about; he would find shelter, I doubted not, and help on his way.

"Fare thee well, Hal," I whispered. But he could scarce answer for the sobs in his throat.

"Farewell, good little Ned—best brother ever a lad owned. Dear Ned, I hope thou wilt not come to rue thy saving of me. If I thought they 'd make thee suffer, drown me, stone me, but I would not go."

"Nay, I shall not be blamed. I know a way to fend that. Ah, Hal, dear Hal, time wasteth! Haste thee off."

He laid hold of an alder-bush low growing on the bank, and carefully let himself down into the moat, making no splash. Softly he paddled over, and, where a weeping willow trailed its branches in the water, swung himself up to earth again. Waving a hand to me, he sped like an arrow across the garth, leaping the gate and vanishing into the coppice beyond.

As for me, it will scarce be credited what I did then. Madness seized me. It behooved me to make all haste back with the keys, against the baron's rousing; but I went not. Instead, I descended once again the pitch-black stairs to the dungeon. For the longing beset me to ride that machine. If the thing were honest, as I must believe since Hal so hotly maintained it, assuredly I could ride as well as he. Surely my lord had come to grief, but he was a bulky warrior, and moreover had been a-quiver with fear and anger. I should mount the engine calmly, and ride as easily as Hal.

I took it from its resting-place; I flung my leg across the bar, as I had seen Hal do; I sat in the saddle, and was lifting my feet to the rests, when—I found myself prone on the stones, the wheels on me, crushing me down. I stood upright, gazing at the thing where it lay at my feet, motionless and dead as any other piece of iron. It was no more living than the breastplates and swords hammered out like it at the forge. Once more I would try; no doubt my own unhandiness had caused my downfall.

I bestrode the wheels again, and this time I



"THOU ART TO UNDERGO THE ORDEAL BY WATER."

breadth of merry England on machines like mine, over roads as smooth as our court."

I was too perturbed to laugh at his crazy prophecies. "Come, come," I cried, plucking him by the sleeve.

He turned to follow me, turned back again and picked up his engine, put it down again, and followed me without a word. I verily believe he was more disturbed over the parting with that contrivance than over all his dangers.

We stole up the twisting passages to the postern gate in the north tower. Without ran a narrow ledge of rock bordering the moat, whereon, in war-time, sentries paced the night through. But now our land was at peace, and our fighting-men all sleeping. Somewhere in

ran a rod with the machine, remembering what Hal had said of the rolling hoops. - I sprang then to the saddle, and the engine bore me on.

'T was the proudest moment of my life—the moment that I sat astride that machine, and rode mayhap three spear-lengths along the hall, light and easy as a bird flies. In the next breath all was over. Even as I sped along, somewhat hit me a thwacking blow on the ankle. I turned to see what assailed me. Naught was there! As I peered through the empty moonlight, my other ankle got a whack as from a flail, and I was hurled from my seat and pitched bodily the length of the hall. Mine eyes filled with stars; then darkness came.

When I woke from the swoond, the last rays of the setting moon showed the dungeon empty as before. All was still and silent. The infernal engine lay flat in a corner.

I burned with such ire against it that I was ready to risk my life for vengeance on it.

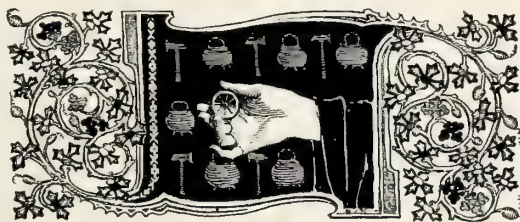
I grasped the machine in my arms, and bore it, staggering under the load, out of the dungeon, along the black passages, and up the steep and crooked stairs to the postern door. A dozen times I thought I must swoon again before I reached the top; a dozen times the wheels struck the walls with a clangor I feared must bring the guard. I opened the outer door, and, all reckless now, flung the fiendish thing out into the middle of the moat, nigh tumbling in myself after it. It sank like a stone, and the thick, scummy waters closed over it, hiding it from the sight of man forever. With joy in my heart, I pitched the castle keys after the engine, and crept away to my bed, bruised, dizzy, trembling, yet, since I had saved Hal, happy.

Thus was effected the departure of Hal the armorer, an escape deemed so marvelous and admirable that if any had doubted his sorcery before, none doubted after his vanishment. Indeed, Diccon Shakspeare, sentinel in the

baron's chamber on the fateful night, had a marvelous tale to tell: how, in the dead of midnight, a sudden darkness like a thick vapor had fallen upon the moonlit room. When he sought to move or cry out, he could neither; and when at length the cloud melted and the moon shone clear again, he had been able to discover naught amiss. But now, he saw plainly, 't was Hal's wicked spells had been upon him while Hal spirited away the keys. I could have told what manner of cloud it was had settled over poor Diccon's senses that night; but I was well content to hold my peace and gape at the story with the others.

For a week the household slunk about with pallid faces and faltering limbs, the men looking for witchcraft in their pitchforks and hammers, the women in their brooms and pans. Yet as day followed day, and no ill befell, the horror wore away, and the castle returned to its wonted cheer. I am forgiven for being brother to a sorcerer; and the sorcery itself furnishes a tale to set travelers shivering by the winter fire.

There is endless argument and speculation amongst us as to the sorcerer's present whereabouts. The baron's search over three shires failed to find hide or hair of him. Some think that on his engine he mounted to the skies, and some that he dwells in Elfland, where shines neither sun nor moon. But what I think I say nothing about. For last Lammas Fair, a stranger did accost me in the press, asking if I were Ned Falconer, and saying, "One sends thee this token to tell thee he lives and prospers." He dropped somewhat into my hand, and vanished in the thick of the crowd; nor could I for all my running see him again. What lay in my palm was a tiny iron wheel, with little hub and spokes fashioned most daintily; and by this cunning token I knew that somewhere in the land my brother Hal lived and flourished.





WAUKEWA'S EAGLE.

(An Indian Legend.)

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.



ONE day, when the Indian boy Waukewa was hunting along the mountain-side, he found a young eagle with a broken wing, lying at the base of a cliff. The bird had fallen from an airy on a ledge high above, and being too young to fly, had fluttered down the cliff and injured itself so severely that it was likely to die. When Waukewa saw it he

a gentler impulse came to him as he saw the young bird quivering with pain and fright at his feet, and he slowly unbent his bow, put the arrow in his quiver, and stooped over the panting eaglet. For fully a minute the wild eyes of the wounded bird and the eyes of the Indian boy, growing gentler and softer as he gazed, looked into one another. Then the struggling and panting of the young eagle ceased; the wild, frightened look passed out of its eyes, and it suffered Waukewa to pass his hand gently over its ruffled and draggled feathers. The fierce instinct to fight, to defend its threatened life, yielded to the charm of the tenderness and pity expressed in the boy's eyes; and from that moment Waukewa and the eagle were friends.

Waukewa went slowly home to his father's lodge, bearing the wounded eaglet in his arms. He carried it so gently that the broken wing gave no twinge of pain, and the bird lay perfectly still, never offering to strike with its sharp beak the hands that clasped it.

Warming some water over the fire at the

was about to drive one of his sharp arrows through its body, for the passion of the hunter was strong in him, and the eagle plunders many a fine fish from the Indian's drying-frame. But

lodge, Waukewa bathed the broken wing of the eagle and bound it up with soft strips of skin. Then he made a nest of ferns and grass inside the lodge, and laid the bird in it. The boy's mother looked on with shining eyes. Her heart was very tender. From girlhood she had loved all the creatures of the woods, and it pleased her to see some of her own gentle spirit waking in the boy.

When Waukewa's father returned from hunting, he would have caught up the young eagle and wrung its neck. But the boy pleaded with him so eagerly, stooping over the captive and defending it with his small hands, that the stern warrior laughed and called him his "little squaw-heart." "Keep it, then," he said, "and nurse it until it is well. But then you must let it go, for we will not raise up a thief in the



"HE STOOPED OVER THE PANTING EAGLET."



"THE YOUNG EAGLE ROSE TOWARD THE SKY."

lodes." So Waukewa promised that when the eagle's wing was healed and grown so that it could fly, he would carry it forth and give it its freedom.

It was a month—or, as the Indians say, a moon—before the young eagle's wing had fully mended and the bird was old enough and strong enough to fly. And in the meantime Waukewa cared for it and fed it daily, and the friendship between the boy and the bird grew very strong.

But at last the time came when the willing captive must be freed. So Waukewa carried it far away from the Indian lodges, where none of the young braves might see it hovering over and be tempted to shoot their arrows at it, and there he let it go. The young eagle rose



"WAUKEWA AND THE STRUGGLING
EAGLE WERE FLOATING OUTWARD
AND DOWNWARD THROUGH THE CLOUD OF MIST."

toward the sky in great circles, rejoicing in its freedom and its strange, new power of flight. But when Waukewa began to move away from the spot, it came swooping down again; and all day long it followed him through the woods as he hunted. At dusk, when Waukewa shaped his course for the Indian lodges, the eagle would have accompanied him. But the boy suddenly slipped into a hollow tree and hid, and after a long time the eagle stopped sweeping about in search of him and flew slowly and sadly away.

Summer passed, and then winter; and spring came again, with its flowers and birds and swarming fish in the lakes and streams. Then it was that all the Indians, old and young, braves and squaws, pushed their light canoes out from shore and with spear and hook waged pleasant war against the salmon and the red-spotted trout. After winter's long imprisonment, it was such joy to toss in the sunshine and the warm wind and catch savory fish to take the place of dried meats and corn!

Above the great falls of the Apahoqui the salmon sported in the cool, swinging current, darting under the lee of the rocks and leaping full length in the clear spring air. Nowhere else were such salmon to be speared as those which lay among the riffles at the head of the Apahoqui rapids. But only the most daring braves ventured to seek them there, for the current was strong, and should a light canoe once pass the danger-point and get caught in the rush of the rapids, nothing could save it from going over the roaring falls.

Very early in the morning of a clear April day, just as the sun was rising splendidly over the mountains, Waukewa launched his canoe a half-mile above the rapids of the Apahoqui, and floated downward, spear in hand, among the salmon-riffles. He was the only one of the Indian lads who dared fish above the falls. But he had been there often, and never yet had his watchful eye and his strong paddle suffered the current to carry his canoe beyond the danger-point. This morning he was alone on the river, having risen long before daylight to be first at the sport.

The riffles were full of salmon, big, lusty fellows, who glided about the canoe on every side

in an endless silver stream. Waukewa plunged his spear right and left, and tossed one glittering victim after another into the bark canoe. So absorbed in the sport was he that for once he did not notice when the head of the rapids was reached and the canoe began to glide more swiftly among the rocks. But suddenly he looked up, caught his paddle, and dipped it wildly in the swirling water. The canoe swung sidewise, shivered, held its own against the torrent, and then slowly, inch by inch, began to creep upstream toward the shore. But suddenly there was a loud, cruel snap, and the paddle parted in the boy's hands, broken just above the blade! Waukewa gave a cry of despairing agony. Then he bent to the gunwale of his canoe and with the shattered blade fought desperately against the current. But it was useless. The racing torrent swept him downward; the hungry falls roared tauntingly in his ears.

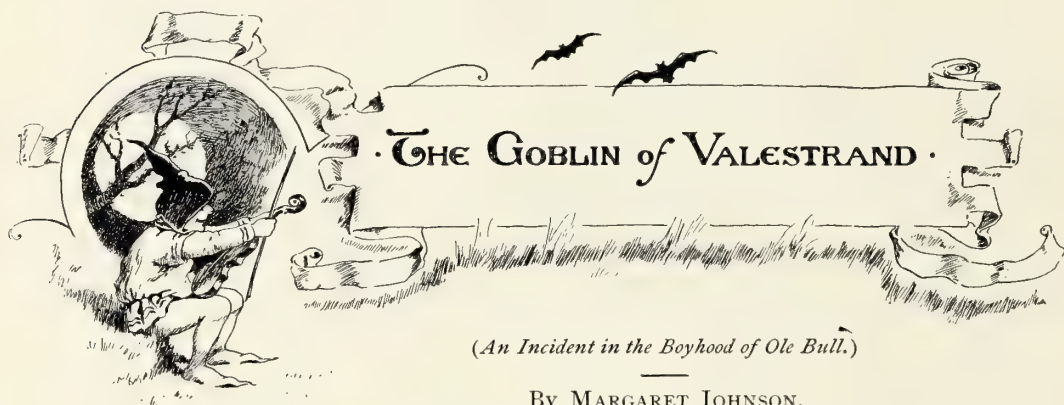
Then the Indian boy knelt calmly upright in the canoe, facing the mist of the falls, and folded his arms. His young face was stern and lofty. He had lived like a brave hitherto—now he would die like one.

Faster and faster sped the doomed canoe toward the great cataract. The black rocks glided away on either side like phantoms. The roar of the terrible waters became like thunder in the boy's ears. But still he gazed calmly and sternly ahead, facing his fate as a brave Indian should. At last he began to chant the death-song, which he had learned from the older braves. In a few moments all would be over. But he would come before the Great Spirit with a fearless hymn upon his lips.

Suddenly a shadow fell across the canoe. Waukewa lifted his eyes and saw a great eagle hovering over, with dangling legs, and a spread of wings that blotted out the sun. Once more the eyes of the Indian boy and the eagle met; and now it was the eagle who was master!

With a glad cry the Indian boy stood up in his canoe, and the eagle hovered lower. Now the canoe tossed up on that great swelling wave that climbs to the cataract's edge, and the boy lifted his hands and caught the legs of the eagle. The next moment he looked down into the awful gulf of waters from its very

verge. The canoe was snatched from beneath him and plunged down the black wall of the cataract; but he and the struggling eagle were floating outward and downward through the cloud of mist. The cataract roared terribly, like a wild beast robbed of its prey. The spray beat and blinded, the air rushed upward as they fell. But the eagle struggled on with his burden. He fought his way out of the mist and the flying spray. His great wings threshed the air with a whistling sound. Down, down they sank, the boy and the eagle, but ever farther from the precipice of water and the boiling whirlpool below. At length, with a fluttering plunge, the eagle dropped on a sand-bar below the whirlpool, and he and the Indian boy lay there a minute, breathless and exhausted. Then the eagle slowly lifted himself, took the air under his free wings, and soared away, while the Indian boy knelt on the sand, with shining eyes following the great bird till he faded into the gray of the cliffs.



(An Incident in the Boyhood of Ole Bull.)

BY MARGARET JOHNSON.

HERE 'S a goblin in the wood,"
Said the folk of Valestrand,
In the far Norwegian land;
So they read the fearsome riddle,
Blessed themselves, and trembling stood.
"There 's a troll that in the middle
Of the night, a fairy fiddle
Plays, where white the waters leap
And the chilly moonbeams creep!"

For, belated in the dark,
Wanderers hastening homeward heard
All the air about them stirred
With a music strange and eery,
While they feared to pause and hark.
Wailings of a spirit weary,
Moans that made the midnight dreary,
From the gloomy forest stole
Where there dwelt no human soul.

Up and down the startled glen
Now there pealed a burst of glee,

Elfin laughter, wild and free,
On the night wind, rippling, ringing,
Till the echoes laughed again,
And a sudden tender singing
Hushed the mocking mirth upspringing,
And with murmurs soft as prayer
Melted on the moonlit air.

"There 's a goblin in the wood!"
And they shunned the forest's edge,
Trembling at the wind-blown sedge,
Till at last there came one bolder—

"I would find him if I could!"

Plunged, with pick upon his shoulder,
Straight into the forest, colder,
Where the branches, dim and deep,
Hid the moon, and sighed, asleep.

Guided by the music's thread,
Fast he followed, fast and still,
Where the laughter sounded shrill,
Or a moaning, strange and hollow,
Made his hair rise up with dread.
Stoutly still he tried to follow.

"I will find this Jack or Moll, oh,
Who, the simple folk to scare,
Juggles thus with empty air!"

On he pressed by rock and tree.
Nearer, clearer, rang the strain;
Pattering notes, as quick as rain,
Gay as feet of nymphs, light-hearted,
Dancing on the daisied lea;
Till, where swift a streamlet darted,
Suddenly he paused and started,
Gazing down with blanching cheek
At the thing he came to seek,

Down into a hollow scooped
In the hillside's rocky frame,
Whence the elfin music came,
With the rippled water flowing,
Where the purple harebell drooped,
And a charmed wind was blowing,
Gazed with wide eyes, wider growing,

First in fear, and then, behold,
With a sudden laughter bold!

There, upon a mossy shelf,
With his bare feet in the dew,
Where, the parted branches through,
Poured a flood of moonlight mellow,
Sat—nor goblin, fay, nor elf,
But—a little blue-eyed fellow,
Human, mortal, with a yellow
Plaything of a violin
Pressed beneath his boyish chin!

Slipping softly from his bed
While the world about him slept,
Forth into the woods he crept,
By the passion, strong, forbidden,
In his childish bosom led;
Wandered through the shadow-hidden
Forest paths, alone, unhidden,
Played, with all his heart in tune,
To the midnight and the moon.

"There 's a goblin in the wood!"
Said the folk of Valestrand;
"Playing with enchanted hand,
Playing loudly, playing lowly."
So at last they understood,
Smiled, and shook their wise heads
slowly,
Knowing it was only Ole,
(Who one day the world should win!)
Ole with his violin.



Instructions to Santa Claus.

(A True Incident.)

By CHARLES PEREZ MURPHY.




As Mildred's papa stood before the 'phone,
Talking of business in an earnest tone
With Mr. Vanderkloot and Mr. Brown,—
Two friends of his with offices downtown,—
Mildred ran up,—our Mildred, four years old,
With big gray eyes, and hair like ruddy gold,—
Crying: "Oh, papa! when you get all through,
Please let *me* telephone; yes, papa, do!"

And papa, wondering greatly in his mind,
But to his little daughter always kind,
Inquired, "To whom, my dear?" His eyes, I
guess,

Had something of a twinkle, more or less.
But Mildred, with an air, pray let me state,
Befitting matters of such serious weight,
Replied: "To Santa Claus; because, you know,
He maybe does n't know how fast I grow,
And what a great big girl I've got to be—
Too big to have a *little* Christmas tree;
And then, besides, I want to tell him what
To bring me—and this year to bring a lot."

A harder heart than Mildred's papa owns
Had surely yielded to those pleading tones,





And that unshaken confidence, without
A shadow, even, of distrust or doubt.
He turned aside his face to hide a smile,
And then replied to Mildred (who meanwhile
Had clambered up on a convenient chair),
"I'll ring up Mr. Brown, and ask him where
He thinks that we can find old Santa Claus;
Or Mr. Vanderkloot would know, because
He has two little daughters of his own.
I'll ring him up." And, therefore, in a tone
So low that Mildred could not plainly hear,
He called up Mr. Van, and made it clear
What Mildred wanted; and that kindly man
At once replied: "I rather think I can
Help Mildred out. *Old Santa Claus is here!*
So, hold the telephone to Mildred's ear,
And tell her to begin." "*Hello!*" "*Hello!*"
Why papa laughed I'm sure I do not know.
But Mildred and old Santa Claus conversed
For quite a while; and never since the first
'Phone came in use were mortal ears made glad
By such a conversation as they had.

So Mildred's mind, as may be well conceived,
From this time on was very much relieved;
For Santa Claus and she were quite agreed
As to the things "a great big girl" would need;
And Santa vowed, could all those things be
found,
That he, at Christmas-time, would bring them
round.

A FRIGATE'S NAMESAKE.

BY ALICE BALCH ABBOT.



CHAPTER III.

NEVER was a more demure little hostess than the one who led the procession of three to the guest-chamber threshold. But the door having safely closed behind the gentleman, something of the nature of a whirlwind dashed past darky Jim, and went sweeping down the stairs and into the dining-room, where it brought up just short of a collision with Judy.

“Hump’, chile, don’ go for to knock me down. Here de posies, an’ I done laid out all the chiny an’ silber. S’pose you hab time, now, to set um round?”

The knives and forks were safely in their places, but the parade of the spoons had barely begun when Essex’s anxious ears caught the sound of an opening door, followed by steps descending the staircase. Through the slightly opened dining-room door she saw the stranger pass out to the veranda, pause one moment, then stroll away down the slope. Feeling sure that her duty as hostess did not require her to follow him, she breathed a sigh of relief; and then spoons, tea-cups, plates, and napkins positively flew into their places, until at length all was finished, and there had been as yet no sound of returning footsteps.

Essex bethought herself of her book; perhaps there might even be time to discover the

fate of dear old Long Tom. With a word to Judy that the table was ready, she skipped gleefully out upon the veranda. Once through the door, she came to a sudden stop. On the farther edge of the veranda floor was seated her uncle’s guest, apparently as deeply absorbed in the “Pilot” as ever Essex herself had been.

Roused by the sound of her footsteps, he rose quickly, saying, with a smile:

“I have found an old favorite here; your brother’s property, I suppose.”

“Oh, no, sir; I have no brother. It is mine.”

“Yours? But,” turning to the fly-leaf, “this says ‘Essex Thurston.’”

“Yes, sir; I am Essex”; then, seeing the gentleman’s look of perplexity: “You know, there was no boy, so it came to me, for of course there had to be another.”

“Another what?”

“Essex, sir.”

“How many have there been?”

“Six; that is, counting the frigate and the county and me.”

Evidently the questioner’s perplexity was not greatly relieved.

“Which frigate was that?” he asked.

Before Essex could answer, her uncle came around the corner of the house.

“From that last question, Bruce, I should say that you stood greatly in need of enlightenment as to the traditions of our family. Frigate, I will relieve you of the duty, for I believe Judy is anxious to speak with you about something.”

“Perhaps you may have heard,” began Mr. Thurston, as Essex left the veranda, “that when Porter’s famous frigate was built in Salem, all of the timber used in her construction was contributed from various parts of this county, for which she was to be named. My great-grandfather had taken the greatest in-

terest in her building; in fact, he had sacrificed in the vessel's behalf the two finest oaks on the island; and when it happened that his oldest son was born on the day the frigate was launched, he insisted that the baby should bear the same name. My father was also christened 'Essex,' as was my oldest brother. When my little niece here, his only child,

from his chair, crying out: 'I was named for a woman; let the woman be named for me!'

"What do you think was his meaning?" asked Mr. Bruce.

"He had been a sea-captain in his younger days, and I fancy had that strong idea so many of them have of the sex of a vessel. Whatever prompted them, his words settled

the question of the little girl's name, and I rather think she is as worthy a bearer of the same as could well be found. In fact, I doubt if any inheritor of royal honors was ever more impressed with the responsibility of a title. We have had great and weighty discussions, since she came here three years ago, as to the duties incumbent upon her. And, by the way, if you have any spare information concerning the navy, past or present—"

"Supper is ready, Uncle Owen," announced the frigate's namesake from the doorway, whereupon explanations came to an end, and the three went in to the table.

"Hello!" said Mr. Thurston, as they entered the dining-room, "great-grandmother's silver! what's that for?"

"September 30," answered Essex, with a shade of reproach in her voice.

"To be sure! I had almost forgotten. You must understand," turning to his friend, "that we have our own methods of celebration here on the island, one of them being the special use of my great-grandmother's tea-service."



"BOTH CUPS OF TEA WERE CREAMED AND SUGARED STRICTLY IN ACCORDANCE WITH HER MOTHER'S INSTRUCTIONS. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)"

was but two weeks old, he died. Grandfather was over eighty at the time, and his mind was failing fast; but when some one happened to mention in his hearing that it was a pity that the name could go no further in direct descent, his senses seemed to rouse completely. I was in the room, and I remember he started

"And the present occasion is my hostess's birthday, is it not?"

"A greater anniversary than that, this young woman would tell you," said Mr. Thurston, laughing. "No less a day than that on which the famous 'Essex' herself was launched; let me see, Frigate, how many years is it?"

"Ninety-three, sir," was the prompt reply.

"And do you always receive gifts on your namesake's birthday; for I confess to noticing the date in the front of the 'Pilot'?" asked

Mr. Bruce as they all took their seats.

"Only from Uncle Owen," replied Essex, with a grateful glance in the direction of that gentleman.

"By the way, Frigate, I have n't heard as yet whether you and the mysterious mariner had an enjoyable encounter. Did you see him safely through his perilous adventures?"

"No; for the 'Ariel' had just struck as I had—when I stopped reading; and please tell me, uncle, *was* Long Tom drowned?"

"I am grieved to say that he was. But how could you manage to break off at that point? As I remember, that was one of the most exciting situations in the story."

"I think it is all very interesting," was the rather evasive reply, as the color deepened in the cheeks behind the tall teapot; and the guest, who had observed the slight hesitation in his hostess's former sentence, immediately put the

two facts together and very shrewdly drew his own conclusions.

"Mr. Bruce," came the shy question, "do you take sugar and cream in your tea?"

"Both, if you please," was the quiet reply. Then, greatly to Essex's relief, the guest turned to her uncle and began a most businesslike conversation upon stocks, or something equally uninteresting, which lasted until both cups of tea, creamed and sugared strictly in accordance with her mother's parting instructions, had

reached without accident their respective owners.

This anxiety being well out of the way, Essex settled herself to the enjoyment of her bowl of brown bread and milk.

Soon, the conversation, by some mysterious course having come once again to the subject of Grandmother Grey's silver, went round, by way of all tea-services in general, to a particular one which Mr.

Bruce had seen recently, which was intended for one of the navy's new cruisers. Hence followed a description of the vessel in question—a description most strangely free from technical expressions, and which so absorbed the attention of the young hostess that she almost forgot to see that the cake was passed at the proper moment.

"Frigate, what is the meaning of that flag?" asked Mr. Thurston as the three came out upon the veranda, after supper.



"THE FLAG WAS HELD SO THAT HE COULD READ THE INSCRIPTION."
(SEE PAGE 146.)

His niece's glance followed the line of his pointing finger, and saw the flag still waving from the island staff.

"I left it when I came home this afternoon. The horn blew three times, and you know that means for me to leave everything and come at once."

"What was the great necessity for haste this time?"

Essex colored, for she felt Mr. Bruce's eyes fixed upon her face.

"Oh, Judy was in a hurry, that was all."

"And," said her uncle's friend, "I am quite sure that I can give a successful guess at the cause of that hurry, and also why Long Tom's fate was left undecided. Miss Essex, is n't there some way in which I can atone for being such a disturbing element? If there is a boat handy, at least I might bring in that flag."

"Would you really like to go over there?" asked Essex, eagerly.

"Above all things," was the convincing answer.

"Very well," said Uncle Owen; "then, as I neither deserted the flag nor was the cause of its desertion, I think I may be excused from the rescue, and after seeing you off I will walk over to the Burtons' to inquire if they need any further aid."

CHAPTER IV.

"WHAT a beauty!" was Mr. Bruce's exclamation as he caught sight of the shapely little boat awaiting them at the wharf's end. "Is she your own property, Miss Essex?"

"There, Bruce," said Mr. Thurston, in a tone of relief, "your reputation is saved. I meant to give you a hint, but I see that none was needed. It would have grieved me to have seen you subjected to the treatment which this young woman serves out to the unfortunates who dare to speak of her boat as *it*."

"Oh, uncle!" exclaimed Essex, in protest.

"Oh, niece!" mimicked Mr. Thurston. "Shall I cast off? Ah! there comes Alert."

The great collie came bounding down the bank at racing speed.

Essex turned to Mr. Bruce. "Would it trouble you if we should take him with us?"

He can make himself very small in the boat, and he does get so jealous if I go to the island without him. Besides—" the speaker hesitated, then said shyly, "I want very much to have him like you."

"What did I say about reputations?" laughed Uncle Owen, casting off the painter.

But Essex paid no attention to the teasing words.

She was, for the moment, entirely occupied with the anxious thoughts that were always present whenever the management of her beloved boat was to be intrusted to a stranger.

One, two, three dips of the oars, and, with a deep sigh of satisfaction, she sank back in her seat at the stern.

She was far too fine a little oarswoman herself not to appreciate to the full the beautifully feathered strokes that sent the little skiff through the water at her swiftest rate.

"Miss Essex, what do you call this cedar sprite of yours?"

"The 'Essex, Jr.'"

"Named for yourself; well, that certainly is a novel idea."

"Oh, no, sir; not for me—for the real one."

"The real what?"

"The 'Essex, Jr.'; she was one of Captain Porter's prizes."

"But that was n't her real name?"

"No, sir; she was the 'Atlantic,' the fastest British letter-of-marque in the Pacific. They changed her name after she was captured. You know they came home in her after the frigate was destroyed."

"Who came?"

"Porter and Farragut and the officers that were left."

"But was Farragut around at that time?"

"Yes, sir; a little midshipman only twelve years old. *Would n't* you like to have seen him commanding a prize all by himself?"

"How did that happen?"

"They captured so many ships that all the older officers were busy taking charge of them, even the chaplain; and so the midshipmen had to serve, and—oh, dear, I forgot! Uncle told me I *must* remember that other people are not so interested in navy doings as I, so we had better talk of something else."

"But I am quite sure that I am not one of those 'other people.' In fact, I should consider it a great kindness if you would tell me all you know of the Essex and her prizes," said Mr. Bruce; but seeing that, in spite of this assurance, his little companion still appeared somewhat disturbed, he looked down at the third member of the party, saying:

"It seems to me that your dog is as fine a specimen of his kind as your boat is of hers."

"Is n't he!" was the emphatic response as Alert's mistress laid a caressing hand upon the smooth brown head resting against her knee. "Uncle gave him to me just a year ago to-day, because mother thought it was best for me not to go to Nukahiva alone."

"And where may that place be?"

"The island where we are going. I named it for the one in the Pacific where the Essex—" There was a sudden pause.

Mr. Bruce laughed aloud. "I declare, there seems to be no getting out of the wake of that vessel. We must return to the dog for safety—Alert, I believe you called him?"

"Yes, sir," was the answer, seeming demure enough; but something in the tone of the voice made Mr. Bruce glance up quickly, only to meet a pair of blue eyes positively dancing with fun.

"Now, Miss Essex, surely the usual attitude of those ears suggested his name? Come, I must know, even if it brings me once more under the guns of that frigate."

"He was named for the first British man-of-war captured in the War of 1812."

"And the Essex took her?"

"Yes, sir."

There was another laugh; but the island having been reached, a complete change of subject was necessary, for directions had to be given for the landing. Mr. Bruce was delighted with the spot, but the twilight was deepening fast; so the luncheon-basket and flag being secured, the party embarked on the homeward voyage.

As the boat started, Essex began folding up the piece of blue bunting that lay in her lap. The white letters caught Mr. Bruce's eye.

"What part of the navy play do those letters represent?"

The flag was held so that he could read the inscription.

"'N-u-k-a'—oh, the island's name. I was about to ask if you had made the flag, but I believe it is no longer the fashion that all little girls should learn to sew."

"But I did make it, all myself," said Essex, with an air of pride, "though I *do* hate to sew. When uncle gave me the island for my own, and proposed my having a flag and staff so they could always tell when I was over there, mother thought it would be a good plan for me to make the flag myself."

Essex finished folding the flag, and for the next few minutes there was no sound but the soft splash of the oar-blades, the trilling of the water along the boat's side, and the far-away, muffled beating of the surf outside the landlocked bay. The darkness was gathering and the moonlight beginning to flash in the breeze-rippled water. Mr. Bruce was absorbed in the beauty of the night, and Essex was trying to make up her mind to the point of asking her new friend a special question.

As for the four-footed passenger he was, for the time, motionless with excess of pride.

Presently, a rapturous flop of his tail attracted the oarsman's attention. There sat Alert, his mistress's sailor-cap resting upon his handsome head, the band with the gilded "Essex, Jr.," pulled low over one silky ear, the plumy tail announcing the perfect bliss of the wearer.

Mr. Bruce's "Well, sir!" awoke Essex from her reverie, and there was just time to explain, before the boat glided alongside the wharf, that this was her method of reward for especially good behavior. "Generally," she said, "he barks dreadfully when we only go to the island and right back again."

The "Junior" was made fast for the night. Mr. Bruce hung the Nukahiva flag over his arm, and the three started up the slope. By this time Essex had quite made up her mind to ask her question:

"Mr. Bruce, did n't uncle say that you lived in New York?"

"At all events such is the case."

"I wonder, then, if you could tell me what the words are on Lawrence's monument."

"Is that in New York?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir; in Trinity Churchyard, my navy history says."

"I am very sorry I cannot answer your question," said Mr. Bruce, in a tone of real regret, "but I will be sure to look at the monument when I return."

Essex gave a tiny sigh, and the next few rods were trod in silence. Then it was the gentleman's turn to ask a question:

"Miss Essex, if you do not think me too inquisitive, I wish you would tell me how you happen to be so intensely interested in navy affairs. Is it all because of your name?"

"I suppose that did have more to do with it than anything else, though mother says that even when I was a little bit of a girl I liked pictures and stories of ships and the ocean better than any others. But when I grew old enough to know about my name and all the rest, why, I just had to be interested."

"Why 'had to'?"

"Because it is all I can do. Of course naming a war-ship is the only *real* way a girl can have anything to do with the navy, and that could never happen to me, because we don't know any governor, or Navy Secretary people. I used to wish I could have lived in the war-times, when the men and commanders marched through the streets. Clapping and cheering would have been some comfort, you know. Afterward, when I began to study about Captain Porter and my namesake, somehow it did not seem quite fair to study in just that one case which was especially interesting to me, and then, one day, all of a sudden, I happened to think that that was what I could do—know about and remember them, and what they did, and how they did it."

"You mean the commanders?"

"Yes, and the lieutenants and the other officers, and the men, and the ships, too, when I can. After I began, there was n't much 'have to' about it, for the stories are so interesting. Uncle says I am growing to be a very one-sided little girl; but I think he likes it, too, for he helps me with all my findings out. Don't you think it is a good plan?"

"Excellent," was her companion's hearty

reply; but his only comment went back to the first sentence of what she had said:

"So you think it would be a fine thing to name a war-ship?"

"I do!" exclaimed Essex, emphatically, "next best to bringing her safely through a splendid fight. It would seem to make her belong to me. I often wonder how it would have felt to have christened the 'Constitution' or the 'Hartford'; though, of course, there is the other side: what if it had been the 'Chesapeake' or the 'Cumberland'?"

"Frigate, Frigate Thurston!" came Uncle Owen's warning voice, as two figures stepped out from the veranda's shadow to greet the flag expedition.

"Not a word, Thurston," interposed Mr. Bruce. "Miss Essex was only giving me some information by my own special request."

"Very well; I was afraid that she might have drawn you into the momentous discussion upon which we have been engaged for the last two years."

If Uncle Owen had expected any protest to his last remark, he was disappointed, for at that moment his little niece, standing with her mother's arm about her, was enjoying to the utmost the sensation of feeling the cares of hostess-ship drop from her little shoulders. Only, even before any words of introduction could be spoken, she said quickly:

"Mother, this is uncle's friend, Mr. Bruce; and won't you ask him to stay over to-morrow, so we can have a sail out to sea?"

A few moments later, when Essex returned from putting away the flag and basket, the matter had been satisfactorily arranged.

"Miss Essex," said Mr. Bruce, as he took the little hand offered in good-night greeting, "I shall go on that sail to-morrow upon one condition—that the conversation be entirely devoted to the sea and ships and sailors."

"And fish," amended Mr. Thurston. "You don't know the Frigate's capacity for cod-chowder; and just imagine fishing for cod with no mention of their majesties. The thing is not to be thought of for an instant!"

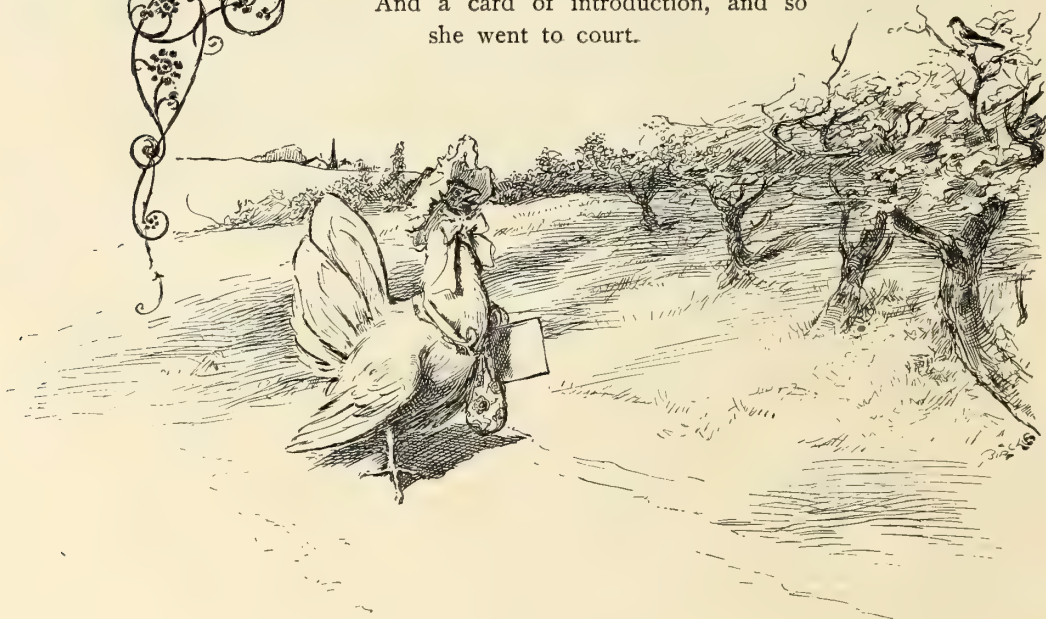


BY EVA L. OGDEN.



WHEN the old king was reigning, oh, quite a while ago,
 There lived a darling little hen with feathers white as snow;
 And as if she had n't quite enough to do, of every sort,
 She took it in her foolish head that she must go to court.
 So she made herself a stylish, pretty little hat,
 All shirred and puckered round the brim, but on the top
 quite flat.

And she took her mother's reticule, the new, old-fashioned
 sort,
 And a card of introduction, and so
 she went to court.



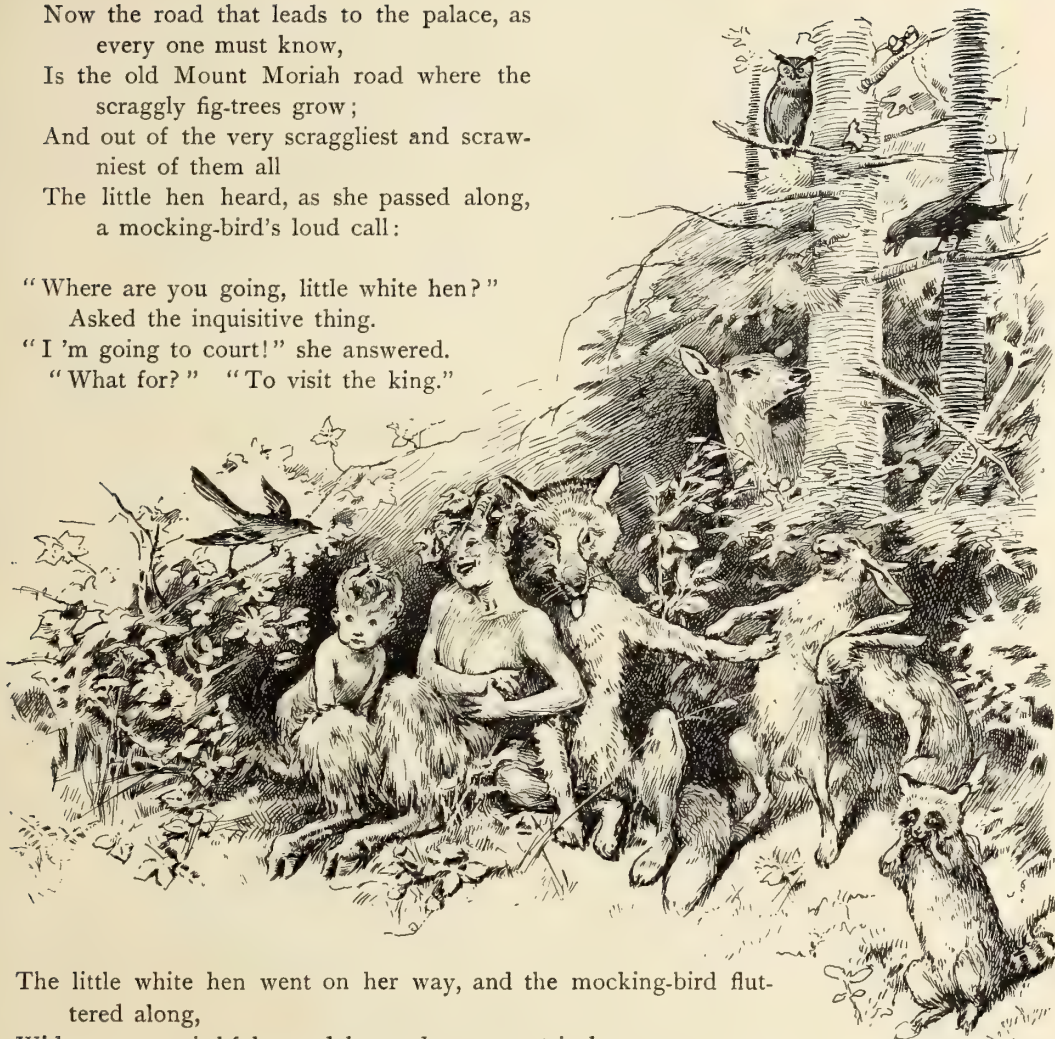
Now the road that leads to the palace, as
 every one must know,
 Is the old Mount Moriah road where the
 scraggly fig-trees grow;
 And out of the very scraggiest and scraw-
 niest of them all
 The little hen heard, as she passed along,
 a mocking-bird's loud call:

"Where are you going, little white hen?"

Asked the inquisitive thing.

"I'm going to court!" she answered.

"What for?" "To visit the king."



The little white hen went on her way, and the mocking-bird flut-
 tered along,

With many a mirthful roundelay and merry musical song,
 Till by noon there was not in the forest or on the plantations a thing
 But knew that the little white hen had gone to court to visit the king!





That she wore a hat, and *such* a hat! it
would really make you smile;

And carried a bag—intending, I reckon,
to stay for a while!

But what cared the little white hen for
that? Through the pine woods fragrant, green,

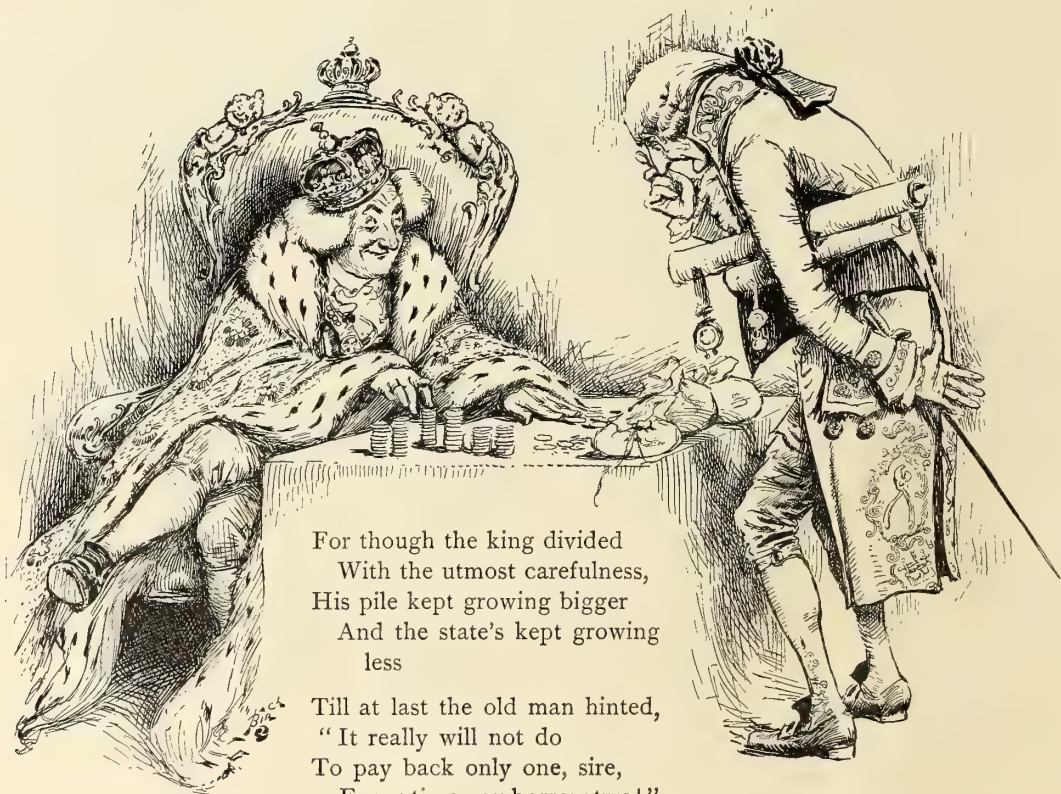
Down by the brakes of palmetto, where
the rattlesnake's head was seen,
Into the scrub-oak barrens where the
sensitive brier grows,

Set with its tiny sweet-scented balls, just
the shade of an opening rose,

She passed, and at noontide she stood by
the palace gate,

And rang the bell and settled her plumes
in the moment she had to wait.

Now the king was in the parlor
Counting out his money,
While the old controller by him
Stood, looking very funny,



For though the king divided
With the utmost carefulness,
His pile kept growing bigger
And the state's kept growing
less

Till at last the old man hinted,
"It really will not do
To pay back only one, sire,
Every time you borrow two!"

The parlor doors flew open
Just as he spake, and then
Black Rod, bowing lowly,
Announced, "The little hen!"

Sure, such a pretty, modest,
Snow-white, dainty thing
Never in this world before
Sought audience of a king!

"O king, put by your counting,
And lay aside your crown;
Doff your royal ermine
And fling your scepter down.



For another king is calling;
Hark! don't you hear him say:
'Oyez! Oyez! all ye at
court
Come out and make
the hay!'"





In the royal hay-fields
Amid the heaps of hay.

Oh, how blue the sky was!
And oh, how sweet the air!
And how the laughing sunbeams
Glinted everywhere!

O happy court that found a game
Exactly to their mind!
They ran, they heaped, they sang, they
tossed
The hay against the wind.

The king laid down his money
And straight took off his crown;
He flung aside his ermine
And threw his scepter down;

And with the white hen leading,
The court went out to play

Bewigged and ermined judges drove
With pride the creaking wains,
And merry maids of honor raked
Behind the carts with pains.



Treasury lords at leap-frog thought
Of other things than money,
And the queen upon a heap of hay
Finished her bread and honey.

But when the last great load was in
The royal barns with merry din
And shouts of courtly glee,
The little white hen smiled to hear
A mocking-bird laugh sweet and clear
From out a china-tree.





"BY STRENUOUS AND UNDAUNTED EXERTIONS THE OARSMEN SUCCEEDED IN CROSSING THE REEFS, ALIVE WITH FOAMING BREAKERS." (SEE PAGE 158.)

THE LIFE-SAVERS' RIDE OF A HUNDRED MILES.

BY LIEUTENANT WORTH G. ROSS, U. S. REVENUE CUTTER SERVICE.

ONE of the most notable instances of the rescue of shipwrecked sailors occurred near Marquette, Michigan, on the shores of Lake Superior. It was an example of manly and adventurous heroism seldom surpassed, while in point of resourceful endeavor it stands without rival in the annals of life-saving work.

Every one acquainted with the region of the great inland seas on our northern frontier knows how it is visited near the close of navigation each year by storms and tempests. A vessel caught out in the gale and buffeted by the boisterous seas peculiar to these waters always has a lee shore to menace her, and few accessible harbors to run to, most of the latter being made by artificial piers and breakwaters, and therefore difficult of entrance in heavy weather. At the season referred to the damage to shipping is often prodigious.

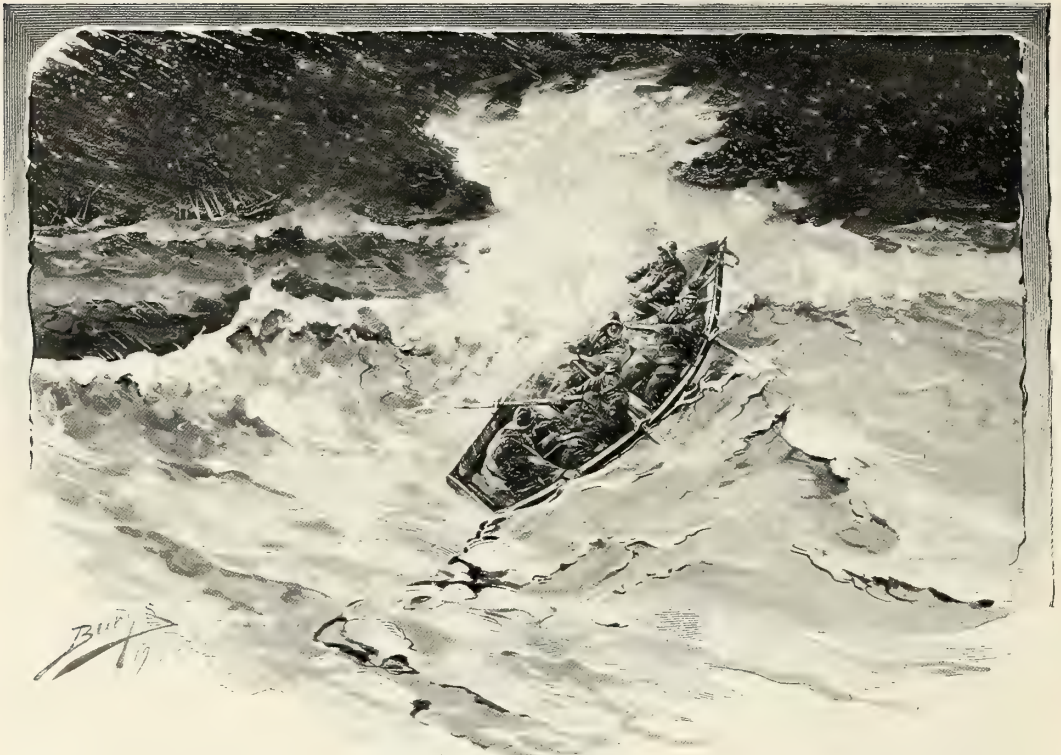
The time of which I write was late in the fall—November. A furious northeaster, accompanied by snow, had set in over the chain of Great Lakes, and was particularly severe on Lake Superior—in fact, it was one of the worst gales known in that neighborhood. For three days the wind blew a hurricane and lashed the waters into wild commotion. During the storm some thirty craft were wrecked and forty lives were lost. The seas swept into the harbors, causing vessels to part their cables and helplessly go adrift. At Marquette the disastrous effects of the gale were keenly felt. The waves crashed over the breakwater, stripped off the planking, and carried away the lighthouse. A number of schooners were driven against the piers, and the mate of one was crushed to death; it was only by the best-directed effort that a tug succeeded in saving the other persons on the vessels. The harbor was strewn with lumber and wreckage, and presented a scene of the utmost confusion.

The gray streaks of dawn of the second day

revealed the lake, as far as the eye could reach through the snowfall, a white stretch of angry, foreboding breakers. As it grew lighter, a few bystanders saw the dim outlines of two vessels some distance to the eastward. It was quite certain that these craft were ashore, and soon the townspeople gathered in numbers on the piers, the excitement running high.

A yawl-boat was hurriedly put on a wagon, and a crowd of anxious men started forth with it. Six miles away, at the mouth of the Chocolay River, a large steam-barge and her consort, a four-masted schooner, were found stranded, sterns to the beach, about four hundred yards off, the waves dashing furiously over them. The former was deeply submerged, presenting the appearance of a mere shapeless hulk, while the schooner, in better condition, was embedded in the sand somewhat nearer the shore. Men could be seen on both vessels, scattered about, availing themselves of any shelter or position that offered them safety. The situation was most distressing. Between the ships and the land was a barrier of storm-tossed breakers, crashing shoreward, that had to be overcome before the sailors could even be reached. What were the chances for an open boat to live, much less cleave its way through the frantic waters, in the teeth of the gale, to the imperiled vessels?

Nerved to the effort by the necessity, however, and with their hearts in their work, five brave men boldly put out in the yawl. No sooner had they cleared the beach than the seas flung them back. After bailing their boat they tried again, bending bravely to the oars, and succeeded in getting part way to the wrecks, when, encountering a huge comber, they were swept before it, and narrowly escaped with their lives. Thus it was made plain that nothing could be accomplished in



"WITH THEIR HEARTS IN THEIR WORK, FIVE BRAVE MEN BOLDLY PUT OUT IN THE YAWL."

this way. A tug then attempted to go to the vessels, but also failed. By this time a crowd of people, who had come from Marquette, lined the shore, all intent upon the fate of the helpless sailors, who were anxiously watching, through the rifts in the whirling snow, the efforts that were being made in their behalf. Several times they resorted to the expedient of trying to float casks, with lines attached to them, to the shore; but on each occasion, after some promise of success, the cask would be suddenly swept off by the strong undertow.

Those on the beach grew impatient under their enforced restraint and helplessness, and a few, more daring than the rest, made another futile attempt to launch a boat. In the emergency, an old mortar, that was stored in a powder-mill in the city, had been thought of, and a team was despatched to obtain this disused relic for the purpose of firing a line to the vessels.

The old gun was at last found in a pitiful condition, rusted and spiked, and had to be

taken to an iron-shop to be drilled. It was after dark before it could be got to the scene of the wrecks. Meanwhile bonfires had been built on the shore to encourage the sailors and to let them know that efforts for their safety had not been abandoned. Groups of men, closely muffled against the howling storm, busied themselves with lines and gear, preparing for the work to come, their forms and shadows darting weirdly over the snow in the fitful light of the flames.

The arrival of the gun was announced with a great cheer, and not a moment was lost in putting it in position.

A line was attached to a twenty-four-pound shot, but the charge sent it not more than fifty feet. The mortar was again loaded, this time with a double charge, the eagerness of those handling it thus manifesting itself, and the result of the second discharge was a loud explosion which rent the piece in many fragments. That no one was hurt is a wonder, for the scraps were scattered far and wide over

the beach. Doubtless the hopes of the shipwrecked men had been aroused by the boom of the cannon, since they could not know it betokened complete failure for the time in the efforts for their relief.

It could hardly be possible that the sailors were to miserably perish with so many eager to help and succor them, yet all means at hand had proved useless, and the situation was now full of despair and perplexity. A short time before, while the operations were in progress on the beach, some one had proposed, as a last resort, to invoke the aid of the trained life-savers. It seemed like a forlorn hope, for the nearest station was then at Ship Canal, a hundred and ten miles distant! However, the chance, meager as it looked, was considered worth taking, and arrangements were at once begun to bring the life-boat and its crew. A telegram, which had to be carried six miles by a tug, was sent to the keeper of the station, telling of the peril of the sailors. The managers of the railroad offered a special train to bring the surfmen and their apparatus to Marquette. As soon as the keeper received the message, he and his men, with the life-boat, wreck-gun, and all necessary appurtenances, were taken on the tug, which steamed as fast

as she could to Houghton, where was waiting a train consisting of an engine, a passenger-coach, and two flat-cars. It took the life-savers but a short time, with the helpers who volunteered, to put the apparatus on board the cars and secure it, after which the train sped swiftly out into the night on her merciful errand, followed by the resounding cheers of the crowd of persons who had come upon the scene.

Perhaps no life-saving crew had ever before started out on a journey so exceptional. They were stirred to the noblest impulses by its intense significance, and had determined among themselves to do or die in the perilous task before them. Although the track was heavy with snow, the powerful locomotive raced on at high speed through the driving tempest, at times almost reaching the rate of a mile a minute. The coating of snow made the engine and cars look strangely grotesque as the train pulled into the railway station at Marquette, after a run (with its necessary stoppages) that had never been matched under the circumstances. It was nearly midnight when the crowd of expectant and cheering men helped the life-savers and their appliances from the cars. Wagons and sleighs



"ALTHOUGH THE TRACK WAS HEAVY WITH SNOW, THE POWERFUL LOCOMOTIVE RACED ON AT HIGH SPEED THROUGH THE DRIVING TEMPEST."

had been provided to take them to the lake, and also a plentiful supply of food for the half-starved sailors when they should be brought ashore.

After a hard trip along the dark beach, in the wash of the surf, which was thick with driftwood, the station-crew finally arrived abreast of the vessels. A throng of people were there before them, anxiously awaiting their arrival. The bonfires which had been kept burning gave needed light to the workers, and, in view of the great seas that were tumbling in, it was thought best to attempt first a rescue by means of lines. One was fired over the steam-barge amidships, but it appears that the sailors were prevented from getting it by the rush of breakers across the decks. The keeper now decided to use the boat. There were two reefs to pass, over which the waves were dashing with frightful fury. The life-boat crossed the first one, shipping three seas on the way; but, the rudder becoming disabled, the men were obliged to return. While repairs were being made another shot was fired over the vessel, but no one reached the line.

At daybreak the boat was again launched, and by strenuous and undaunted exertions the oarsmen held to their work, succeeded in crossing the reefs, alive with foaming breakers, and got alongside the barge. By this time the life-boat was sheathed with ice, the seas having frozen on the planking, and being thus weighted down, it was considered prudent to take in only nine of the vessel's crew. With these a start was made for the shore, which was regained after another valiant and perilous passage.

Two more trips were made to the wrecks by the life-savers, their boat at times being

flooded and partially beaten back, and once nearly thrown end over end on the reef. The men themselves were drenched with icy water, which made their work much harder to endure.

Their heroic and indomitable efforts were crowned with full success, every one on the two vessels, twenty-four in all, being saved. Many of these were almost frozen and nearly starved, and were immediately taken by the citizens to the fires on the beach where there was food.

The vessels were the steam-barge "Robert Wallace" and the schooner "David Wallace" of Lorain, Ohio. They were bound from Duluth to Buffalo with cargoes of wheat, and losing their way in the thick storm had gone ashore. Heavy seas had at once broken over them, entering the companionways and flooding the engine-room of the barge. The hot steam drove those below to the upper decks. The barge was soon in a state of wreck, her hull breaking amidships. The sailors had expected both vessels to go to pieces any moment, and had little hope of being saved.

I cannot do better here than to quote from the report of the general superintendent of the Life-Saving Service touching this memorable achievement of the Ship Canal crew: "To have come rushing through the night and tempest over so many snowy leagues to the rescue of a group of despairing sailors, and then, with hearts greater than danger, to have gone out again and again through the dreadful breakers and brought every man ashore, was a feat so boldly adventurous that the current accounts of it in the public journals roused, at the time, the whole lake region to intense enthusiasm, and sent thrills of sympathy and admiration through the country."



THE STORY OF BARNABY LEE.

BY JOHN BENNETT.

(Author of "Master Skylark.")

[This story was begun in the November number.]

CHAPTER IV.

HOW JOHN KING PASSED.



IN the southwest bastion of Fort Amsterdam stood Jan Reyndertsen. He was the master gunner. His red mustaches flared straight out from under his long, thin nose, and his reddish-brown eyes peered through his bristling lashes like frosted hazel-nuts; but, unlike frosted hazel-nuts, they had a wicked gleam.

"Give me the word to fire," snarled he, "and I'll mend this Englishman's manners for him with a vengeance. He hath neither asked if he may voyage upstream, nor stricken his top-sails to the Dutch flag, as he is bound to do, and all the reply the rogue hath vouchsafed to our polite salute is to fire a beggarly four-pound gun not fit to shoot at rats. Just give me the word. I'll teach him! I heaved him to with one round shot; I'll hull him with the next. I'll give him a dish of red-hot beans from old Donder-Rooker, here, that will make him think that the black death hath walked through his company four abreast. I'll teach him to defy our rightful mastery on this stream, and to flout the flag of Holland as though it were a rag!" He blew the half-burnt powder from the touch-hole pan, and smote the cannon across the breech until it fairly rang. "I'll teach him! We are the masters here."

For at that time the Dutch in New Amsterdam held the whole North River region in the name of a great trading firm,—the Dutch West India Company,—and knowing that

there was nowhere a trade could surpass that of the North River in furs, ship-timbers, and cabinet woods, they were determined to keep the traffic and all of its profits for their own; so they planted their fort at the river-mouth, commanding the only approach, and suffered none but their own ships to pass without a license; and the licenses they did grant were so fenced about with terms as to make compliance with them almost impossible.

But the English, jealous of the Dutch, and coveting their increasing gains, denied their right of possession, and laid claim to the North River region themselves, by ancient grants from old King James, and by right of discovery, on the ground that Henry Hudson, who first explored the stream, was an Englishman by birth, although he sailed upon Dutch ventures, stubbornly maintaining, despite all contradiction, that what an English eye sees first is English thence forever.

This claim the Dutch denied, as men are very apt to do with claims that are not to their liking, and steadfastly maintained their hold upon the river and its traffic.

Thus it had already come to pass that the revenues of the Dutch, in spite of their constant vigilance and ward, had been heavily defrauded by the smuggling of furs into Boston and Virginia, and by the pillaging of unlicensed traders, sea Bohemians and robbers, who ran into the North River under cover of night, and plied illicit traffic along the borders of the stream.

"They are thieves and lawless rogues!" cried the gunner. "I should like to hang them all! They rob our hunters' deadfalls, and ruin our fishermen's nets. They break the heads of our farmer-boys and terrorize the women. There is no peace in all the world where Englishmen may come!" He shook his fist at the English ship as she swung upon the tide.



"A SUDDEN PUFF OF THICK WHITE SMOKE SPRANG FROM THE VESSEL'S SIDE."

The shallop was rapidly nearing her, the oarsmen pulling a long, steady stroke that swiftly ate into the distance.

As soon as they came within hail of her, a man with an air of authority put his head above the ship's side and cried out sharply, "Keep off, there!" But the men in the shallop rowed on. "Keep off, I say!" he shouted again. "Keep off, on your peril!" Yet still the oarsmen rowed on as steadily as before, until they were within twenty yards of the ship, when the ship's company rose up suddenly amidships, in a body, with here and there the point of a half-pike glistening over their heads, and he that seemed the master among them cried again, "Keep off, or I 'll fire into ye! Keep off, I say, in the king's name, and go about your business."

"Our business is with you, sir," answered a sharp voice, and the harbor-master stood up in the stern-sheets of the shallop. "Why have ye not stricken your topsails?"

"Stricken my topsails?" roared the other. "What slush is this? Who are you, that ye bid me strike my topsails? What do you take me for?"

"I take you for an insolent rogue," said the Dutchman, sturdily, "unless you speedily mend me both your language and your manners."

"Since when have you got a mortgage on the manners of the world?" retorted the English captain. "I will strike my tops for nobody but my own pleasure and King Charles."

"In the name of the city of New Amsterdam, I bid ye strike your topsails!" cried the harbor-master, sternly.

"Be hanged to the city of New Amsterdam!" shouted the Englishman, wrathfully, "and be off about your own affair. I 'll strike no topsails for ye!"

"Then thou art arrest in the name of the law," said the harbor-master, sturdily. "Row on; I will go aboard."

"Keep off, ye meddling fool!" cried the English mariner. "If you attempt to come aboard I will blow ye out of the water! Glasco! Glasco!" he cried shrilly, turning his face inboard.

The oarsmen had taken up the stroke and were rowing steadily onward. The wind had

changed, and not a sound could be heard by the throng on shore.

Then suddenly a pantomime began on the vessel's deck. The man in the gangway waved his arms; the crew tugged all together at some unwieldy thing behind the bulwark in the waist. The shallop turned, and the oarsmen began to pull for shore as though the very fiend himself were at their heels. There was a waving and a scurry in the flute-ship's waist, and, with a shrill outcry, a man ran from the galley with a red-hot touching-iron in his hand.

Hastily sighting a murdering-gun which the crew had cast loose at the gangway, he sprang back, and touched it with a quick thrust at the breech.

A sudden puff of thick white smoke sprang from the vessel's side; there was a vicious crack, and the cannon-shot plunged into the stream an oar's length behind the shallop.

The men in her shrieked and tore at the oars, some this way and some that. One cried, "Help!" another, "Murder!" A third fell down among the stretchers in the bottom of the boat, and lay there palsied with affright, his face hidden in his hands. Yet they came ashore by some means or other, as pale as ghosts, and shaking like leaves.

They were hardly out upon the beach when a boat was lowered from the falls of the ship, and a crew poured into it down the lines. Giving way together, they followed after the flying shallop without a sound except the grinding of the oars against the tholes. After the first came a second boat. Before it cleared the falls, the third, a black-and-yellow yawl, swung swiftly down from the stranger's quarter.

There were four sailors in her at the oars, and two musketeers at her bow. The captain ran down the stern-ladder and leaped into her, thump across the thwarts. He had a cutlass in his belt, and a pair of flintlock pistols, as had also the sailing-master, who was with him. Beside them, in the stern-sheets, was the cabin-boy. He carried two light carbines, slung over his shoulders by straps, and held a burning gun-match in his teeth. As he rattled down the ladder and dropped into the

yawl, a thread of white smoke followed him as a cobweb follows the spider. Then the yawl, with her long oars topping the waves, came shearing toward land.

With a swash the three boats drove upon the beach as if they meant to row straight into the town upon the wind, while from the flute-ship's deck came the ominous sound of rammers plunging home into the cannon.

Nobody spoke. The crowd drew back a little from the shore. The English captain's under jaw was thrust out as though he courted war. "What under the canopy does this arresting mean?" he cried. But no man answered him. Again he cried out angrily, "What does this arresting mean?" Yet nobody answered a word. He laid his hand to his pistol-butt, and was for the third time speaking, when over the crowd came a voice, crying shrilly, "Way, there! Way!"

The people swung to right and left, and down the narrow way came a man so ponderous that he looked like a cask upon two kegs. Under the brim of his high-crowned, gray felt hat his face shone as red as the rising sun on a rainy morning. He wore a pair of wide-mouthed boots, slouched around his ankles, with yellow tassels at their tugs, fantastically bobbing. At the knees of his trousers were yellow rosettes, with ribbons fluttering from them; and over his shoulders creaked a jacket of red bull's hide, so stiff that it gaped like a warehouse door across his swelling chest. Clutching a dagger in one hand and a long staff in the other, he was striving vainly to buckle his belt as he trundled down the bank. His sword, a prodigious long one, slung in a baldric across his breast, had somehow got between his legs, and clanked about like an iron tail.

At his heels came a man so shriveled and thin that he seemed to be only a shadow. He was dressed in black from head to foot; at his girdle was an ink-horn; in one hand he carried a parchment roll, and in the other a staff which he flourished officiously.

"Way!" he cried. "Way, there!" and thrust about him with his staff. "Make way for the Heer Officier! Make way for the great *Schout Fiskaal*!" And down the bank,

with a strut and a stride, came that mighty personage, to face these insolent Englishmen, and to quell them with his presence.

But alas for the pride and the haughty spirit that goeth before a fall! The butt of the great Schout Fiskaal's staff caught in the end of his scabbard as the latter went clanking from side to side. He tripped, and, sprawling upon all fours, plunged headlong down the bank.

His deputy caught the scabbard, and clung to it manfully; but, in spite of all his efforts, away the Schout Fiskaal went, like a runaway cask down the cellar stairs, dragging the drayman after it; and with his deputy vainly tugging and skipping behind him like a goat, the Heer Officier plunged head first upon the sand.

A roar of jeers and laughter went up from the three ship's boats.

Struggling heavily to his feet, the great man glared about him, gasping. His breath was driven out of him, and he could not speak. Then "Hah!" said he at last, with a gasp that rattled in his throat. "Hah!" he cried ferociously.

"Hah?" quoth the sailing-master. "Now, a wise, safe saying, that. By hen, no man can say you lie so long as you stick to it!" Then he laughed till the tears rolled down his cheeks. "What the murrain is this thing?" he asked. "Can anybody tell? Saith naught but 'Hah!' like a horse that hath an oat-straw in its throat! By hen, it hath gone and swallowed its tongue, and swelleth itself wi' words. If some kind friend don't tap it soon, 't will surely burst a girth!"

"Thou insolent and ignorant rogue, thou knowest not who I am!" roared the Schout Fiskaal, in a fury. "I am the hangman and the gallows; I am the counsel and the judgment; I am the established law and the execution thereof; I am the Schout Fiskaal!"

"I am much beholden to ye," said the sailing-master, bowing gravely. "I was thinking ye might be Goliath of Gath, with a spear like a weaver's beam, or a cockatrice that killeth with the fury of its eye."

"I am not to be trifled with," cried the Schout Fiskaal, swelling his breast and stamping his feet. "I am the sheriff of the city."

"Oh, bosh!" said John King, suddenly. "What does sheriff or city matter to me, and what from Hull to Barbados does this arresting mean?"

The three boats lay with their dripping prows high upon the sand, heeling down on their gunwales until their bottoms were in plain view. Beneath their thwarts were cutlasses, hatchets, and flint-lock guns. Each man had a pistol, some had two; and in the captain's yawl, in quick and easy reach, between the feet of the oarsmen, lay half a dozen musketoons, full cocked and ready primed. The faces of the men were flushed; their shifting eyes were wild and bright. They laughed a little among themselves, and tried the edges of their cutlasses upon their thumbs. The musketeers in the bow of the yawl blew up their smoldering matches until they set the red sparks flying. The smoke whirled over the fort wall.

The boy on the gabion sniffed. "Pah! Smell their matches burn!" said he.

But the girl beside him made no reply; she was watching the English cabin-boy.

His eyes were running along the shore, conning the dwelling-houses, snuggling there cosily side by side, home-like and neighborly. The breakfast smoke was still rising from their little yellow chimney-pots, and their green-shuttered, white-linen-curtained windows gave hint of comfort and cheer within.

The man who sat beside him pulled out a short black pipe and filled it with tobacco. Then he took the match from the cabin-boy's hand, and thrusting it into the bowl of the pipe, began to draw long breaths. As he puffed he looked at the boy's thin face and scowled, but made no comment. The boy gave heed to nothing that the man beside him did. He was staring at the earthen wall of the fort along the bank above him. The sod upon the rough incline was beginning to stir with spring. There were places in the ragged grass where straying goats had cropped. There were old brown thistles and clumps of dock, and under the thistles were patches of green that, to the English cabin-boy's eyes, seemed a promise of primroses. He wondered if there could be primroses here like those that

bloomed in England. And all at once, at the thought of them, the lad's heart leaped within him, and before his eyes, as in a dream, he saw the primroses growing under the tangled hedges—brave little golden-yellow suns, bright when sky was clear and fair, brighter when it was cloudy. The lanes were bright with primroses, and the fields were lit with daffodils, the day they rode so fast and far through the by-ways of Surrey—his father and he and the man with the shining sword. The memory of that strange long ride haunted him like a vision. The bell in St. Mary's tower was ringing midnight as they dashed down to the ferry through the street of Twickenham, and the yellow fog lay on the river like a sodden cloud. It was midnight again as they came down the inlet to Shoreham; and they had neither stopped nor stayed between, excepting to water the exhausted horses. At twilight, when he could abide no more in the saddle for himself, his father had taken him in his arms across the saddle-bow, and so had carried him to the end. And sometimes by night, and sometimes by day, it seemed to him still that he smelled the wet leather, and heard the jingle of bridle-chains and the sound of his father's voice as he cheered the weary horses. Worn out, he had fallen fast asleep as they came down the inlet to Shoreham, and had waked with a salt taste on his lips and the sea-mist in his tired face. He still could feel the dampness running down his cheeks, and could taste the chill bitterness that crept between his lips. Unconsciously he lifted his hand to wipe away the drip, and the motion aroused him as if from a dream. Sea-mist and midnight, horses and bridle-chains faded away. In his nostrils was the smother of the steerage where he slept; his side ached from the cables on which he made his uneven bed. Gone! They were gone from him, gone forever—primroses, daffodils, daddy, and all! Through the mist that came suddenly up in his eyes he saw on the rampart a boy and a girl looking down at him. He set his teeth and turned away proudly; yet his under lip would quiver. Leaning his head a little back, he looked up into the sky.

"Dirck," said the girl, "I do pity that boy!"

"That knave?" exclaimed Dirck. "A rogue."

"A rogue? Oh, no, Dirck; no, no, no. He cannot be a rogue. See what a gentle mouth he hath!"

The red Rouen cap cocked itself on one side with an air of disdain. "A mouth? Oh, pah! He hath two black eyes. I would I had blacked them for him!"

The girl looked up. Her blue eyes flashed with sudden indignation.

"Dirck Storm, thou art unkind," she cried; "and men who are unkind are cowards ever. I warrant that if ye two should meet, that lad would whip thee out of thy wooden shoes like horse-beans out of an old dry pod!"

"Not that lean knave," said the sturdy Dirck, feeling his arm.

"Ay, that lean knave!" rejoined the girl, her bright eyes gleaming. Then, softening, she said, "And I do pity him, rogue or no, in such a company."

The English cabin-boy looked up. She smiled and waved her hand to him. He saw her as he saw her in his dreams for many a year. Above her head the April sky was a sheet of windy blue against which she stood, outlined crisp and clear.

She wore a short jacket of crimson cloth, embordered with fine gold lace, and a petticoat of dark-blue wool with a narrow snow-white stripe. Her high-heeled, square-toed Antwerp shoes were of bright-red Spanish, stitched with white, and having silver buckles across their arching insteps. Her stockings were of fine red wool, with dainty silk-embroidered clocks along her slender ankles. Her eyes were brightly deep and blue; her face was very fair. Her mouth was sweet, but her chin was firm. The pose of her head was imperious. At her waist a small silk purse hung from a silver girdle, through which she had thrust her thumb. She was tall for her years and slender. Her expression changed with her changing mood, for at times she was gentle, and again at times she flashed as spirited as a hawk.

The stolid boy beside her was altogether Dutch; but she was half Valenciennes, and sparkled like the French. She swayed as

gracefully as a flower against the windy sky—a charming spot of color in the pale spring day.

King's wild eyes fell upon her as she waved her hand to the cabin-boy, and, with a wolfish grin, he kissed his hand to her.

She shrank away behind the rampart, for she could not bear his look. His eyes were as yellow as a cat's, and danced as if with madness.

They dropped from the shrinking girl, and flashed along the waterside, sweeping the crowd with a contemptuous glance, until they fell upon the Schout Fiskaal. The Schout Fiskaal struck his staff into the sand, and glared at Captain John King.

"Who art thou?" he bellowed. "Whence art thou come? Whither art thou going, and what is thy business?"

"My name is Acorn," said King, "and I grew upon an oak-tree. I came from the place that I left last; I go wherever I choose. My business is peddling peasecods and trucking for sassafras."

"Peddling and trucking? Aha! Then thou wilt show me thy commission."

"Show ye my commission? Pah! a murrain on commissions!"

"Where is your trading-license?"

"I have no trading-license."

"Then hast thou lived in New Netherland a year and forty days? Hast kept both fire and candle-light, as the custom law requireth? Is thy daughter married in this city? Doth thy wife reside here?"

"What rigmarole 's this?" cried King.

"Why, you 're mad as the maddest hatter."

"Mad?" cried the Schout Fiskaal. "It is the law! It is made for such rogues as thee. Thou must have an abode in this province before thou mayst embark in trade without our leave or license."

John King leaned a little forward, with his hands upon his knees.

"Then turn me this boat into mine abode before the sun goes down," quoth he; "for I am going up this river to trade, if it makes an eternal bonfire of all the laws and candles on the coast."

"This will cost thee thy neck!" cried the Schout Fiskaal in a towering rage.

"My neck? I have spent it long ago. I am going up this river to trade."

"But thou shalt not go. Thou art arrested."

"And by whose right am I arrest?"

"By the right and the might of this staple town, and of the Lords States-General."

"The Lords States-General be hanged! Their rights and mights are shent. These lands belong to England. What are you doing here?"

"What are we doing?—upon these lands?" the Dutch official gasped. "My soul and body!"

"Yes," said King, "what are you doing here? These are the King of England's lands, as ye shall find right speedily, I wot. Ye will hang yourself in your own long towline if ye think to be playing the master on them. This for your staple town!" said he, "and that for your rights and mights!" He snapped his fingers derisively, and laughed as an old dog laughs. "I will spill my heart's blood on the sand before I will yield myself to you or to any other man!"

At that the men in the boats cried out, "Ay, captain, so will we!" and made ready their knives and firearms, and laid their cutlasses handy.

The Schout Fiskaal's face was ashy pale. He turned to his deputy.

"Quick, Jacobus, quick!" he cried. "Read them my commission!"

The trembling deputy unrolled the parchment in his hand, and in a shrill voice, made squeakier by fright, recited its terms.

"Now," cried the Dutch high sheriff, with triumph in his tones, "now wilt thou stand arrest? Now wilt thou come peacefully out of thy robbing craft?"

Captain John King gripped his pistol-butts. His yellow eyes were dancing.

"If I come out of my craft," said he, "I will make ye sick of it. I should like to see the proudest of ye all lay hands on me!" With a swift glance along the bank, he sprang to his feet in the boat. "Put this in your pipe and smoke it," he said; "smoke it good and strong! You may take your black Dutch scratching and fly it for a kite! My name is King, just plain John King, with

neither haft nor handle. My vessel is named the 'Ragged Staff,' and we hail from Maryland. We are going up this river to trade with the Iroquois. If ye be bent on stopping me, by glory, come and stop! Train one of your guns on me or my craft and I'll rip this crowd to ravelings. That's all I've got to say to you. Push off there, Gideon."

The man in the bow, a sturdy rogue with a welt across his face, put his feet to the sand, and gave a great shove until the water ran over his knees, then leaped into the dancing yawl over her dripping gunwale, and the three boats shot away into the stream.

Along the grassy rampart came the master gunner. "Orders!" he cried, as he stopped on the wall above the Schout Fiskaal's head. But the Schout Fiskaal stared at the flying boats like a cat let out of a bag. "Have ye no orders for me?" cried the gunner. "Are ye stricken deaf and dumb?"

"Oh, what to do?" gasped the Schout Fiskaal; "oh, donder, what to do?" He would have wrung his hands, but they were full of his dagger and staff. On a sudden his face grew bright. "Aha!" cried he, "I have it. A keg of schnapps!" he roared. "Bring me a keg of schnapps!" Three men ran for the tavern. "Up with the flag!" he shouted. The flag was up. "Then hoist it again; shall I not be obeyed?" he said. Down ran the flag from the tall staff; then up it went again. "Now shoot a gun!" said the Schout Fiskaal. "Salute the flag!" roared he.

"Salute the flag?" cried the master gunner, and stared as if he were losing his wits.

"I said salute. Hast lost thine ears? Dost want to blow a horn?"

"But salutes, mynheer!" cried the gunner, and he stamped upon the wall. "If I am to fire at all—my soul! bid me fire upon those rogues!"

"I dare not!" cried the Schout Fiskaal. "We are at peace with England."

The gunner tore his beard. "Peace?" he cried. "If this be peace, there never was a war! Burn me black and scatter my scraps!"

But what availed his wrath? He was only

a hired soldier, and of no authority. His rage was drowned in the shouts of the crowd, as down the slope, to the water's edge, two sturdy loafers came trotting with a brass-bound keg of Holland schnapps, and with a string of drinking-cups over their shoulders.

"Ho, ho!" they shouted as they ran. Their comrades ran behind them. With eager haste they broached the keg.

At the sound of the schnapps in the leather cups the Schout Fiskaal's eyes shot fire. "We shall see who dares to defy us! Fill with me, and drink! Here 's a rouse to the flag of the Netherlands. Down with the insolent English!" With the sound of his voice his fury grew. "Down with them all!" he shouted, and dashing his hat upon the ground, he drew his sword and waved it over his head.

There were honest burghers in the crowd who turned their back on this silly farce and stole home through the empty streets with their hearts half sick for shame. But "Hurrah!" said the tavern loafers and the drunken good-for-naughts of the town, and waved their cups until the dripping schnapps made a shower over their heads. What did it matter to them? They were not trading for bearskins. The English might go and be hanged. But as to good Holland schnapps, that was another matter. They could find a cask's bottom as quickly as could the next. So "Hurrah!" they said, and "Hurrah!" and filling up their cups, they drank confusion three times three to all who were of a different mind.

And there were those of a different mind in the throng on that narrow slope. Some sneered; some stood with as stolid faces as though they had been lifeless stocks; some bit their lips, and with black scowls glowered at the Englishmen. But the common herd filled up their cups and raised a husky cheer.

A shout of defiance arose from the decks of the flute-ship. She swung about on the running tide, and her brown sails caught the wind. A little ripple of sparkling foam danced up about her forefoot, and from a gun upon her further side sprang a quick jet of smoke. The dull boom of a cannon rolled across the

water, and away went the Ragged Staff up stream.

"Are the Englishmen stopping, Dirck?" asked the girl, whose face was still white and averted.

"At the rate they are stopping now," said Dirck, bitterly, "they will stop when they run aground."

"But, Dirck, they must be stopping. They dare not sail!" cried she. "The Schout Fiskaal bade them to stand arrest."

"Doth he talk cable-chains?"

The girl's face flushed. She turned and gazed across the windy water, her head thrown back and her eyes snapping.

"Shame on him, then," she cried, "to try to play the master when he cannot even play the man! If my father were here he would make them laugh on the other side of their mouths."

"How?" said the Dutch boy, quietly. "It is against the law to shoot."

"Then fie on the law!" said the girl, with contempt. "When the law doth not suit my father, he breaketh it until it does, or until they make him a new one that will better serve the turn."

"If he breaketh the laws of New Amsterdam," said the boy, stolidly, "we will hang him like a common thief upon the gallows-tree."

"As ye have hanged these Englishmen?" she said, with a laugh of scorn. "The hawks will nest in the pigeon-house when ye have hanged my father!"

CHAPTER V.

THE MAN FROM TROUBLESOME CORNER.

NEXT morning the horn of the ferryman cried like a penguin in the mist, and by the earliest boat from the Brooklyn shore there came in at the water-gate, along the road which skirted the town on the east, a young man in a coat of green, with a long sword hanging by his side.

He wore a pair of riding-boots splashed to their tops with mud, and over his shoulder hung a cloak lined with rich brown fur. Under flap of the cloak a powder-flask and cut-steel bullet-pouch clinked with a sharp, aggressive sound against the butts of his pistols;

and at every stride the rowels of his tarnished silver spurs made a little tinkling music at his heels.

He was slenderly built, but broad-shouldered and above the middle height, with dark complexion and keen black eyes, his eyebrows being short and thick, bespeaking a quick, high temper, but a fair, just mind. He bore himself with haughty grace and with some distinction, his manner that of a well-bred man familiar with courts yet used to camps, neither superfine nor over-rough, but self-contained and ready; and with it all he wore a masterful air that fitted him very well, though, to judge from the covert glances which followed him as he strode up the narrow street, he had small right, if any, to play the master here.

As he swiftly moved along the thoroughfare, he put the slow burghers out of his way with the hand of a man who fears no foe, nor asks the world for a favor.

"Prut, mynheer!" they cried as they whirled around, but seeing him, quickly smoothed their choler, and gave him all the room he wished, with no more words; for the young man's look was anything but peaceful.

"Ach! it is Gerrit Van Sweringen!" said one. "It is the 'Man from Troublesome Corner.' What makes he here so bold and free with that long sword?"

"They will hang him yet," said Mynheer Van Brugh, rubbing his shoulder. "He hath a halter around his neck for one man's death already." So the muttered whisper ran behind him from door to door.

But the sentry who stood yawning at the gate of the fort sprang wide awake as the young man came striding across the market-field, and, standing as straight as a ramrod, saluted him.

The stranger's eyes flashed with anger as he glanced quickly about the fort, for all the place was filled with the look of relaxing discipline. In the guard-room a lonely light still burned, lonelier for the sunlight that streamed across the floor. On a table beside the candle stood an hour-glass in which all of the sand was run down; and lolling between the hour-glass and the candle was the corporal of the

guard, with his head on his arms, sound asleep and snoring.

Van Sweringen traversed the parade with a frown upon his face. On a door, midway down the officers' row, was nailed a white placard with a broad official seal. On this placard, written in a nervous hand, he read as follows:

Know ye all men by these presents: it is hereby straitly charged upon all burghers that henceforth none shall suffer the English to go up the river to trade with the savages; nay, nor in any wise permit their passage of the provided limits.

Tearing the placard from the nails, Van Sweringen flung the door wide open and entered.

A little man in a snuff-brown suit was kneeling by the fireplace, sealing a bulky packet with a stick of yellow wax. He was a thin, smooth-shaven, bloodless man, with narrow forehead, slender jaw, and timid eyes that seemed to shrink into their hollow sockets. When peace was piping in the world and his mind was free from dread, Mynheer Oloff Van Ruyter, the Colonial Secretary, had a bold, brisk way about him like a snuff-brown terrier. But let a hint of trouble fall, and his eyes, though they did their best, told on him for a coward like a pair of tattle-tales.

He was no man of war, not he, with his long quill-pen bristling behind his ear and an inkhorn at his girdle; no violent, bloodthirsty soldier he, but a man of wit and sagacity, hired to write, not to fight, but to counsel the burgomasters, and to be next to the Director-General in anything of moment.

The sudden draft across the floor sent a cloud of white ashes whirling up into his face. He sprang to his feet. "Who cometh here?"

Van Sweringen thrust the placard before him. "What farce is this?" he exclaimed. "What pitiful, silly farce, mynheer? To build a dike of broken straws when the sea is already in?"

Mynheer Van Ruyter shrank back against the chimney-jamb as if some one had thrown cold water in his face.

"Fie!" cried Gerrit Van Sweringen, with a passionate quiver in his voice, "couldst thou not have once played the man for but the com-

pass of a little day?" Stripping the placard into bits, he threw it into the fire.

The Secretary edged away until the table was well between them. "Mynheer," he stammered, "be calm! I pray you, seat yourself. We will converse upon the subject; but be moderate, I pray!"

"Moderate?" cried Van Sweringen, flinging his hands about wildly. "Be moderate? And let men wipe their feet on me? Why, mynheer, thine heart is mush; if thou wert right well stabbed it might put iron into thy soul!"

"God forbid!" gasped the Secretary, wringing his thin white hands. "Mynheer Van Sweringen is pleased to jest."

"Be not so sure of that. I am pleased to be most deadly earnest!" And his sword rattled against the chairs as he strode up and down the room. "But enough. Hath he returned?"

"He? Who? His Excellency? Nay, mynheer; the Director-General is still at Fort Orange; they have pressing need of him."

"To scrape the bottom of the pot while the English steal our porridge! Oh, ay," cried Van Sweringen, wrathfully. "A plague upon Fort Orange! Where is Captain Martin Kregier?"

"Across the Esopus, mynheer, with a vengeance upon the savages for murdering Jan Verhulst."

The young man stopped short in his furious stride and looked at the Secretary. "Then there is a vengeance gone to waste; it is needed much nearer home. Where's Ensign Derrick Schmidt?" His voice snapped like a whip-cracker.

The Secretary's breath grew short, and he edged toward the inner door. "Mynheer, he hath gone away, too," he stammered, "on a cruise through Hell Gate to the Red Hill, in the 'Sea-bear,' with Pieter Lourensen, to catch Jan Applegate, the smuggler."

Van Sweringen struck the table with his fist so fierce a blow that the ink in the well sprang up like a fountain. "Play, mice!" he cried bitterly; "the cat is away! Gone? Gone? Hath everybody gone, and left thee in supreme control?—thee and this puffed anatomy that calleth itself the Schout Fiskaal? Oh, what hath so wormed our manliness that thieving

rogues may mock us at our doors unscathed? Shame on the man who calls himself Dutch, yet dares not lift finger for the honor of the name! Oh, for a day's authority! Oh, for a warrant! These Englishmen should pay a price for their insolence. By the Red Lion of Flanders, they shall be made to pay!"

The door crashed heavily behind him; the smoke sucked down the chimney, and the ashes and live coals flew out into the room. The Secretary leaned against the table, limp and pale. "The saints preserve us," he gasped, "from all such rapier-rattling, scape-grace firebrands!"

But "What there, Jan Reyndertsen!" the young man called, beating upon the master gunner's door. "Jan Reyndertsen, what, ho!" And out into the town he went, with the red-haired master gunner at his heels, and straightway mustered what stout hearts were among the freemen of New Amsterdam: enough for his purpose—sixty-odd brown sailors, broad-shouldered boors, a score of soldiers who had come in the "Gekruyste Hart," and fourteen free companions who had landed from the "Beaver" on their own wild hook.

A yacht like a Spanish caravel lay in the North River, unlading Tappan stone for the new city wall; and at the established anchorage, beyond the finger-post at Copsey Hook, lay a pinnace, a roomy shallop, and a hoy with bright red sails. They laid hands upon the yacht, the pinnace, and the hoy, and taking a bell-mouthed musketoon from the shallop, they set it upon a swivel in the bow of the pinnace, and loaded it to the muzzle with slugs and duck-shot. Then, when the tide was coming in, the troop of adventurers, armed to the teeth with half-pikes, bills, swords, firelock muskets, dirks, and flintlock pistols, embarked in their flotilla, with a brisk wind blowing astern, and followed the Ragged Staff up the river.

John King and his crew had established themselves at the mouth of a little stream on the west shore of the river, thirty miles above its mouth, and already had collected a quantity of furs. With fools' assurance, they had left their arms aboard the vessel, and were sitting at dinner among the trees, when the Dutch, who had disembarked below and had come



craftily up through the woods, burst upon them with a shout, and took them captive, every man, without so much as a single shot or a stab from a dinner-knife, though there were, in truth, some thumping blows in the sailing-master's corner.

Trussing their prisoners up like fowls, the Dutch carried them aboard the Ragged Staff, and sounded a trumpet in triumph over them as they lay fuming upon the deck. Then they weighed their anchors and set sail, with spruce-trees at their mastheads and with cedar-boughs stuck all about their craft, and brought the Englishmen down the river to the gates of New Amsterdam, making exceedingly merry.

When they had come to the city, they moored the Ragged Staff at the customs landing at the mouth of the Heere Gracht, the canal which came down through the town upon the East River side, and having thoroughly searched her for any license to trade, and finding none, they took out of her all her

cargo, to the last ten-penny nail, and confiscated it as forfeit under the law; which done, they sent the English picaroon foaming out to sea again without so much as a grain in his powder-chest with which to seek for revenge.

Thus life plays at see-saw. Fate is jack, and the whole world teeter-totters. The English came, the English went; the Dutch laughed last. The day passed into oblivion—was as soon forgotten in other days as though it had never been; yet to the heart of one boy it seemed the peak of all eternity.

For when Captain John King footed up his costs, he found, that last, but by no means least, his cabin-boy was gone.

(To be continued.)



"The best part of a boy's schooling is that which he gets on his way to and from school."—EMERSON.

HOW WE ENTERTAINED THE KATYDIDS.

"I wish I could get some of those katydids and see what they look like," said one of the youngest of the party of merry young folks sitting on the steps of the veranda or standing near.

It was the first cool weather in September after the long heated term, and old and young were enjoying the twilight. The cicadas in the near-by grove of trees had ceased their songs about the same time that the grown-up folks on the veranda had been obliged to lay aside the evening papers. As the shadows deepened, after not over five minutes of comparative silence, the katydids had taken up the insect chorus.

"We could get them easily enough if we could only fly up into the tall trees," said Mildred. "Or if the trees did n't grow so awfully big," added Emily.

Here was a suggestion. I thought of a place nearly a half-mile away where the trees did not grow "so awfully big," for as yet there were only the clusters of "shoots" around the stumps of the big trees that were cut down a few years ago.

So I joined the katydid conversation, offering to take the young folks next evening to a grove of trees yet so small that the branches, or even the tops in many cases, could be reached by children without flying.

Next evening just as the sun was nearly disappearing in the west we started out to visit the hillside clusters of young chestnut trees, or rather bushes, so thickly did they grow in the many clusters. A few of the young folks were assigned to each cluster—and then I "snapped" the camera. The next task was for all to keep still. It took a long time to do that—by all in the party. Then the next was to wait, and that took even longer. But we did wait, in spite of now and then a discouraging remark about—"Sh-h-h! Hear that! Just one," tuning for the overture.

Patience and care were rewarded. The rasping sounds "Katy did!" "Katy did n't!" revealed the location, and a grab in the dark secured several of the leaf-like insects.

We put them in a large box covered with



FEEDING THE KATYDIDS.

wire netting, supplying plenty of green, leafy branches frequently changed. Taking them out for the first time, we made an interesting discovery. The half-dozen on the table went crackling around like "little rattle-boxes on legs," as Pearl called them. Thus we learned that the katydids will make their noise when disturbed, and we had katydid music on the table any time desired. Our orchestra only rarely disappointed us when exhibited to the many youthful callers.

Catching one lightly between forefinger and thumb as it approached too near the edge of the table, we found that it would attempt to bite; but it was not strong enough to do any harm, and even the youngest of the young folks handled them later quite freely.

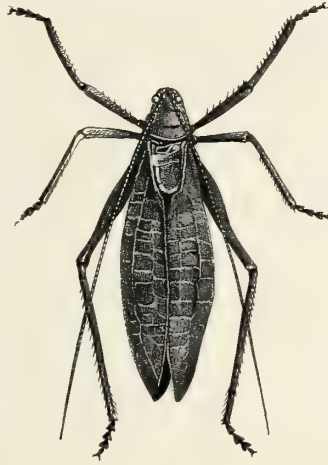
"I wonder what it would do if it should bite into something soft enough to take out a piece," was Allie's remark.

We tried them with moistened bread, and oh, what ravenous eaters they were! At first they ate only when lightly held; but later each one would stand on or by a piece of bread and eat and eat as if it were the choicest of katydid delicacies.

In a week they became very tame, and would eat freely while held in the open hand or placed on the table. They often bristled about, raising their wings and "crackling away," as we called it, very vigorously.

They would not fly, even if tossed lightly up from the hand, but used their wings in parachute or flying-squirrel style, to drop lightly down or glide diagonally to some lower object.

We frequently allowed them full liberty, and fed them on a small stand, sometimes out of doors; and yet they never attempted to fly. They would often jump from hand to hand, provided they could reach the other hand with their antennæ,



A KATYDID.

The "singing" apparatus is the U-shaped, rough portion of the wings back of the head. This is brown; the rest of the wings and entire insect is leaf-green. The sound is made by rubbing together these rough portions of the two wings.



"A FEW OF THE YOUNG FOLKS WERE ASSIGNED TO EACH CLUSTER."



SIDE VIEW OF THE KATYDID.

which were nearly three inches long, a little longer than the whole body. They would often jump when disturbed, but evidently at random. So far as we observed in much experimenting, they would jump intelligently, that is, to a certain object, only when it could be touched with at least the tips of the antennæ. One held in hand would not jump to the other, unless pushed, if the further hand were held even quarter of an inch beyond the reach of the antennæ. The same statement applies also to jumping from any object to another, as from the top of one pile of books to another.

Our pet katydids were admired by many visitors, some of whom said they didn't suppose they would ever come to like a "bug." Among the commendatory phrases were, "How clean," or "fresh," or "crisp." Visitors exclaimed, "Very interesting!" "Dear little creatures!" "How happy they are!" And one lady who had never become acquainted with



THE KATYDIDS HAVE APPARENTLY

JUST BEEN FED AND ARE NOW CONTENTED AND HAPPY.

insects and their charming ways exclaimed impulsively, when she saw them eating bread, "How very sweet!"

One remark by a little girl is also worth recording: "I always liked the katydids in the stories and poems; but I like them out of the woods much better than in the books."

THE CUNNING OF THE CROW.

THERE is no phase of natural history more entertaining and instructive than the exercise of ingenuity on the part of animals when confronted by unusual conditions. Strange to



"A CROW PERCHED UPON A STUMP."
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

add, some conditions which are not unusual are never provided for by creatures that remain with us during the whole year. One such condition is a deep fall of snow, which here in central New Jersey is not a regular occurrence of our winter. At such a time birds, in particular, are put to their wits' end, and, I am sorry to add, they do not always solve the problem, and starvation follows failure. Strangely enough, this lack of foresight exists in the common crow, which seems not to mind the weather, and is believed to be, of all our birds, the most intelligent.

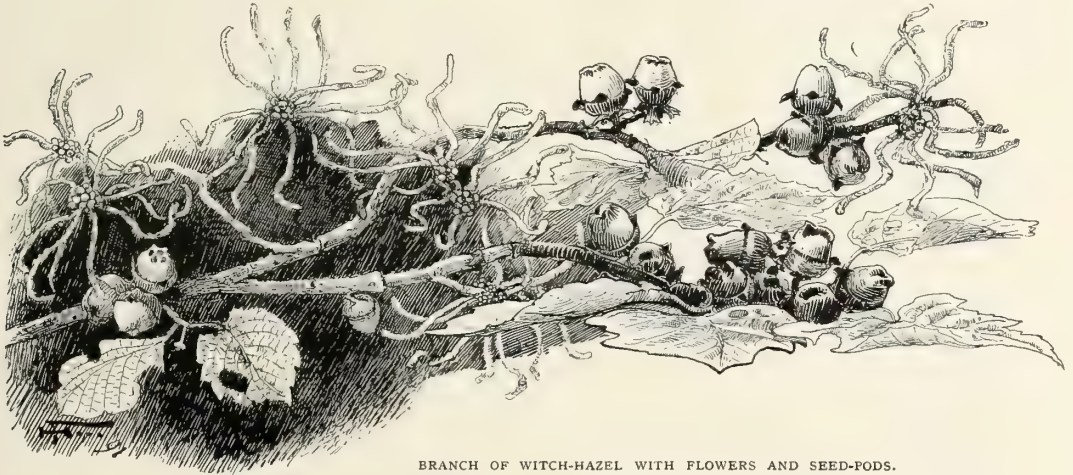


RWC

Occasionally, however, it is equal to the demands made upon it, as the following instance will show. After a deep snow I noticed a crow perched upon a stump, which suddenly disappeared without flying or walking away. Looking more closely, by means of a field-glass, I found that it dived into the snow, as near as I could make out, and soon emerged from the point of disappearance. A closer examination showed that it was using a natural

A WOODLAND SHARPSHOOTER.

SNAP, snap, pop! What boy or girl who has ever gone nutting in October has not been arrested among the underbrush by a sound of fairy artillery, or even been hit on the cheek by a solid piece of ammunition in the shape of a glossy black seed? Looking about for your assailant, you see only a tall shrub, whose almost leafless branches are hung with fringes



BRANCH OF WITCH-HAZEL WITH FLOWERS AND SEED-PODS.

tunnel, and at the base of the stump had found something that it could eat. To satisfy myself more clearly I dug the snow away, and I learned that the food sought was a family of meadow-mice. Now the question arises, Had the crow seen a meadow-mouse run into this natural tunnel and followed it? or did it reason that as mice are given to dwelling in the bases of rotten stumps there might be some in that particular stump, and so had made the tunnel to determine the matter for itself?

Considering how very timid crows usually are, I was greatly astonished to see one deliberately pass down a chance passageway in the snow, and so completely surrender all chances of escape, if attacked. Did the bird measure the chances between sudden death and slow starvation, and choose between them? One word more: Wherever readers of ST. NICHOLAS have an opportunity to study the crow carefully, they will find their labors well repaid.

CHARLES CONRAD ABBOTT, M.D.

of gold, and wonder, perhaps, why those delicate blossoms mature at a time when most wild flowers have finished their season's work—when, as Bryant says:

Frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

But look closer among those tardy gold fringes and you will see clusters of oddly shaped pods, some empty and yawning like miniature cannon, others still loaded and ready to fire their handsome little missiles when the right moment arrives.

This curious shrub, which takes a whole year to mature its fruit, is the witch-hazel, or *Hammamelis*—the same that we know as a bottle-genius ready to cure our cuts and bruises. To see how the shooting is done, it is worth while to bring a branch of the seed-pods indoors and to study their mechanism more at leisure. As the fruit ripens, the outer coat of the pod separates from the inner, and this outer shell splits down from the top, while the elastic

inner covering also splits, and its edges press on the seeds. This pressure in time expels the hard little nut in much the same way that an apple-seed (almost identical in shape) is "fired" by the pressure of a boy's thumb and forefinger.

The witch-hazel always impresses me as a very spirited plant, full of will power and energy, and determined that its children shall have a good start in the world. It is said that its seeds are sometimes thrown to a distance of forty-five feet, and while I cannot vouch for this, I do know that they will strike one very forcibly at a distance of twelve or fifteen. By this ingenious contrivance the young witch-hazel folks begin life at a distance, where the ground has been neither shaded nor exhausted by the parent bush.

The witch-hazel is common over all Eastern America, and any young naturalist may see it sowing its crops or lighting the woods with its elfin smile as late as Thanksgiving Day.

DORA READ GOODALE.

IS WINTER THE MOST ENJOYABLE SEASON?

"Ask the school-boys, especially such as live in the country places, whether summer or winter brings the greater pleasure. Two to one they will vote for winter." So writes Bradford Torrey.

Do our young folks agree with this? Is winter the most enjoyable season? Please write and tell what you think about it, stating your reasons.

PRIZES WON BY YOUNG NATURALISTS.

IN accord with the offers under title "Sharp Eyes and Skilful Pens," on page 550 of *Nature and Science* for April, 1900, the following prizes are awarded for original observations expressed in words or drawings, and received by the editor of this department previous to October 1, 1900.

These prizes are awarded for originality, patience, and care in making the observations rather than for literary or artistic merit.

OBSERVATIONS SHOWN BY LETTERS.

First prize, five dollars' worth of books, to be selected from any published by The Century Co., won by Pleasance Baker (age 13), Grasmere, Orange County, Florida. Observations on ant-lion and snakes. (Two letters will be published later.)

Second prize, a subscription to *ST. NICHOLAS* for one year, won by Lucy S. Robinson, 103 Cottage Street, Bridgeport, Connecticut. "The Burying-beetle," published on page 936 of *Nature and Science* for August. "She watched it all—hour after hour in the broiling sun."

Third prize, any book published by The Century Co., not exceeding one dollar and fifty cents in retail price, won by Catherine Lee Carter (age 13), Wayside, New Jersey. Observations on flickers, vireo, oven-bird, etc. (Parts of the observations will be published later.)

OBSERVATIONS SHOWN BY DRAWINGS.

First prize (same as first prize for letters), won by David M. Cheney (age 15), 6 Sewall Street, Peabody, Massachusetts, for drawing showing the holes of the "fiddler-crab." The drawings as well as the accompanying letter show good, original, painstaking investigation. (To be published later.)

Second prize (same as second prize for letters), won by Maud Ashurst (age 17), 2000 West De Lancey Place, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Drawings of garden-spider.

Third prize (same as third prize for letters), won by Florence E. Lahee, 64 Brook Street, Brookline, Massachusetts. Drawing of the swamp-fly.



THE WITCH-HAZEL SEEDS EXPELLED FROM THE PODS.

WHAT THE YOUNG FOLKS HAVE SEEN.

WATCHING THE SOCIAL WASPS.

38 SOUTH PORTLAND AVENUE,
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Among my favorite insects are the common social wasps, especially those that do not make any coverings over their nests. One reason is because I like to study insects in their wild state, and the social wasps are almost the only active insects that can be kept, and yet remain entirely free.



THE SOCIAL WASP.

By carefully bringing a nest, with all the wasps on it, to a good place for observation, as just outside of a window which is seldom opened, the habits of the wasps can be easily watched without confining these insects at all. And there we may watch them without any danger of getting stung. The wasps that do not make any covering over their nests are preferable to those that do, because then we can see so much more of their habits; then, in fact, all of their domestic habits can be easily seen, which is not the case with most insects.

Wasps also have the advantage of not being rare, so that generally it is not hard to procure a nest of some kind; and if it should not happen to be just the kind spoken of here, it will be all the more interesting for different ones to tell about the history of the different wasps when it comes to next autumn.

And if any one should fall in love with these bold and truly very interesting little neighbors of ours, it may be a satisfaction for him to know that these little insects are our helpers, even if they do like to taste fruits, for every year the different kinds of wasps make deadly war on the troublesome flies and on the destructive caterpillars, besides on many other insects that annoy the farmers, and gardeners, and us.

CHARLES BARROWS BENNET (18 years old).

This letter from one of our older young observers is a good suggestion for commencing some original observations of the interesting habits of the wasps.

Probably the writer of this letter is familiar with the method by which some boys deceive their mates. They hold a wasp and repeat some nonsense, as if to prevent its stinging.



THE SOLITARY WASP.

Will some boy tell us about this hoax for the benefit of others not "initiated"?

SHE MAINTAINS THAT THE WOODCHUCK BARKED.

STONERIDGE, STONINGTON, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The other day, as I was walking in the woods, our poodle commenced to fight with a woodchuck. The woodchuck was afraid of the poodle, and the poodle was afraid of the woodchuck. But the thing which seemed so queer was that the woodchuck barked like a dog. Hoping you will answer,

Yours truly, ELIZABETH WILLIAMS (10 years old).

I have never heard a woodchuck bark, but have often heard their shrill, tremulous whistle when attacked or surprised, and therefore inquired of the writer of this letter, "Are you sure that the woodchuck barked? Was n't the sound more like a shrill whistle?" In reply our self-reliant young observer states:

About the woodchuck's bark: It was not at all a whistle. It was more of a "yap, yap!" I know it was not the poodle, as he has a very gruff voice.



THE WOODCHUCK.

The writer sends a diagram of the positions of the observer, dog, woodchuck, and a stone wall, and adds:

I cannot better express the sound than by 'yap.' The woodchuck evidently had a burrow near by, for it soon disappeared.

I like the self-dependent spirit of that observation. If that woodchuck said "yap," then it *was* "yap," and not a whistle, never mind what the books say—and our young friend is sure that she is correct. See and hear everything for yourself, and do not imagine you see or hear what you read in a book or what some friend told you. Nature observers, young or old, need to be careful, sure, unprejudiced, and impartial. Can any of our young folk shed any further light upon this question?

CHICKAREE'S BAD PHASE OF CHARACTER.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been one of your constant readers for several years and enjoy the magazine very much. I live next to Forest Park, where there are



THE MOTHER ROBIN FLEW AT THE RED SQUIRREL.

many New England birds. A pair of blue jays have built their nest in a pine-tree in my yard. The nest is about opposite my window, and every morning when I first wake up I watch the birds. One morning a red squirrel ran up the tree and out along the limb toward the nest. When he got about two feet from the nest the mother bird jumped off the nest and flew at him. She flapped her wings in his face and struck at him with her bill. He fought awhile, and finally got past her and jumped into the nest. As soon as he got past her she gave a cry, and her mate came. They chased the squirrel from the nest and up and down all the near-by trees, and pecked him until finally he jumped to the ground and ran away.

I would like to know whether squirrels eat birds' eggs?

Yours truly,

HAROLD HOWE.

The lively chickaree has many interesting habits, but judged from our standpoint and that of the birds, some of his methods of seeking food are very bad. One naturalist very aptly describes him as "the sauciest scamp in the forest, and a notorious little villain for

stealing a march on birds' nests." He often has to exert his utmost abilities to escape the sharp bills of the birds, and he isn't always successful. "Good enough for him! Shame on him!" we may well exclaim when the robins, blue jays, or other birds make a fierce attack.

A ST. NICHOLAS OBSERVER IN ALASKA.

VALDEZ, ALASKA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Now you are my sole friend, as there are only Indian children up here to play with. I have not yet learned to speak their language, but I soon will. We are on the coast, and it is not so cold here as in the interior. There are raspberries, also salmonberries, which are a species of raspberries. The name is taken from the salmon (a fish which is very plentiful up here), whose roe is exactly like the berry. Writing of salmon reminds me that I must tell you about the salmon up here. In the first place, those that we get here are not pink, but white, and are much better. We also do not catch them with a line, but gather them with a kind of spear. I am ten years old, and love reading very dearly.

Your loving little reader,

FRANCE ABERCROMBIE.

This "salmon-berry" has a white flower, and is called also the "white-flowering raspberry." Scientific people call it the *Rubus parviflorus*, or "few-flowered brier." It is found from Michigan west to the Pacific Ocean, and north to Alaska. It will be in bloom, commencing in May, for about three months.

ASSISTING IN NEST-BUILDING.

NEWTONVILLE, MASS.

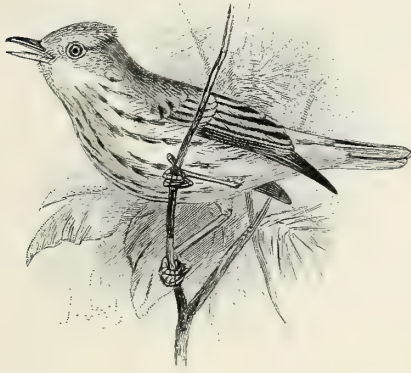
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very much interested in birds, and want to tell you about a little yellow warbler that I watched. I was sitting down near the edge of a river, looking at some red-winged blackbirds, when a yellow warbler flew by with a piece of hemp in her mouth. I got up and followed her. She went to a large barberry-bush near by, and there I saw the daintiest little nest you can imagine. The next time I came I brought some cotton, and she used it to line her nest.

VERA E. RUMERY.

And how dainty and beautiful is the nest of fine grasses, fibers, and cottony plant-down so skilfully arranged! It is so inviting that we can but admire the good judgment of the lazy cow-bird in selecting it, perhaps more than any other, for her eggs, although we feel indignant at the cow-bird for not building a nest for herself.

But the little warblers are as ingenious as they are sunny in disposition and color, for

they build another nest over the intruding egg, and sometimes repeat the operation, thus *making a nest three stories high!* In the last they



YELLOW WARBLER, OR SUMMER YELLOW-BIRD.

hatch their own eggs, while an unhatched egg of the cow-bird is left in each of the two lower sections.

THE QUEER WALKING-STICK INSECT.

NEARLY every mail brings to the editor of this department several letters and small packages from the boys and girls who want to know the names and most interesting facts of something they have recently discovered. There are also many "want to know" letters not pertaining to identifying specimens.

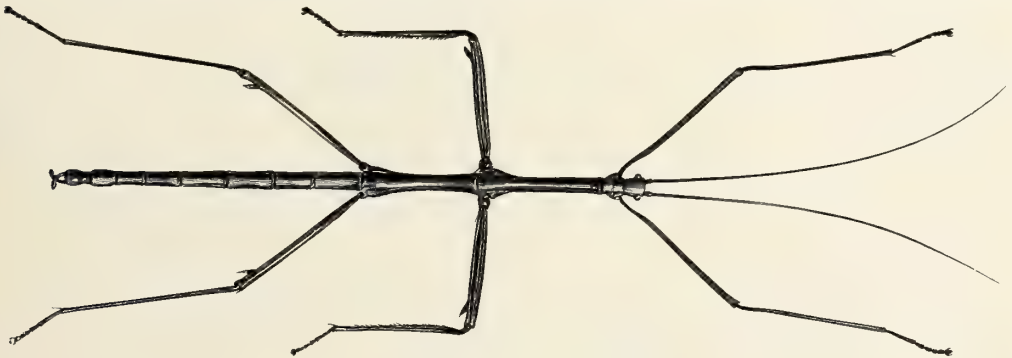
But even these are not all the inquiries.

quiries and answers are published, so a few of the local ones may be of general interest.

"Here is a specimen for you," says little Jeannie Whittaker, as she passes over a bowl covered with a saucer, and adds: "We found it on the outside of our screen-door."

Carefully lifting the saucer, I find a live walking-stick insect, that reaches up on the edge of the bowl and looks out, reminding us of a dog standing with fore paws upon a fence and looking over.

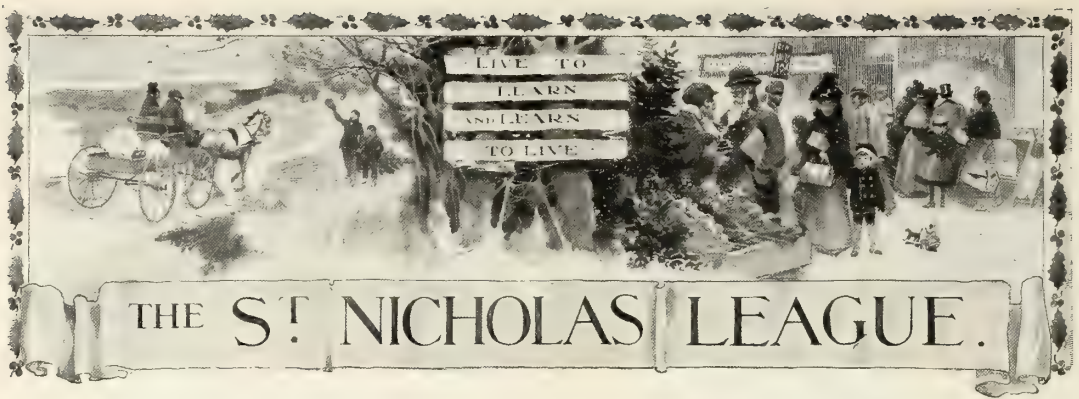
It is a well-named insect, for surely it looks like a miniature walking-stick that has acquired life and legs. A screen-door is an unusual place for it; the insect must have been on an exploring tour from the fields. While young these insects are green, and feed chiefly on grass or the leaves of shrubs and small plants. Later they go to the trees, preferring chiefly the oak, and change their color so they usually no longer look like the green grass and branches of small plants, but like the small branches of the trees, a gray or brown. It is very difficult to see them, so close is the protective resemblance; but they may be obtained in early summer by "sweeping" the grass and weeds with an insect-net. In late summer or early autumn, shake a branch of an oak over a sheet or inverted umbrella. They are so entirely unlike all other insects that they will be recognized at once, even by boys and girls who see them for the first time after reading



THE "WALKING-STICK" INSECT.

Frequently the door-bell rings and some neighbor's boy or girl has a "want to know" and a specimen. As a few of the many mail in-

this description. While not very plentiful usually, a few may be found in almost any field or forest by a little careful searching.



OF all the months that swiftly go
To make the rounded year,
December is the best, for oh,
It brings the Christmas cheer.

Even on Thanksgiving Day we begin to talk of Christmas and to plan for the holidays. All through the year this is the beacon that childhood looks forward to—the point of time where reckoning begins and ends. So many months, so many weeks, so many days—tomorrow, and then at last it is Christmas morning. After that for a while we look back, saying, “Yesterday, or last week, or last month we had Christmas,” and we sit down and count up, and tell off on our fingers how long it will be till the next. And so the birthday of a little child, born nineteen hundred years ago, still brings joy and good will to men, and the star that arose over Bethlehem wanes not nor passes from the lives of little children.

WHAT “ORIGINAL” MEANS.

There seems to be a doubt in the mind of a few League members as to what is meant by “original,” particularly in the matter of drawings. Those who have been accustomed to working from studies are inclined to think that it is all right to copy and send in some other picture, provided the work is their own. This is *not* the case. The word “original,” as applied to all League work, means *not copied*, but original both *in idea and execution*, and drawings must not be made from other pictures, but from life, still life, or imagi-

nation. This is very important, and if not observed can only result in annoyance and regret for everybody.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 12.

IN making the prize awards the contributors’ ages are taken into consideration.

POEM. Gold badge, Marion Hull Stevens (age 11), Hartsville, Berkshire County, Massachusetts.

Cash prize (\$5.00) Besse Jenkins (age 16), 236 East Street, Washington Court House, Ohio.



“A COLD DAY.” BY PAULINE CROLL, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

Silver badge, Tina Gray (age 16), Carisbrook, Helensburgh, Scotland.

PROSE. Gold badges, Bessie King (age 17), Preston, Georgia; and Irene Kavin (age 13), 4432 Berkley Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Silver badges, Gordon H. Graves (age 16), 307 North Seventh Street, Richmond, Indiana; and Margaret G. Blaine (age 10), 141 High Street, Taunton, Massachusetts.

DRAWING. Gold badges, Pauline Croll (age 15),

"Here's a red stocking for Margaret and a blue one for Paul, so that he won't make a mistake, as they're both the same size."

Then she kissed them both good night and nurse took them off to bed.

On the way upstairs Paul asked Margaret if she would n't change stockings, as he liked red best. She did not object, and the stockings were exchanged.

Margaret hung the blue one at the foot of the bed and Paul hung the red one.

They were soon dreaming of nuts and candies, dolls and drums.

Long before dawn Margaret opened her eyes, and sitting up in bed, looked about her. She shook Paul gently.

"Say, brother, it's dark yet, but it must be morning. Let's get up and see what Santa Claus brought us." So they stole softly out of bed and to their stockings. "Oh!" exclaimed Paul in dismay, for on the floor beside the red stocking was a big doll and cradle.

"Why," said Margaret, "he's given you a doll and cradle, and me a

drum and horse and a whip! I guess he must have made a mistake."

"Perhaps he saw mama give you the red stocking and me the blue, and did n't know we had changed."

And just then mama, who had heard them talking, came in, and when she heard their story she agreed with Paul that perhaps Santa Claus did n't know they had exchanged stockings.

Then she tucked them both back in bed, for it was n't four o'clock in the morning yet.

DECEMBER.

BY BESSIE KING (AGE 17).

(Gold Badge.)

ON papa's farm, down by the railroad, there used to be a large lime spring. It was under a hill, but still be-



"SEPTEMBER." BY R. NEWTON BREY, AGE 12. (GOLD BADGE.)

285 Commonwealth Street, Boston, Massachusetts; and Herbert W. Smith (age 12), Morenci, Michigan.

Silver badges, Christine Payson (age 14), San Mateo, California; and Helen P. Parry (age 15), Holland House, Withington, Manchester, England.

PHOTOGRAPH. Gold badges, R. Newton Brey (age 12), 1926 North Park Avenue, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; and Florence Davis (age 14), 120 Lincoln Street, Worcester, Massachusetts.

Silver badges, Gladys Bradley (age 10), Morewood Avenue, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania; Myrza Benson (age 13), 214 Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, New York; and Carl W. Schilling (age 14), 631 West Franklin Street, Baltimore, Maryland.

WILD-ANIMAL AND BIRD PHOTOGRAPH. First prize, gold badge and five dollars, "Pelicans," by Morton Charnley Stone (age 13), 29 Harrison Street, Taunton, Massachusetts.

Second prize, gold badge and three dollars, "Antelope," by R. Cunningham (age 12), Sterling, Colorado.

Third prize, gold badge, "Blue Heron," by Erford W. Chesley (age 13), North Brookfield, Massachusetts.

PUZZLE. Gold badges, Florence Hoyte (age 13), Pendle Holme, Pelham Road, Nottingham, England; and Marion De Forest Sears (age 14), Mattapan, Massachusetts.

Silver badge, Zane Pyles (age 10), 115 Monroe Street, Anacostia, D. C.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Gold badge, Louise Atkinson (age 14), Alvin, Texas.

Silver badges, Philip Sydney Beebe (age 12), 1154 East Long Street, Columbus, Ohio; and George T. Colman (age 12), 198 Franklin Street, Buffalo, New York.

The above prizes will be sent by registered mail in about ten days following this announcement.

SANTA CLAUS'S MISTAKE.

BY IRENE KAWIN (AGE 13).

(Gold Badge.)

"It's bedtime, children," said mama. "You must go to bed early to-night so that Santa Claus won't find you awake when he comes."



"SEPTEMBER." BY FLORENCE DAVIS, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)



"SEPTEMBER." BY CARL W. SCHILLING, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

tween two hills, surrounded by large swamp-trees and sweet myrtle-bushes draped with long Spanish moss. The spring ran out from under a bank eight feet high. It was a beautiful place, and picnickers spent many pleasant days there. Many sea-shells were found there, so we know that the ocean was once there. The bottom of the stream—and it was large—was carpeted with beautiful swamp-cabbage, water-moss, and white, pebbly sand. Surely the fairies danced and bathed at the full o' the moon, else it could never have been so beautiful.

But this is n't what I meant to tell you!

Now this beautiful fairyland is changed into an everyday place. The railroad has built a pond there, and the stream runs a pump which carries water forty-five feet high into a great tank, where huge engines stop to drink.

Down here in South Georgia snow rarely falls, and in December when the thermometer was 12° below zero and snow lay four inches deep it was wonderful to us.

We walked toward the pond, and as far away as we could see the tank it sparkled in the sun. Where the water had leaked out of the bottom it had frozen and formed a beautiful ice palace. The columns were wonderful! The halls, draped with ice curtains, and the ceilings were strangely shaped. There was tower piled upon tower until it was eight feet high. How it sparkled in the sun!

We went down the hill to the pond, and stood for a moment spellbound.

Ice and snow had made the place a wild new world.

The water was so warm that vapor rose from it and fell on the bank changed into snow, soft, white, and beautiful!

The water had frozen round the pump and broken it, but the faithful ice-covered old wheel turned slowly, slowly on.

Ah, it was beautiful! Wonderful! Surely the beauties of nature show forth the glory of God!

THANKSGIVING TURKEY.

BY MARION HULL STEVENS (AGE 11).

(Gold Badge.)

SOMETIMES the hills are white with snows,
Sometimes the fields are brown and bare;
And flocks of somber-coated crows
Fly through the soft and hazy air.

But, be there wind, or rain, or shine,
Or mist and mud, or sleet and hail,
Thanksgiving turkey 's always fine;
'T is never known the day to fail.

Though other birds have sweeter note
And gayer hue of feather,
The *turkey* always gets my vote—
He comes, whate'er the weather!

DECEMBER.

BY MARGARET G. BLAINE (AGE 10).

(Silver Badge.)

DECEMBER is called one of our cold and dreary months, though at the last of the month comes the gay time, Christmas. In spite of all the snow and cold it does not hinder the merry time we all have. In December the snow softly falls in the night, and when you wake in the morning you say, "This looks like dear old December."

Sometimes when you rise in the morning you will see the snow-capped roofs with their magnificent border of icicles, which is a picture alone to me. I almost feel as though I was in fairyland itself. Some people think December is sad and dreary, but I think it is as bright and cheery as spring. I can see that the trees are having their winter sleep during this month. I sometimes see a blue jay, and I am just as glad to see that beautiful tinge of blue in December as I am in the springtime. After the snow-storms come the juncos and the chickadees and the snowbirds, and my little companion the gray squirrel I often see at this time. I scatter nuts about a tree, and it is so interesting to watch him bury them under the snow! I think December is as charming as any of the other months if you want to know about



"SEPTEMBER." BY GLADYS BRADLEY, AGE 10. (SILVER BADGE.)

the birds; I think it is the best month to learn about them, for then all the leaves are off the trees and you can see them very plainly. If you do not like the birds you

can study the trees. In December the trees are in their winter suits. You will find every day of the whole thirty-one full of happiness, new sights and sounds, if you only look and listen for them.

A HUNT FOR A CHRISTMAS TREE.

BY GORDON H. GRAVES (AGE 16).

(*Silver Badge.*)

DID you ever go to hunt your own Christmas tree? My little sister and I, armed with a hatchet, once went for ours.

The afternoon was crisp and a very light covering of snow lay on the ground.

After about an hour's walk on the hard road we climbed a fence and crossed a strip of woodland, down to the river bank.

There was ice along the edges, but as the stream was shallow and had



"ANTELOPE." BY R. CUNNINGHAM, AGE 12.
(SECOND PRIZE, "WILD ANIMALS.")

an irregular bottom, the water flowed freely in the middle. How provoking to find that on the other bank were whole groves of shapely little cedars, while on our side not an evergreen-tree appeared!

We walked up and down, hunting for a place where we might cross on the stones, and at last our unsuccessful search brought us to where the road forded the river. Giving up the vain hope which had kept us walking along the bank for what seemed hours, we climbed another fence and began to explore a disorderly little gully that tumbled through a steep hill. Pushing aside the overhanging bushes, pulling ourselves along by roots and saplings, we made our way slowly enough, I assure you. Then we came upon a little cedar about seven feet high, as straight as an arrow and not so bushy as cedars usually are. Here at last our hunt was ended, but it seemed a shame to cut down the brave little thing. However, it must be done, and the hatchet soon laid it low.

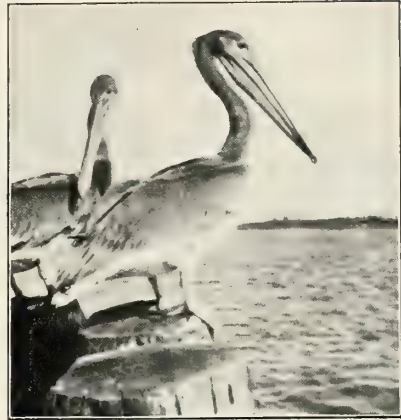
Then it was to be carried or dragged down to the road, and what with floundering around in banks of dead leaves and breaking through the thin ice between the stones here and there, it was rather late before we regained the road. From there on the journey was much easier, and oh, how proud we were of the tree we had got ourselves!

THANKSGIVING.

BY CHARLOTTE F. BABCOCK (AGE 15).

(*Winner of Gold Badge in August.*)

COME, children all, Thanksgiving's here!
Let's fill with wholesome, hearty cheer
This day, most jovial of the year,
Most mirthful and most gay,



"WILD PELICANS." BY MORTON CHARNLEY STONE, AGE 13.
(FIRST PRIZE, "WILD ANIMALS.")

And let us raise a joyous shout,
And sing and race and dance about;
Though snow and sleet may be without,
We'll have a merry day!

We'll gather round the ample board,
Where goodies and sweetmeats are stored;
The best the country can afford

For us this day abound.

The gobbler, king of bird and beast,
Is here to crown our royal feast;
Pies, fruits, and nuts; last, but not least,
Plum-pudding large and round!

About the crackling fire so bright,
Which lends its flick'ring, golden light,
As fading day gives place to night,
Wearied with endless play,
We'll hear of Pilgrim fathers bold
Who braved disease and cruel cold,
And had in those stern days of old
The first Thanksgiving Day!

A TALE OF A DESERT PACK-BURRO.

BY ELINOR F. DUANE (AGE 11).

I AM a pack-burro and live on the Mojave Desert. My companions and I are worked very hard. You would be surprised to see how much we can carry.

We almost always carry two hundred and fifty pounds; sometimes we are

forced to carry three hundred.

Our busiest times are in December, because our masters have their assessment work to do. We are always away at Christmas-time, and we do not get to enjoy the Christmas festivities of other animals.

Our loads consist of dry washers for gold, food, water, bed blankets, and sometimes



"BLUE HERON." BY ERFORD W. CHESLEY, AGE 13. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD ANIMALS.")



"ELK." BY WILLARD H. EATON, AGE 12.

some hay for us, which we always enjoy. We all go single file. I am the leader; and if we once get to be the leader we will never be a follower.

If our master is lost on the desert and has no water, he will turn us loose and we will always find water.

We like alfalfa and hay, but do not often get it. Sometimes when people leave their back gates open we get in and eat the scraps, which taste very good.

We can live on almost nothing; that is why we poor animals are used so much on the desert. We are always hungry

and so we can relish anything.

My companions and I are always good-natured, only when the boys get at us, and then we sometimes buck and kick.

If it were not for us a good many rich mines would not have been discovered.



PACK-BURROS. (SEE STORY.)

TEDDY'S THOUGHT.

BY JEANNETTE C. KLAUDER
(AGE 15).

" 'T WAS a cold and dreary morning,
And the snow lay on the ground,
When our worthy Pilgrim fathers
Gave their prayers of thanks profound."

Thus read little Teddy's father
From a book Thanksgiving morn,
And our chubby Teddy shivered
As he thought of the sight forlorn.

For he did not understand it
How so thankful they could be,
When the turkey was not waiting
On the table there to see.

But this was soon forgotten
By that joyful little lad
As he ate his own good dinner
And went to football with his dad.

SOME CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS.

BY LAURA BENÉT (AGE 16).

THE quaint old town of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, was settled by the Moravians, who keep Christmas in a very pretty and unique way. On Christmas Eve, as you enter the church you see that it is a large and rather plain building, decorated inside with evergreens and holly. As you look toward the altar you see a picture of the Holy Night surrounded by greens and tiny Christmas trees, and placed so that the light falls directly upon the beautiful face of the babe in the manger. Then the



"SEPTEMBER SHORES." BY MARY NOYES, AGE 14.

service begins. It is very pretty and simple. The Moravians on this night always sing some especial hymns, one of which is "Silent Night." The music is unusually fine and the voices of the choir very sweet and thrilling. As the last hymn begins the doors are thrown wide open, and the Moravian Sisters enter bearing little trays of lighted sweet-scented wax tapers. One of these is given to every child in the congregation, who is supposed to keep the light burning even after he leaves the church. The little children of Austria put a lighted candle in their window, lest the Christ Child should stumble as he passes up the street on Christmas Eve. In Germany the children's shoes are put out over night in the hope that Criss Kingle will reward the good ones with sweetmeats and cakes; but the bad ones generally find a bundle of birch rods in their shoes. The people of Norway tie bundles of grain or wheat to every available post, roof, or steeple for the birds. In the morning the birds show their thanks by giving the people a joyous Christmas carol.



"LABOR DAY." BY MARY L. BRIGHAM.



"SEPTEMBER." BY MYRZA BENSON, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

THANKSGIVING DAY.

BY ELINOR C. HOLMES (AGE 13).

THE pumpkins are yellow, the
apples are red;
The trees in the orchard are
bare;
The air it is filled with the odor
of pies—
A Thanksgiving-like smell, I
declare!

The pond is all frozen, the ground
is all white,

The air has a winter-like chill;
The children are merry as swiftly
they fly

Like birds down the slope of
the hill.

Now all gather round while to-
gether we sing;

We'll forget to be sorry or sad;
Thanksgiving is here, and we'll
work with our might

To make others happy and glad.



"A COLD DAY." BY CHRISTINE PAYSON, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE.)

A WINTER SUNSET.

BY VIRGINIA GRAVES (AGE 11).

HAVE you ever in winter, about four o'clock, seen the sunset?

Now I can see an ideal one between two houses. The dark purple clouds tipped and speckled with rosy pink. Farther up are light pink clouds. Lighter and lighter pinks stretch half across the heavens. At last the clear blue sky, not containing as much as a fleecy cloud. Clouds love the sunset, and that is where they rest. Now the pink tips are gone; only the purple, lonesome-looking clouds remain, but the sky looks as cheerful as ever. Now the first star has peeped out. This star is almost exactly southwest.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

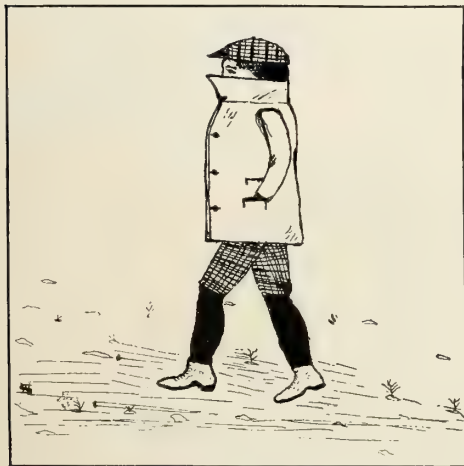
BY MARY EDNA KLAUDER (AGE 6).

It was the week before Christmas. Dottie Dore was sitting in the nursery thinking what to give people for Christmas. Her little kitten, Tabby, was trying to make her play. At last she thought she

would give her mother a doily, but she did not know whether she could get it done in time.

Just then her nurse came in the room and asked Dottie what she was thinking about. Dottie said she was thinking what to give her mother for Christmas.

It was Christmas Eve and the little doily was done, but not very well. Dottie slept all night goodly.



"A COLD DAY." BY HERBERT W. SMITH, AGE 12.
(GOLD BADGE.)

She gave her mother the doily the next morning and her mother was so pleased that she gave her a kiss.

Read "What 'Original' Means" on first page of the League.

FORGETFUL.

BY ELINOR HOLBROOK (AGE 15).

I LOVE my work so very much
(My work at school, you know),
I thought the time would shorter
seem

If, in a nice, straight row,
I put down all the holidays,
And then just when they came.
I started, but ere very long—
Alas! much to my shame—
I stopped in dire dismay, and said,
In voice all gruff and glum,
"Oh, mother dear, I cannot think!
When *does* July 'fourth come!'"



"A COLD DAY." BY DOROTHY LYMAN WARREN,
AGE 12. (WINNER OF GOLD BADGE IN JUNE.)

THE FAIRIES.

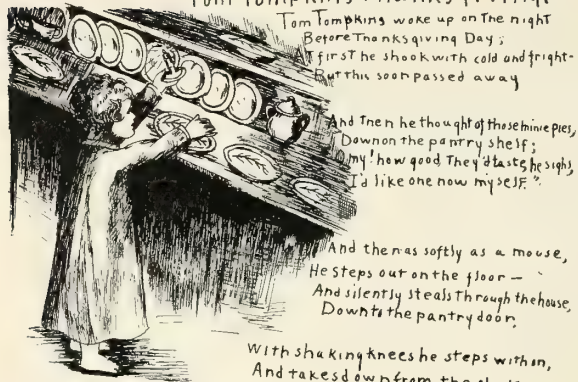
BY GRACE REYNOLDS DOUGLAS (AGE 9).

(Winner of Silver Badge in May.)

FAR and near from islands bright
Come the fairies every night,
And slowly down the river glide
In boats of shining silver.
Their oars are trimmed with diamonds bright
That sparkle in the soft moonlight;
And in the day they go to sleep
In buttercups and lilies;
But out at night again they creep
To dance with Wisp-o'-Willies.

Ah, the children, well know they
Fairy life is not all play.
For when mamas have said, "Good night,"
And left the children lonely,
With dreams and thoughts from God above,
The fairies comfort those they love.
When work is o'er, again they sleep
In buttercups and lilies;
And out at night once more they creep
To dance with the Wisp-o'-Willies.

Tom Tompkins Thanks Giving.



Tom Tompkins woke up on the night
Before Thanksgiving Day;
At first he shook with cold and fright—
But this soon passed away.

And then he thought of those mince pies,
Down on the pantry shelf;
"My! how good they'd taste," he sighs,
"I'd like one now myself."

And then as softly as a mouse,
He steps out on the floor—
And silently steals through the house,
Down to the pantry door.

With shaking knees he steps within,
And takes down from the shelf
A large fat pie, with raisins in
And eats it all himself!



Then shaking, quaking more and more,
He sneaks back to his bed,
And moans and kicks until he's sore,
And wishes he were dead!

Oh, Thanksgiving Day poor Tom was fed
On gruel thin and white—
"No more mince pie
for me," he said
Unless it's broad
day light!"

Besse Jenkins

"ILLUSTRATED POEM." BY BESSE JENKINS, AGE 16. (SPECIAL CASH PRIZE.)

LEAGUE CHAPTERS.

MUCH pleasant entertainment and mutual benefit result from chapter organization. Weekly meetings, at which recreation and mental culture are pleasantly and about equally divided, must in time result in great good to those who take part willingly and in the proper spirit.

Members forming chapters may have their buttons all come together in one large envelope, postage paid, and as many buttons will be sent as desired for actual use.

The secretary of Chapter No. 36 reports a "weeding out" of some of its inactive members and sends us the first three numbers of a school magazine which they are publishing in their school, the Hebrew Technical Institute of New York City. The first three numbers of "Our School" are certainly both interesting and creditable. The little periodical is "hand-made," the printing being done on an Edison mimeograph, and is artistic and attractive, as is the entire make-up. "Our School" is filled with original contributions of every sort, and has a paid circulation of sixty-six, with a monthly increase of about ten per cent.

In the opening number the editors and publishers say: "Having launched ourselves on the deep and troubled seas of journalism, and having acquired but little experience by a former attempt, we find ourselves in a position from which we can only be disentangled by the leniency and favor of our readers."

Perhaps this is not quite so well expressed as it might

be, but the meaning is all right, and we wish that "Our School" may be not only "disentangled" but distributed well and profitably.

Chapter 86 reports some change of membership and asks for more badges. Chapters 144 and 152 ditto.

Chapter 153 is progressing finely.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 154. "Oakland Athletic Club." W. J. Jones, President; Thomas A. Roper, Secretary; four members. Address, 4021 Ellis Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

No. 155. "Glen Chapter." Thomas A. Cox, Jr., President; St. John Cox, Secretary; eight members. Address, Cullowhee, North Carolina.

No. 156. "Dodge Chapter." Blanche H. Fechter, President; Olga Schuette, Secretary; eight members. Address, Corner Eighth and Hamilton Streets, Manitowoc, Wisconsin.

No. 157. "The Triumphant Three." J. C. Klander, President; Ruth Omsted, Secretary; three members. Address, Bala, Pennsylvania. "The Triumphant Three" report one meeting, so far, "which was a great success."

No. 158. Constance Jackson, President; Delia Hunton, Secretary; four members. Address, 8 Springfield Avenue, Westmount, Province of Quebec, Canada.

JIP AND PETER.

BY HARRY E. WHEELER (AGE 14).

PETER sits outside the window;

He is sleek and fat;

Wants some sparrows for his dinner—

Naughty, naughty cat!

Thinks he'll go
a-hunting
for them;
Jumps down on
the roof.

Suddenly behind him
Peter
Hears a dreadful
"Woof!"

Peter whirls around; his
tail
Is lashing like a whip!
Such a fearful, fearful
growing;
It is that dog Jip!



"JIP."

Peter arches high his
back;
His tail is twice its
size!
Spits at Jip, and fire
flashes
From his yellow eyes.

Jip has scratches on his
back;
He got them in the
row.

'T is safe to say that Jip
will never
Bark at Peter now.



"PETER."



BY ANNA SPENCER STOKES (AGE 16).

IT is Christmas in Rome. The ringing of hundreds of bells announces the fact to all the world.

From early morning the streets are crowded with peasants in holiday attire, many of them flower-venders—big baskets of roses, lilies, and daffodils balanced on their heads.

As the day advances, the carriages of great lords and ladies throng the streets on their way to and from mass, and the tourist, guide-book in hand, is seen hurrying from church to church, bent upon seeing all the "sights."

The Piazza di Spagna is crowded. On the Scala di Spagna lounge the models, their picturesque peasant costumes making bright bits of color against the old stone steps. In the center of the square the fountains splash merrily, keeping fresh and fragrant the baskets of flowers heaped around their sides. Some wandering minstrels can be heard singing popular airs, and reaping a harvest of small coins—for no one can refuse them on Christmas Day.

Suddenly a hush falls on the crowd. With bared heads and reverent faces the people stand aside, as a procession of priests, preceded by choir-boys and acolytes, pass through the streets, chanting in low, solemn tones. But when the last white-robed figure has disappeared, the shouts and songs are redoubled, and the people give themselves up to the Christmas merry-making.

At the Church of the Ara Coeli is a life-size representation of the Nativity, and children standing before the jewel-bedecked figure of "Il Santo Bambino," or the Holy Child, recite little poems for the welfare of their souls.

Strange and interesting as it all is, it has not the beauty of our "white Christmas" of the North, where the children dance around the lighted Christmas trees, or crack nuts by the great log fires, while outside the wind whistles mournfully among the snow-laden pine-trees.

THANKSGIVING.

BY MINNIE SWEET (AGE 12).

THE feasters on Thanksgiving Day
Sit round the joyous board,
Where autumn's plenteous gifts of grace
By bounteous hands are poured.

THE SEA-GULLS' SONG.

BY HELEN K. STOCKTON (AGE 13).

FREE are we as the winds that blow,
Free as the whitecaps that sweep the sea.
Watch us flying, now high, now low,
Over the blue waves, wild and free.
Naught care we for the poor tame earth—
All for the sea that gave us birth.

Up, far up in the bright blue sky,
Down to the sparkling waves below,
Near to the silver-lined clouds on high,
Scattering far when the breezes blow,
Floating awhile on the ocean's swell—
What wonder we love our life so well!

THANKSGIVING.

BY DOUGLAS ELLIOTT
(AGE 13).

THANKSGIVING is a happy day
When all the children
love to say,
"Come quickly! There
's turkey and cran-
berry sauce";
The pies they come for
second course.

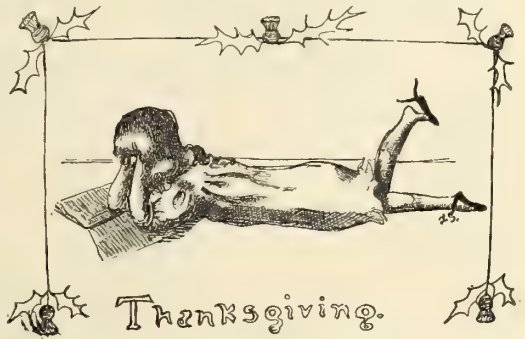
AN AUTUMNAL EFFORT.

BY GRAHAM HAWLEY
(AGE 14).

SAID Miss Dorothy Althea
Angeline Small,
"I've trimmed me an exquisite hat for the fall.
I made it myself. Don't you
think it is sweet?
That bow and that feather look ever so neat;
But mother and father both laugh and declare
That it does n't go well with my pompadour hair."



BY HELEN F. PARRY, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY TINA GRAY (AGE 16, SCOTLAND).

(Silver Badge.)

ST. NICHOLAS lay on the floor that day,
Blistered with fallen tears,
For Grizel was pondering drearily
How through these long eight years
She never had seen a Thanksgiving feast
Or knew the reason why;
And as she read the charming page
She longed for pumpkin-pie!
A poor little Scottish girl she was,
Wishing to win a prize;
But Thanksgiving—what did she know of it?
So the tears would start to her eyes.
The little American children
Would write, for of course they knew;
But poor little red-haired Grizel
Wonders would Hallowe'en do?



BY STUART BEST WILKINS, AGE 16.

ROLL OF HONOR.

A LIST of those whose work, though not used, has been found well worthy of honorable mention.

POEMS.

Dorothy Knight	Ruth Sullivan
Marjorie Chisholme	Elizabeth M. T. Wood
Shirley Willis	Laura Bromell
Ruth Stafford	George Elliston
Angus M. Berry	Alice M. Gray
Frances Marion Simpson	Adelaide Skoog
Linda Schaefer	Ethel M. Farquhar
Jeanette Eaton	Edna A. Tompkins
Ruth S. Laighton	M. A. Ryerson
Marguerite M. Hillery	Watt Shelton
Dorothy N. Holmes	Caroline Clinton Everett
Muriel Foster	Wilmot S. Close
Florence Mitchell	Laura Alleine
Harriet A. Ives	Della H. Varrell
Helen Thurston	Alfred F. Parker
Grace Reynolds Douglas	Helen Schlesinger
Esther M. Hatch	Jessica Nelson North
T. Mather Spelman	Wynonah Breazeale
Clarina S. Hanks	William Greenough
Nancy Barnhart	Wendell

PROSE.

Horace Wilkins	Hilda Millet
Lucille Owen	Marguerite Beatrice Child
Ruth N. Jackson	Florence Reineman
Jerome R. Davis	Theodora Maud North
Marjorie Wesson	Harvey Warren
Florence Herrick	E. Mabel Strang
Priscilla Baron	Helen H. Herr
Lilian R. Harris	
Sophie Parsons Woodman	
Florence H. Fellows	
Lotta D. Lovell	
Mary P. Parsons	
Louis May	
Eugenia Van Cleef	
Philip S. Comstock	
Elise R. Leobman	
Agnes Sweet	
Doris Armitage	
Martha Wertz	
Helen C. Moody	
Susan Ertz	
Marion E. Larrabee	
Virginia Dorrance	

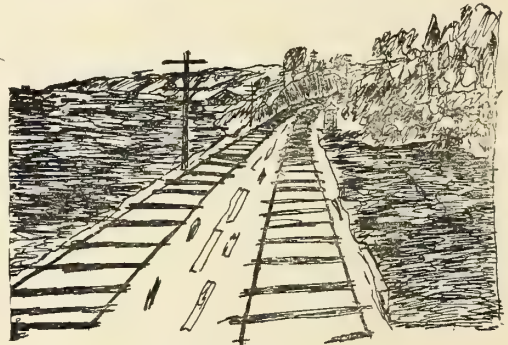


"A COLD DAY." BY C. ALFRED KLINKER, AGE 14.

Emmy Englemann	Alberta Denton Jacobs
Norman Richardson	Harriet T. Larimore
Margaret V. Underhill	William Faber
Nell Parks	Gussie Schwartz
David M. Cheney	Jessie Hoffstetter
Bonnibel Butler	Annie Laurie McBirney
Henry Sokoliansky	Caroline Warren Benson
Hattie Faber	William Rogers
Katherine T. Halsey	Eunice Fuller
Mayme L. Diener	Edith Guggenheimer
Grace Billings	Zenobia Camprubi Aymar
William T. Pickering	Ruth Siewers
Viola Bogert	Edith W. Swayne
Mary Eleanor Glenn	Ruth A. Bliss
Cornelius Hyatt	Mary Belle McKellar
Nannie Turner Gerard	Charles B. Shirley
Clara Sax	Gertrude Kaufman
Dorothea Hartung	Harry H. Cannon
Royce Paddock	Roxana Brooks
Ellen Dunwoody	Lincoln Paddock
Clarence L. Dunham	Max Goodsill
Margarete Münsterberg	Gertrude E. Mills
Ethel Louise Paddock	

DRAWINGS.

Susan Jameson Sweetser	Charles H. Banes, Jr.
Rhea G. Clemens	Gurdon Huntington



BY EDWARD VERPLANCK, AGE 9.

Doris Webb	Emily E. M. Colquhoun
John C. Vondrous	Elizabeth Keeler
Harry J. Hasselbauer	Helen de Veer
Stanley Bruce Elwell	Margie C. Wurtzburg
Edith S. Eaton	Elsie Deane
Ruth B. Hand	C. L. Watkins
Helen L. Rood	Leon S. Taylor
Fannie C. Pitkin	Edith Clappe
	Florence Latham
	Arthur L. Jaeger
	Walter C. Pleuthner
	W. Gilbert Sherman
	Ethel York
	Janet P. Gregory
	Sara E. Philips
	Maude L. Hamilton
	Phyllis Holt
	Dorothea M. Dexter
	Gertrude Whittemore
	Carl Henking
	Hazeltine Fewsnoth
	Addie Ruff
	Marion Paulding Murdock
	Margaret Hubbard Farrar



BY HELEN A. COGGESHALL, AGE 14.

William J. Quinn
Herman Livingston
Marjorie Day
Edna Huddleston
Emily E. Howson
Lenore Skene
Gladys G. Hildreth
Emil Breitenfeld

Helen U. Trotter

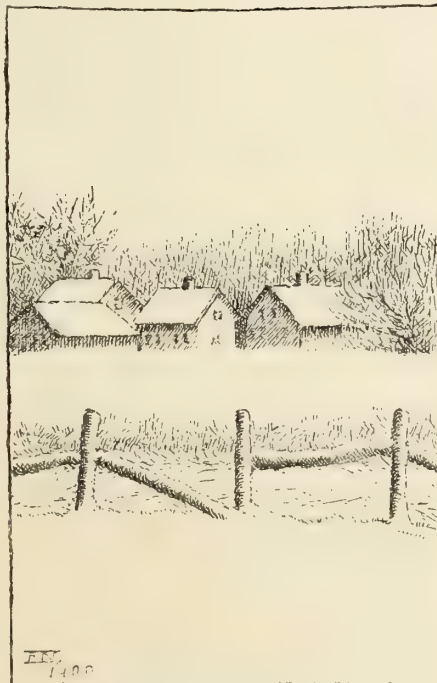
Elizabeth Campbell
Rachel A. Russell
Leila Tucker
Leon Schofield
J. Kantor
Richard H. Catlett, Jr.
Eleanor Keeler
Rowena Sizer

PHOTOGRAPHS.

Mason Kruger Harell
Tom D. Strathern
Philip E. Heartt
Lorraine March
John Whitcomb
Frederic C. Smith
Margaret Crosman
Phillips

Frederick Eckstein
Antoinette Fuller
Bessie Dew Martin
Thomas O. Taylor
Elizabeth W. Paige
Constance Addington
Frances Ayer
Will T. Dice
James P. Dike, Jr.
Sturges D. Cook
Elizabeth Tenney
Maribel Cheney
Paul B. Moore
Edward E. Denniston
Philip Roberts
William Deacon Murphy
Karl Van Norman
Henry Hubbard
Florence Van Valkenberg
William A. Canaday
Judith Wilkes
Susie Wilkes
Willie T. Van Nostrand
Fannie H. Bickford
Arthur N. Cowperthwait
Gordon K. Miller
Edith M. Thompson
Paul C. Wild
Dorothy Tryon
Esther G. Freeman
Bernice A. Chapman
Josephine Richards

Howard R. Patch
John C. Wister
Lena E. Barksdale
George L. (or Z.) Harrison
Leize H. Weaver, Jr.
Kate Graham



BY ELIZABETH NORTON, AGE 12.
(Winner of gold badge in July.)

Arthur W. Parrish
Frances Kinsey
Clarence Hawthaway
Elizabeth Alley

Natalie Allien Johnson
Eleanor Whidden
Leslie J. Schuabacher
Elizabeth Alley

PUZZLES.

Henry Goldman
Alice Karr
Asa B. Dimon
Lotta Darwin Lovell
Esmond Phelps
Lesley M. Storey
Constance Fuller
Ruth Allaire
Joseph Wells
Korene Pendleton
Louise Peck
F. C. Talmage
Percy Brown
Albert Lowenfels
Thomas Jefferson
Katherine M. Clement
Breta Childs
Helen Mabry Ballard
Eric Schuler
John Herschel
Howard Smith
Ruth Darden
Clara W. Burnham
Louise Ruggles
Ralph McGhee
Kendall Morse.

James W. Davis
Jessie Dey
S. Jean Arnold
Richard B. Grant
John Mayhew Baldwin
Elsie Deming
Edward L. Crosby
Lillian Alley
Marie Hammond
Emily C. Crawford
W. B. Harris
Grace C. Norton
Amelia F. Stevens



BY ALICE PAINE, AGE 11.

LEAGUE LETTERS.

FROM Katie Breckinridge Bogle, author of "Mercury on a Wheel" (June League), comes this letter on the protection of birds. One of the first aims of the League is to protect birds and dumb animals, and it is for this reason alone that the "Wild-animal Photograph" prize is offered. Miss Katie's suggestion, however, will be found well worth considering.

DANVILLE, KY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:
May I send a suggestion to the League concerning the wholesale slaughter of birds to be used in adorning the costumes of ladies? I have read that sometimes men are capable of the cruelty of skinning birds alive in order to preserve the beauty of their plumage. Can nothing be done to put a stop to such barbarity? Don't you think it would be nice to call for volunteers among the members of the League, who will pledge themselves not to wear feathers on their hats or otherwise countenance such a proceeding

unless they are made to do so by those who have authority over them?

Hoping this can be done, I remain,

Your loving reader,
KATIE BRECKINRIDGE BOGLE.

ST. NICHOLAS.

I LOVE you, dear St. NICHOLAS;
You 've lots of things to read.
With your poems and pleasant
stories,
You 're very nice indeed.

You 're illustrated lovely,
And a stamp page in the back,
So nice for stamp-collectors
When they information lack.

You have continued stories,
Which I look forward to;
And when I have finished them,
I wish they were not through.

And now, my dear St. NICHOLAS,
I 'll close my little rhyme.
I 've said all I can think of now;
I 'll think some other time.

JOSEPH WELLS (AGE 11).

KITTANNING, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like you very much. I just began to take you this year. My aunt has a parrot. I want to get a badge. I saw Janet Golden's badge. One day my little cousin sat right down in the mud. She just loves mud to eat.

Good-by. MILLICENT PAINTER.

The above, from a very young reader, is terse and to the point. If Millicent will try very hard and do her work very carefully she may earn a prize-badge too by and by.

The next letter tells of a very nice game for a rainy day:

MAYVILLE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: To-day it has been raining, and we hunted up all the dolls in the house, and we found fifteen of them.

My two sisters and I dressed up as trained nurses, with white aprons, caps, and neckerchiefs.

Then we put all the dolls on the bed, and played they had the measles and had been sent to the hospital to be taken care of.

My brother was the doctor, and he put on a long coat and plug-hat, and made a medicine-case out of a satchel.

We had different kinds of medicine. And after a while the sun came out, so we put away our things and went out of doors to play.

Sincerely yours,
GENEVIEVE APPERLY.

Here is a letter from some little girls who have seen real war:

BRIELLE, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken your magazine for eight years, and enjoy it very much. I



BY J. ELMER BURWASH, AGE 17.

We hope this letter will be printed; and joining in the hope that St. NICHOLAS will live a long life,
We remain your constant readers,

NATALIE BIRD.
URSULA BIRD.
DOROTHY BIRD.

WESTERLY, R. I.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to write and tell you about my sister's and my pets.

We have two prairie-dogs which a friend of ours sent to us from Kansas (their names are "Midget" and "Fidget"), and a dear little pony, which reminds me very much of Ned Toodles, although she is a Shetland pony instead of a Welsh one. Her name is "Mollie." She is very old, being fifteen years.

I enjoy reading the St. NICHOLAS very much, and I look forward to its coming every month.

Lovingly, your faithful reader,
PHEBE F. PERRY.

P. S. I enjoy the St. NICHOLAS so much that I would like very much to become a member of the League.

From a winner of two prizes:

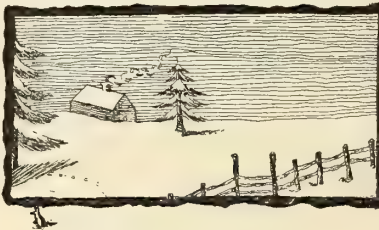
THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: My gold badge has just arrived, and I wish to send you many thanks for it. When I received my silver badge six months ago, my first exclamation was: "What a beauty! I don't believe that even the gold badge is handsomer."

However, at that time it was the greatest desire of my heart to possess the gold one some day. Now that I have it, I find that it is, without doubt, far more beautiful than even the silver one, of which I was so proud before.

For a number of years I have been a subscriber to the St. NICHOLAS, and have always waited for it with impatience.

However, I have never been so anxious to see each number as I am now, since the League has begun. I always read my magazine backward, beginning invariably with the League, and reading that thoroughly first of all. Thanking you for my beautiful prize, I am,

Your sincere friend,
CHARLOTTE FARRINGTON
BABCOCK.



BY FANNY W. CARTER, AGE 12.

HARRISON, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken your magazine, and have liked it very much. My favorite stories are "Saved by a Mistake" and "The Little American Girl at Court." I wish all the little girls in the world could hear some of the nice stories in your magazine. Hoping to see the ST. NICHOLAS published for many years, and thanking you for your nice stories, I am,

Yours respectfully,

ROSALIE W. BROOKS.

From a little girl in the sunny South:

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just received my membership badge, and I want to thank you so much for it. I have just been a reader of you for this past year, but hope that I may read you forever. The October issue ends two stories in which I was particularly interested. They are "The Junior Cup" and "Pretty Polly Perkins." I do think they are two of the prettiest stories I have ever read. Wishing you loads of success always, I am, Your faithful reader,

LEA CALLAWAY.

From a little Canadian girl:

WALTON, NOVA SCOTIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My sister Bessie has taken the ST. NICHOLAS for over five years, and we all like you very much indeed. I always turn to the League the very first thing, and I would like to become a member. I will try and contribute to the competitions, and though I do not expect to get a prize, I hope that my name will at least be printed in the roll of honor.

I am very fond of reading, my favorite authors being Dickens, Rudyard Kipling, Jerome K. Jerome, Louisa M. Alcott, and Josiah Allen's Wife. We have quite a lot of pets, and we always name them. I have a cat called "John of Slordle," nicknamed "Johnny," out of Conan Doyle's book "The White Company," and a kitten called "Tommy Atkins," after our soldiers.

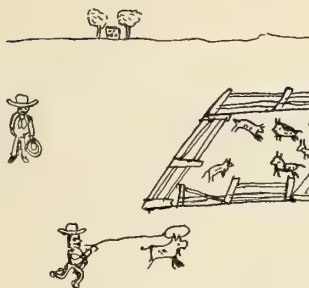
I would like to form a chapter, but we are the only family here that takes the ST. NICHOLAS, so I cannot do that.

Wishing you long life and prosperity, I remain,

Your little Canadian friend,

A. MAUDE FULMORE (AGE 12).

Other encouraging and entertaining letters have been received this month from Della H. Varrall, Rachel Workman, Chester C. Graham, N. Kruger, Charlie Laban Pardee, Margaret Heller, the four Majundar children, Kate Huntington Tiemann, Ora Winifred Wood, Sue Barrow, Percival W. White, Jr., Mabel M. Johns, Ray English, A. R. Price, Elsie Fisher Steinheimer, E. Bunting Moore, Seward Rathburn, M. C. Nutting, Amy A. Taylor, Ruth Morse Townsend, Grace King, Marjorie A. Harrison, Amelia Peach, Gladys Sharp (the last five with



BY HOWARD CURTIS, AGE 9.

drawings), and from the Hebrew Technical Institute.

NOTICE.

To League members who have lost or mislaid their badges or instruction leaflets new ones will be mailed on application. No member should be without a badge and a copy of the printed rules.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 15.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers.

A SPECIAL CASH PRIZE. To any League member who during the first year has won a gold badge for any of the above-named achievements, and shall again win first place, a cash prize of five dollars will be awarded, instead of another gold badge.

Competition No. 15 will close December 20. The award will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for March.

POEM. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author. Subject to contain the word "book" or "books."

PROSE. Story or article of not more than four hundred words. It may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author, and must relate in some manner to March.

PHOTOGRAPH. Any size, mounted or unmounted, but no blue prints. Subject, "What I Photograph Most." May be interior or exterior, with or without figures.

DRAWING. India ink, very black writing ink, or wash (not color). Subject, "A March Day." May be interior or exterior, with children, birds, or animals.

PUZZLE. Any sort, the answer to contain some word relating to school.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

WILD-ANIMAL OR BIRD PHOTOGRAPH. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun.

For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird, taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

Every contribution of whatever kind must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only.



BY EDWIN G. BURROWS, AGE 8.

BOOKS AND READING.

PRIZE QUESTIONS. So much interest was shown in the prize questions printed in the July number that the editor of ST. NICHOLAS has decided to give other lists of questions in this department during the next year. For the best set of answers to the following questions one year's subscription to the magazine will be awarded. Answers should be brief, written in an interesting style, and accurately expressed. Lists must be addressed to "Books and Reading Department," ST. NICHOLAS, Union Square, New York City. Number the answers as the questions are numbered, and write on one side of note-paper. Any one may compete, but age is considered. Competition closes January 15, 1901.

SECOND SET OF PRIZE QUESTIONS.

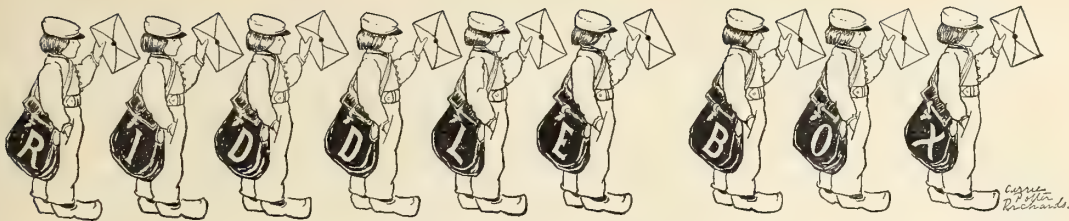
1. What is the origin and explanation of hanging up stockings on Christmas Eve?
2. Explain and give the reason for the expression "Injun giver."
3. Give, *briefly*, the derivation of these words: luncheon, Yankee, book, volume, library, parchment, yule.
4. Who was Dame (or Mrs.) Partington? With what two authors is her name associated?
5. Explain the phrase, "Mind your P's and Q's."
6. What reason is given to prove that Cinderella's slipper may not have been of glass?
7. Explain "apple-pie order," "foolscap paper," "beef-eaters," "grin like a Cheshire cat."
8. Who were the "wise men of Gotham"?
9. What is, or was, a "whipping-boy"? What is "beating the bounds"?
10. Who is said to have been slain by a plant that in our times is one of the symbols of peace and good will to all men?

Several of these questions are answered differently by different authorities; where opinions differ, use your best judgment.

THE "DESERT ISLAND" LIBRARY. In this department we once asked for a list of ten books to be taken to an imaginary desert island, and many interesting lists were submitted. Now the grown-up readers of a popular literary supplement have been making up their choices of books for the same purpose. One correspondent wisely suggests that books merely for reading would not suffice in such circumstances, and believes that practical hand-books should be added — a cook-book, a book of sports, and so on. We believe that a list of good *practical* books for children would be useful in getting together a library for schools and homes.

TAKING NOTES. So many wise writers have advised taking notes while reading that a convenient method should be recommended. A number of thin cards, all of the same size, should be bought. Rule off a space at the top. Use one of these cards as a book-mark when reading. Write the title of the book in the upper space. Below make short notes of things you wish to remember or to read again, adding the number of the page. Then keep the cards filed alphabetically under the book-titles in a box. They will make a card-index of what you have read. For special subjects, you may head a card with the subject instead of the book-title, and then put down cross-references to the books.

SMALL BOOKS. PUBLISHERS to-day are bringing out the very best books in the world in pocket sizes. The portable little classics can be carried about and read at odd times, and there is no longer the same excuse for reading trash because it is "more convenient." Reading a little now and then, there is time to think between times, and a good book gains greatly in interest if it be not swallowed at a mouthful. Our readers should remember, when about to buy some book they "ought to read," that it is usually to be had in half a dozen forms at least. When we see certain enormous volumes in fine print, of Scott's novels, for instance, we wonder that any one ever had strength, patience, and eyesight to read them.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

ANAGRAM. Inlets, tinsel, linest, enlist, listen, silent.

OVERLAPPING SQUARES. 1. Spur. 2. Pane. 3. Unites. 4. Retort. 5. Errant. 6. Stayer. 7. Neve. 8. Tree.

HALF-SQUARE. 1. American. 2. Mexican. 3. Ensign. 4. Reiga. 5. Iron. 6. Can. 7. An. 8. N.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade."—**CHARADE.** Car-pet.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. 1. Nymph. 2. Rider. 3. Bacon. 4. Rocks. 5. Melon. 6. Vixen. 7. Pixie. 8. Doves. 9. Child. Centrals, MDCCLXXVI—1776.

AMPUTATIONS.

Now do not be in haste
To win; be sure, we pray.
Evolve each word in care,
And in no other way.

1. Known. 2. Idol. 3. Knots. 4. Obey. 5. King. 6. Chasten. 7. Atom. 8. Swine. 9. Abet. 10. Usurer. 11. Awed. 12. Sprays. 13. Revolved. 14. Peachy. 15. Swords. 16. Bind. 17. Scared. 18. Hands. 19. Mink. 20. Knot. 21. Mothers. 22. Sways.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 15th, from Isabel L. Goodnow—The Thayer Co.—Marguerite Sturdy—Joe Carlada—Louise Atkinson—"The Spencers"—Hildegard G.—Allil and Adi—Nessie and Freddie—Julia and Marion Thomas—G. Bernice Roome.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 15th, from Clara S. Cutler, 2—J. A. Logan, 1—N. C. Pryde, 1—M. L. Logan, 1—Mary Lowell, 5—L. Byrne, 1—Lillie Knollenberg, 5—E. Patrick, 1—Edwin P. Lehman, 2—Arthur Dickson, 2—Pierre Gaillard, 8—Catherine Delano, 4—R. A. Bliss, 1—Helen Toothe, 9—Katharine M. Clement, 6—Dorothy Calman, 2—K. Martin, 1—"Hiawatha and Wabecka," 7—Sarah Pierpont, 2—Florence and Edna, 7—Mary J. Mapes, 7—Katharine Forbes Liddell, 9—Emily S. Peck, 4—L. Hyman, 1—"Calla Lily," 5—Edith L. Kaskel, 1—Philip Sydney Beebe, 9—George T. Colman, 2—Barbara R. Jones, 8—Mary R. Hutchinson, 8.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. A SUBORDINATE. 2. Energetic. 3. Taken by fraud. 4. Taciturn. 5. A broad street. 6. Meager.

MARIE B. REICHENHART.

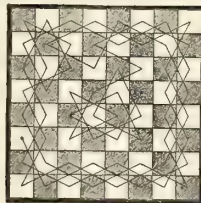
THE MAGIC SQUARE.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

F	M	A	D	T	E
E	S	C	U	S	N
R	B	J	H	E	O
U	U	Q	O	N	V
F	A	L	U	I	N
O	U	R	Y	C	F

THE above letters contain the name of one of our Presidents, also certain facts pertaining to him. Choose any letter as a starting-point, and, moving one square in any direction (and using one letter twice, if necessary), spell out:

KNIGHT'S MOVE. Begin at 41 and follow the tour here shown. The names are Longfellow, Whittier, Shakespeare, Bryant, Irving, Lamb, Hawthorne, Emerson, Poe.



CHARADE-COUPLETS. 1. Hawthorne. 2. Carroll. 3. Ewing. 4. Kingsley. 5. Mulock. 6. Kipling. 7. Henty. 8. Alcott. 9. Riley. 10. Ruskin.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Matter. 2. Arrive. 3. Tripod. 4. Tipple. 5. Evolve. 6. Redeem.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL. 1. Gnats. 2. Frame. 3. Chair. 4. Adina. 5. Abbot. From 1 to 2, Grant; from 3 to 4, Adams.

1. The full name of the President.
2. The State in which he was born.
3. The month of his birth.
4. The number of Presidents before him.
5. The number of years he was in office.
6. The number of terms he served in that office.
7. The month in which he died.
8. The place where he is buried.

ZANE PYLES.

COMBINATION PUZZLE.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

1. Transpose to perform and make an animal. 2. Transpose a vegetable and make an animal. 3. Transpose to consume and make what is frequently consumed.

When these words have been rightly guessed, transposed, and written one below another, they will form a word-square.

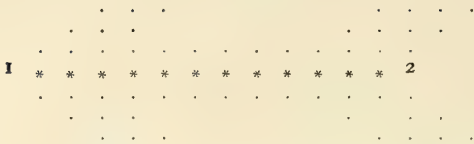
Add one letter to the beginning and one to the end of the middle word, and you will have a diamond.

Six letters in this diamond may be arranged to form one word.

Of this six-letter word, my 4-5-2-6 is very combustible. My 3-5-2-4 is to cut down. My 1-3-2-4-5 is a fabric. My 3-5-2-3 is the end. My 6-3-2-4 is a snare. My 4-5-2-3 is a fruit. My 1-2-3-6 is a vehicle. My 1-2-3-4 is a fish. My 6-5-2-3 is a drop of moisture.

FLORENCE HOYTE.

ARROW PUZZLE.



READING DOWNWARD: 1. In greensward. 2. A pronoun. 3. A motive power. 4. An act of incorporation. 5. Blossoms. 6. (Five letters). Darkness. 7. Fortune. 8. To augment. 9. Frequently. 10. A measure of weight. 11. The native form of a metal. 12. Moving with velocity. 13. A composition of lime, water, and sand. 14. A large dish. 15. (Four letters.) Extent. 16. (Two letters). Thus.

From 1 to 2, the hunting-ground of a famous bowman.

ANGUS M. BERRY.

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.



THIS differs from the ordinary numerical enigma in that the words forming it are pictured instead of described. The answer, consisting of thirty-three letters, is a Spanish proverb.

BEHEADED RHYMES.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

BEHEAD the first missing word to supply the second missing word.

The sky was overcast and * * * *
The sun showed not a single * * * *
The rain was falling fast;
I gave my horse a sudden * * * *
He threw me right against an * * * *;
I thought my days were past.

I was as wet as any * * * *;
My hat was lost, my watch fell * * * *
And smashed upon a stone;
What could I do in such a * * * * ?
Night soon would fall, though still 't was * * * *
I muttered with a groan.

But as I mused the world grew * * * * *
I glanced around. Ah! I was * * * * *;
The sun was coming out;
The rain fell slower; soon 't would * * * *;
I felt as cheerful as a * * * *
And gave a lusty shout.

For there before me was the * * * *;
My daughter waved a loving * * * *
I entered in at last!
Dried (I was soaking to the * * * *)
And fed, at home with kith and * * * *
I felt my troubles past.

MARION DE FOREST SEARS.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

FILL the blanks with the names of cities. For example, Paris is the city for the eighth blank.

My brother (1) — likes to (2) — and wants to see all the (3) — in every place he visits. He goes (4) — around everywhere; and once when he went past an old (5) — infuriated dog rushed out at him.

He, fearing the dog was (6) — himself of his hand-luggage, and (7) — his overcoat around his left arm, received the beast's teeth in it, while he gripped it firmly with his right hand.

The animal was soon secured, and all that my brother said was, "I must have some new gloves. This (8) — ruined."

Our sister Anna was at college with him, and when she cried and laughed over his narrow escape, he said "Pshaw! it was all (9) —; don't make a fuss about it."

He was a capital student, but he liked brisk competition, so he was glad to (10) — in his classes, and confided to her all his scrapes.

Once he and some others climbed to the belfry and made the (11) —, and were denied leave to go to the town for a month. This caused him but little inconvenience, however. Finally he went to (12) — all he wanted to see of it, and is now at home. M. E. FLOYD.

AN ACROSTICAL SONNET.

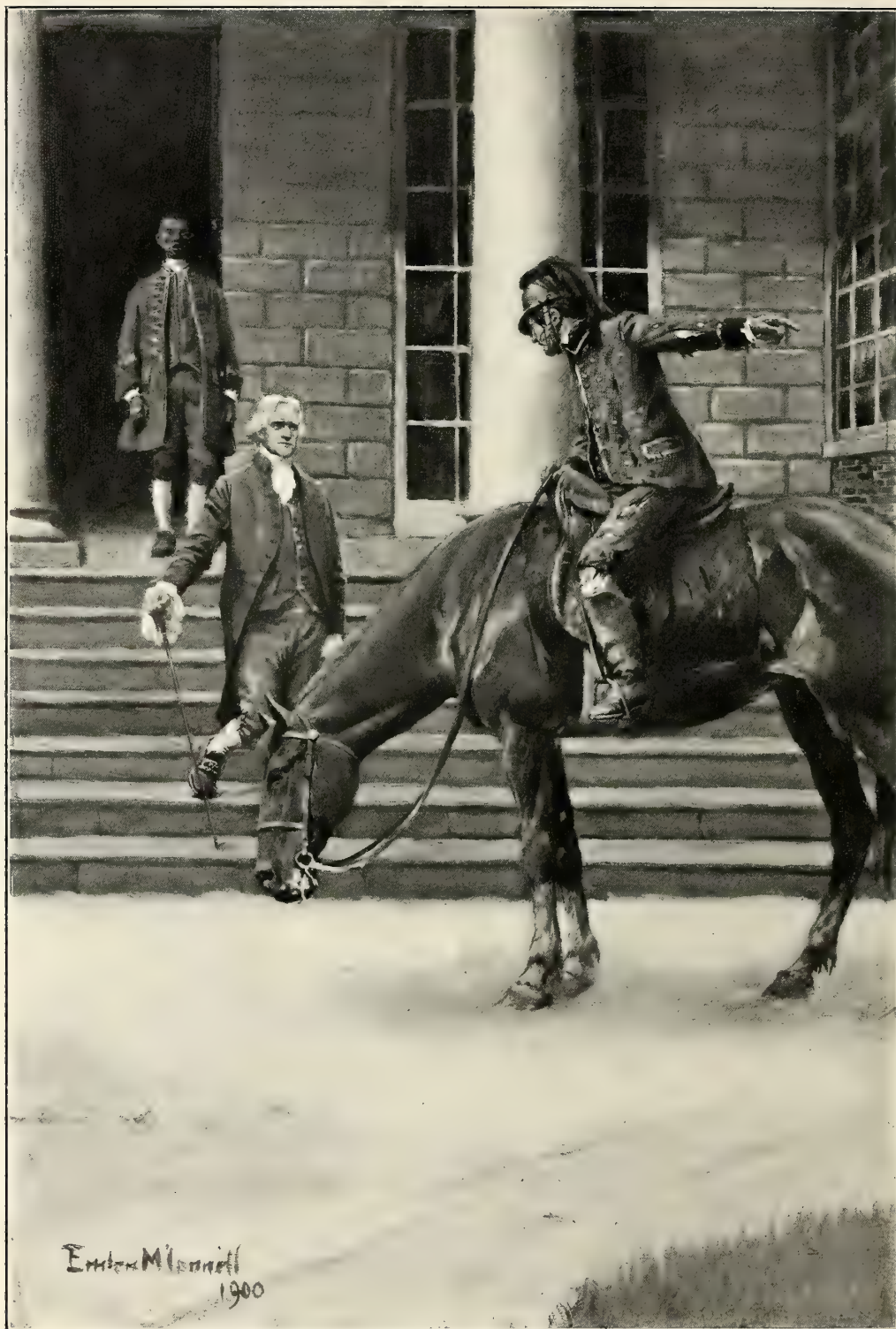
THE missing words in the last line are the acrostic words. These may be found by taking the first letter of the first line, the second letter of the second line, etc.

Should you be ever weary, tired of play,
Lazy, depressed, not knowing what to do,
Or if you have of playmates very few,
When all the family have gone to spend the day,
If in the house you are compelled to stay,
When endless winter storms make you feel blue,
And spring seems far away, and sunshine too;
Or if you cannot be in any
way

Amused, oh, hear, my
reader, of a cure!
Sad, lonely, or depressed
howe'er you be,
I know you will be
willing to confess,
After one trial, that
there's none so sure
And that there's ne'er
been found a
remedy
That can compare to
this: "— — —."

MAURICE P. DUNLAP
(League Member).





JACK JOUETT WARNS GOVERNOR THOMAS JEFFERSON OF THE
COMING OF TARLETON'S MEN.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXVIII.

JANUARY, 1901.

No. 3.



Jack Jouett's Ride

✻ By R.T.W. Duke, Jr. ✻

THE judge was sitting in his library, one afternoon, by the window that opened out toward Monticello—Thomas Jefferson's old home. The beautiful landscape was bathed in the soft light of June, and the valley stretching away to the foot of the Little Mountain presented as fair a landscape as one often sees,—clear upland lawns, bits of forest, long reaches of hillside, laughing rivulets, all lay between the house and the mountain. Everything was quiet, save for the hum of bees or the occasional rattle of a passing train, until suddenly a troop of youngsters dashed in with a whoop and hurrah that aroused the judge from his day-dream.

"Oh, papa, papa!" shouted one at the top of his lungs. "Father, father!" called another.

The judge held up his hand for silence.

"Well, children, what is the matter?"

"We have been playing Paul Revere's ride, and 'Morris'—that 's the donkey, you know—has thrown Jack, and now Jack won't be Paul any more, and I want to be one of the citizens, and the others won't ride!" This from a freckle-faced youngster of ten summers.

The judge checked the speaker.

"Paul Revere's ride? Why don't you play Jack Jouett's ride? That performed as great a service as Paul Revere's ride, and took place right here in your own county."

"Why, we never heard of it!" said Jack.

"So much for the historians," replied the judge. "Now sit down, all of you, and be quiet, and I'll tell you all about it."

Silence reigned at once, and the group of interested listeners gathered about the judge.

"Your histories tell you of Tarleton, the brave, cruel, dashing colonel; you have heard of his fiery black charger, of his superb horsemanship, of his ruthless legion. Did any of you know that Tarleton once came to Charlottesville with his regiment? Well, he did, riding right along that road you see crossing the hill in front of the house. He came up here to capture Mr. Jefferson, then the governor of the State, and the legislature then in session right here in the old town. I remember the Eagle Tavern, where the law-makers met, and, stranger still, I can remember a person who saw that raid. She was my black nurse's mother, and she died in 1863, when I was ten years old. She was fourteen years old when Tarleton made his raid. Now, how old was she when she died?"

One of the listeners looked at the judge and smiled. "I know," said she.

"Well?" said the judge.

"Cornwallis came to Virginia first in 1781, so the old woman was ninety-six years old when she died."

"Correct," said the judge. "Her name was Mourning,—Aunty Mournin', we always called her,—and my mammy used to take me to her cabin, and she'd tell me about the 'redcoats' and 'Gin'l' Tarleton and his big black horse, and the breakfast he had at Castle Hill.

"In the spring of 1781 the traitor Arnold was at Portsmouth, Virginia, and Sir Henry Clinton sent two thousand men, under General Phillips, to aid him. Soon he and Arnold were at Manchester, a little city just across the James River from Richmond. Cornwallis later on invaded Virginia, and met Phillips's command—which had left Manchester without taking Richmond—at Petersburg. They had laid waste the State before them, burning houses, tobacco, and crops, and killing the cattle.

"It looked as if these combined forces would take Richmond this time, so the legislature adjourned on the 10th of May, to meet at Charlottesville on the 24th. The governor, Mr. Jefferson, came back to his home yonder on the mountain just two miles from us here in Charlottesville, and for a week this town was the capital of the State. There were only

forty members of the legislature who came to Charlottesville, but among them were men the British would have delighted to take; for there were three signers of the Declaration of Independence, Richard Henry Lee, Thomas Nelson, Jr., and Benjamin Harrison (who was to be ancestor of two Presidents); and there also was Patrick Henry, a former governor of Virginia, the man whose clarion voice first in the colonies proclaimed resistance to tyrants, in that sentence you all have learned: 'Give me liberty or give me death!'

"Everything looked very gloomy for the Continentals in old Virginia at this time. Lafayette, who was in command, had been compelled to fall back. Baron Steuben, who was camped where the Rivanna, our muddy river just over the hill yonder, empties into the James, had been completely outwitted by General Simcoe, the British general, and had made a most inglorious retreat. Cornwallis had in the meantime pushed up the North Anna River to Hanover County, and there formed the idea of sending Tarleton to capture Mr. Jefferson and the legislature at Charlottesville.

"So, as I tell you, in this very month of June, just one hundred and seventeen years ago, Tarleton came up into this section of the country. No doubt he chuckled to himself, as he rode onward to Charlottesville, thinking what a delicious thing it would be to bring back, tied, the author of the Declaration of Independence, and to have him tried for high treason, and hanged, or transported to Great Britain.

"And Colonel Tarleton came very near succeeding. But for Jack Jouett there might have been no such President as Thomas Jefferson, and yonder mountain, now the Mecca of all lovers of liberty, would not have had upon it that plain shaft with the great but simple inscription: 'Here was buried Thomas Jefferson, Author of the Declaration of American Independence, of the Virginia Statute for Religious Freedom, and Father of the University of Virginia.' There would not have been the great University of Virginia.

"For nobody knew of or suspected Tarleton's raid. Charlottesville, shut in by the

mountains, a quiet, retired, dull little village,—who would care to despatch a force against it? So Tarleton came swiftly with his legion, and reached Cuckoo Tavern, in Louisa County, not a day's ride away, early one morning in June.

ernor and the legislature! Whee-ooh!' Not a minute stayed he then. When the last trooper was out of sight, Jack rushed to the stable, saddled his bonny bay mare,—she was said to have been the best bred and fleetest of



"SOON JACK WAS DASHING AT FULL SPEED OVER HILL AND DALE." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"Now there happened to be at Cuckoo Tavern, that day, Jack Jouett, a citizen of Charlottesville, a young, gay, and jolly innkeeper, fond of good living and fine horses.

"Why he was at Cuckoo that day no one knows; but I think it was because Jack owned a farm near there, as his will in our musty old record-book here shows, and he had ridden down to visit it. But one thing we do know: Jack had captured a British dragoon the day before, and had deliberately stripped him of his uniform, which happened to be light blue, and had donned it; coat, trousers, boots, helmet with long horsehair plume, all these he had on, having clothed his prisoner in his own homespun jeans, and then paroled him. Jack was in the garden when he heard the tramp of the swiftly moving enemy. Concealing himself in the shrubbery, he saw the redcoats sweep by, for they made no pause at Cuckoo, and Jack recognized the handsome, dashing colonel at the head of the troop. Along the road went the dreaded legion, tramp, tramp, tramp of horseshoe, clingle, clangle, clash of sabers and bridle-bits. 'Mischievous in the wind!' said Jack. 'Where are they bound?' and his heart gave a great leap. 'They're after the gov-

foot of any nag in seven counties,—and was off at full gallop.

"Jack knew every road and path in lower Albemarle and Louisa counties. He shrewdly guessed that Tarleton would follow the highway into the main road that led by the country-seats, the homes of the gentry. Jack knew a shorter route, an old disused road that would lead him to the river, thence to Monticello, and then to Charlottesville—not a pleasant road to ride or drive, though as picturesque a route as one often sees; for on either side grew great pine-trees here, and massive oaks there, while dogwood and sassafras and sumac filled in spaces. The road had once been a buffalo track and then an Indian trail, then a wagon road for a while; but as no one ever worked it or changed the grade, it rapidly washed into a succession of red gullies and became well-nigh impassable. So it had been abandoned many years, and nature had covered up the scars made by the animals and man, and only in a few places could one have known that it had ever been used as a highway. Broom-sedge grew wherever there was an open space; ferns of a hundred varieties clustered in every hollow where water ran; and the wild bramble

ran riot everywhere in the shade. Into this old road Jack pushed his horse, and soon was dashing at full speed over hill and dale. It was a dangerous ride, even at a slow gait. Deep gullies lay concealed under treacherously smiling wild flowers. Ground-hog holes offered pitfalls liable to break the leg of his steed; overhanging limbs swept him in the face, and the wild brier ever and anon caught him in a painful and harassing embrace. His face bore for many years the scars left on his face by this brier, which, you know, climbs up trees and seems to throw itself from one to another. But Jack had no time to consider these things. He knew that in a few hours the enemy would be in Charlottesville, and make the governor and legislature prisoners, unless he could give them timely warning. His mare was sure of foot, sound of wind, and no other fox-hunter ever got the brush when Jack and she were in the hunt.

"So away he went, touching her lightly with the spur now and then, but oftener cheering her in the race with a merry whistle or encouraging word. He had thirty miles to make. He could have as easily made fifty on a good road as thirty through this wilderness. At one point the disused road entered a field in sight of the highway along which Tarleton's legion was passing, and a few stragglers saw Jack when he dashed into the open. They followed him with loud shouts and a pistol-shot or two, but when he dashed into the woods they abandoned the pursuit. Once his bay mare fell, her foot having caught in a mass of brush and brier and half-rotten logs; but up she scrambled, and away she went, as if she knew that the fate of a commonwealth depended upon her. In two hours Jack rode his thirty miles, and paused in the ford just opposite the little hamlet of Milton, two miles from Monticello. Only a mouthful of water did he allow his gallant bay to sip, and then he dashed up the river-bank and on through the streets of the village, stopping not at anxious hails of men and women, but merely shouting: 'The British are coming! The British are coming!' In ten minutes he drew rein in front of a quaint brick house on top of the now famous mountain. 'He was a sight,

too,' the darkies said. His face was torn and bleeding from the wild-brier thorns, his gay blue suit covered with mud and dirt, his mare covered with sweat and foam and panting as if her heart would burst through her sides. Down from the porch in front of which Jack had halted came a tall, thin man, dressed in a suit of nankeen, lace at his wrists and shirt-front, and with a little sword-cane in his hand. This man had clear, sparkling blue eyes; a thin skin under which the blood almost seemed starting. His hair was thin and curly, and covered with white powder. For a moment he did not recognize the rider. Then, as he drew nearer, 'Why, Mr. Jouett,' he said, 'what brings you here, and with your good horse so well-nigh spent?'

"Jack could only gasp, 'The British, governor! Tarleton and his men passed Cuckoo Tavern at six o'clock this morning, and I've ridden—' He stopped and his voice sank.

" 'Martin, Martin!' called Mr. Jefferson,—for it was he,—'hurry! A glass of wine for Mr. Jouett.'

"A large, sullen-looking negro man came to the door, then hurried off, returning in a moment with a decanter and glass. Jack drained the glass, and cried:

" 'Get you gone at once, governor; there's no time to lose. I'll ride to Charlottesville and tell Mr. Patrick Henry and the other legislators.'

" 'But, Mr. Jouett,' said Mr. Jefferson, 'have you ridden from Cuckoo since six o'clock? Why, it is scarcely eight yet!'

" 'Indeed, but I have, governor; and Tarleton and his men have ridden fast too, and will be here ere noon—ay, and sooner, too.'

" 'What a debt of gratitude we all owe you, Mr. Jouett!' said the governor. 'One we shall not soon forget. But alight, sir; let your gallant bay be rubbed down and fed, and come you to breakfast. We shall have time to despatch later on.'

" 'Not so, governor,' replied Jack. 'I must warn the others.'

" 'True, quite true,' said Mr. Jefferson.

"Jack, in a moment more, again put spurs to his steed. He reached Charlottesville a quarter of an hour later, and soon from house to house ran the news that the dreaded Tar-

leton was on the way. The legislature met and passed a hasty resolution to adjourn to Staunton, forty miles away, across the Blue Ridge; and the ink was hardly dry on the minute-book before Tarleton's advance-guard was seen on the crest of the hill not more than a mile away.

"Seven tardy legislators were captured, but, thanks yet to Jack, one of the most prominent of them escaped. General Stevens, who had been badly wounded at the battle of Guilford Court House, was then boarding at Jouett's Tavern. He was a member of the legislature. After eating a hasty breakfast, and seeing his mare well cared for, Jack mounted another steed, and, in company with General Stevens, who rode a very shabby horse, started off up the Staunton road. They were but a few miles out of town when behind them came rapid horsemen, and they soon saw the red coats of the British troopers.

"'Jog on slowly, general,' said Jack; 'I'll lead them a dance,' and off he dashed. He wore his captured uniform, and the horsehair plume of his helmet streamed out behind him.

"The troopers thought Jack a general at least, and dashed by the plain old Virginia farmer (as they thought) on the poor, shabby horse. Jack coquetted with his pursuers awhile, now reining up as if about to surrender, now dashing off in a gallop. At last, when he had them well away from General Stevens, who turned into a by-path, he gave spur to his fleet horse, and was very soon beyond the reach of his pursuers. He always said that he never grew tired until he reached the top of the Blue Ridge Mountains, about dark of that eventful day.

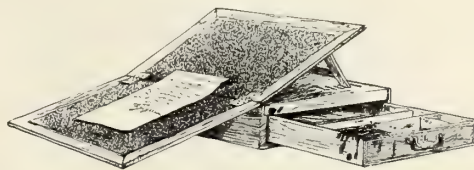
"Jack lived and died in Charlottesville. His

name is but a shadowy memory there now, as all of his children moved away. One son, John, went to Kentucky, and was, I believe, the ancestor of a gallant admiral in the United States navy, but there are no Jouetts left in Charlottesville or Albemarle.

"His tavern stood on the exact spot where stands the school-house to which you children now go. Do you know that somewhere in your playground Jack sleeps now in an unmarked grave? He was buried in his garden, and that garden is now your playground. The legislature gave Jack a handsome sword, which young John took to Kentucky with him; but Jack never seemed to think much of his ride, and used to laugh when his neighbors in his old age would talk about it. 'I'd do it again for another glass of Jefferson's madeira,' he was wont to say, and I verily believe he spoke truly.

"When he died, in 1805, there was talk of a monument to be placed over his grave, and in an old yellow newspaper I have in the library there is mention of a public meeting as late as 1826, called for the purpose of raising a fund to 'mark the grave of the hero Jouett, and thus save it from oblivion.' But nothing ever came of it, and now the very spot is unknown. But I believe, if old Jack could be consulted, he would say that the feet of merry children romping over his head, and the sweet music of their laughter, would be as pleasant to his spirit as a polished shaft of granite or of marble; for he loved children and fun and frolic and laughter, and cared little for fame and public honors.

"Peace be to his ashes! Think of him sometimes, children, and honor his memory, for he was a patriot and deserved it well."



DESK ON WHICH THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE
WAS WRITTEN. FROM A DRAWING BY
THOMAS JEFFERSON.

CAREERS OF DANGER AND DARING.

FIRST ARTICLE: THE DIVER.

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

IN old South Street, far down on the New York river-front, is a gloomy brick building with black fire-escapes zigzagging across its face, and a life-size diver painted over its door, in red helmet and yellow goggle-eyes, to the awe and admiration of the young—to the awe and admiration of anybody who comes through this wicked-looking street by night, and smells the sea, and stares along miles of ships' noses that reach right over the car-tracks, and finally stops at the sign, and reads the black-lettered announcement that wrecks are looked after here day or night, and mysteries of the deep penetrated by gentlemen of the diving profession in just such gigantic suits as this painted one.

None of this had I noticed, late one night (being occupied with the silent, hungry ships, and the fire-cars trailing over the dim bridge), until a brisk banjo-strumming caught my ear, and I paused at the house of wrecks, whence the sounds came. Somebody back in these moldering shadows was playing the "Turkish Patrol," and playing it remarkably well.

I followed the light down a narrow passage, and presently came upon the modern wrecker, a large man smoking contentedly at a table on which rested a telephone and a phonograph. The phonograph was playing the "Turkish Patrol," and a single incandescent lamp, swinging over his head, illumined the scene. There were coils of rope about, and photographs of vessels in more or less distress, and a bunk with tumbled sheets at one side, where Mr. Bean slept, often with his clothes on, while awaiting the ring of sundry danger-bells.

Divers fully expect to be objects of curiosity, for never do they work except before wondering audiences; so this one found my visit natural enough—was glad, I think, to talk a little and let the phonograph rest. It must

be rather lonely, after all, this watching for wrecks hour after hour, night after night, listening always for footsteps (the officer's tramp or the thug's stealthy tread), listening always to the hoot of passing vessels, listening always for bad news.

He explained to me what happens when the bad news comes. Say there is a collision up the Hudson, a ferry-boat on fire down the bay, a line of barges sunk in the Sound, any one of a dozen ordinary disasters. In olden times such tidings must have traveled from mouth to mouth, and the wreckers of those days flashed their calls and warnings with beacon-fires. Now electricity does all this much better with the click of a key; and presently somebody, somewhere, has the office at the end of a wire telling him what the trouble is, and forthwith the man in charge puts machinery in motion that will change this trouble into cash. *Br-r-r-r* calls the telephone; up spring messenger-boys in distant all-night stations, and in half an hour door-bells are ringing in Harlem or Jersey City, and the men who ought to know things know them, and whistles are sounding on big pontoons that can lift two hundred tons, and sleepy men are tumbling out of their bunks, and great chains are clanking, and tug-boats are sputtering forth for the towing of sundry hoisting- and pumping-craft that go splashing along to the danger-spot with all appliances aboard, pneumatic, hydraulic, not to mention savory hot coffee served to the divers and the crew.

Most divers are poor story-tellers (perhaps because the marvelous grows commonplace to them from over-indulgence in it), but the stories are there in their lives, if only you can dig them out. I asked Bean if he often went down himself, and found that he was still in active service, after twenty-odd years of it,

which certainly had agreed with him. He was just back from a sad errand in Pennsylvania. A boy had gone swimming in a slate-quarry, and had been drowned; they had dragged for him, and fired cannon over the water, but nothing had availed, and so, finally, a diver was sent for from the city, the diver being Bean.

The quarry was a great chasm four or five hundred feet deep, with eighty feet of water filling various galleries and rock shelves, in one of which the poor lad had been caught and held. The question was in which one.

"Well," said Bean, coming abruptly to the end, "I went down and found him."

That was his way of telling the story: he "went down and found him." There was nothing more to say; nothing about the two days' perilous search through every tunnel and recess of those rocky walls; nothing about the three thousand excited people who crowded around the quarry's mouth, awaiting the issue, or the scene when that pitiful burden was hauled up from the depths.

I asked Bean if he had ever been in great danger while under the water.

"Nothing special," he said, and then added, after thinking: "Once I had my helmet twisted off."

"What, below?"



AT WORK RAISING THE SUNKEN TUG. "I STAYED DOWN UNTIL THAT CHAIN WAS UNDER THE SHAFT." (SEE PAGE 208.)

He nodded.

"How can a diver live with his helmet off?" was my question.

"He can't, usually. 'T was just luck they got me up in time. They say my face was black as a coal." And he had no more to tell of this adventure.

With few exceptions, divers take their career in exactly this phlegmatic, matter-of-fact way. I fancy a man of vivid imagination would break under the strain of such a life. Yet often divers will go into great details about some little incident, as when Bean described the hoisting of a certain boiler sunk outside of Sandy Hook. It had been on a tug-boat of such a name, it was so many feet long and wide, and other things about the tide and the steam-derrick, and what the captain said, the point being that this boiler had acted as an enormous trap for the blackfish, of which they had found some hundreds of big ones splashing about inside, unable to escape.

So our talk ran on, and all the time I was thinking how I would like to see these things for myself. And it came to pass—as the subject kept its hold on me—that I did see them. Indeed, I spent a whole summer month—and found zest in

it beyond ordinary summer pleasuring—in observing the practical operations of diving and wrecking as they go on in the waters about New York. I discovered other wrecking companies, notably one on West Street, and from the head of this company learned many things.

"This will show you," said the expert, "what a diver has to contend with at the bottom of a river. He often sinks four or five feet in the mud, just as those bags sink, and sometimes the mud suction holds him down so hard that three men pulling on the life-line

can scarcely budge him. And when the mud lets go the diver comes out of it like a cork from a bottle. You can feel him flop over, clean tuckered out with kicking and working his arms. They let him lie there a minute or two to rest, and then pull him up. Why, vessels will sink ten or twelve feet in the mud, so that the diver has to take a hose down, and wash a tunnel out below the keel, to get a lifting-chain under."

"Wash a tunnel out?" I inquired.

"That's what they do. You know how you can bore a hole in a sand-bank, don't you, with a stream of water? Well, it's just the same with a mud-bank down below, only you need more pressure. Sometimes we use a stream of compressed air. The diver steers the hose

just as a fireman steers the fire-hose, and once in a while gets knocked over by the force of it, just as a fireman does."

Tunneling mud-banks under water, with streams of water or streams of compressed air, struck me as decidedly a novelty. I was to hear of stranger things before long.

My guide presently drew my attention to a splendidly built young man who was shoveling mud off the deck, not far from us.



PORTRAIT OF A DIVER. DRAWN FROM LIFE.

He took me out on a pier one day, where one of his crews were rescuing thirty thousand dollars' worth of copper buried under the North River. Every few minutes, with a *chunk-chunk* of the engine and a rattle of chains, the dredge would bring up a fistful of mud (an iron fist, holding a ton or so) and slap it down on the deck, where a strong hose-stream would wash out little canvas bags of copper ore, each one worth in the market at least a ten-dollar bill.

"There," said he, "is a case that illustrates the worst of this business. That fellow is made to be a diver; he's intelligent, he's not afraid, and he can stand having the suit on; he's been down two or three times and done easy jobs of patching. If he'd keep straight for a year or two, he could earn his ten dollars a day with the best of them. But he won't keep straight. The poor fellow drinks. We can't depend on him. And here he is, shoveling mud for a dollar and a quarter a day, and no steady work at that."

Ten dollars a day seemed a handsome wage, and I asked if divers generally earn so much.

"Good ones do, and a diver's day is only four hours long, or less when they go to great depths. And they draw a salary besides, and often receive handsome presents. You ought to see our chief diver, Bill Atkinson; he lives in his own brownstone house." He paused a moment, and then added: "But I guess they earn all they get."

A few days later I made Mr. Atkinson's acquaintance while on board the steam-pump "Dunderberg," then busy raising a coal-barge that had been sunk off Fourteenth Street in the East River.

Atkinson was down doing carpenter-work on holes stove in her, and I stood on deck beside the man "tending" him, and watched the bubbles boil up from the diver's breathing, and the signals on a rubber hose and a rope. It was less air or more air, by jerks on the hose. Rags for a leak, or a heavier hammer, or a piece of batten so-and-so long, with nails ready driven at the corners—all were indicated by pulls on the life-line or the startling appearance of hands or fingers (Atkinson's), that would now and then reach above water and move impatiently. The wreck was only five or six feet under, and the diver's helmet showed like the back of a big turtle whenever he stood up straight on the sunken deck.

Suddenly there is a scurry of barefoot youths along the pier timbers. The diver is coming up. Now he lifts himself, slowly under the crushing weight, one short step at a time up the ladder. No man at all is this, but a dripping three-eyed monster of rubber and brass, infinitely fascinating to wharf loungers.

The "tender" twists off the face-glass, and Atkinson says something with a snap in it, and explains what he is trying to do at the forward hatch. Then he leans over the rail on his stomach and rests. Then he goes down again.

"He's the best-natured man I know, Bill is," remarked Captain Taylor, commander of the Dunderberg; "but all divers get irritable under water."

I noticed that the tender did not join in the talk, but stood with hands on his lines and eyes on the water, absorbed in his responsibility; he looked like an angler about to land a splendid fish. Neither did the men at the air-pump talk. This feeding breath to a diver is serious business.

"How long would he live, do you think," I asked, "if the pump were to stop?"

"Mebbe a minute, mebbe two," said Captain Taylor. "I knew a Norwegian who was down in fifty feet of water when the hose busted. It busted on deck, where the tender heard it, and he started to lift, right away. It could n't have been over a minute before they had him up, but he was so nearly dead the doctors worked three hours on him before he came around. That'll give you an idea of how far he was gone."

The captain told of other desperate chances faced by divers in his experience: of a hose and life-line fouled in a wreck; of an escape-valve frozen shut, in winter-time, by the diver's congealed breath; of a helmet smashed through by a load of pig-iron falling from its sling; of a diver dragged off a wreck by a drifting pontoon—such a record of thrilling escapes and tragedies as any wrecking-master could run over. One realized why insurance companies refuse to take risks on divers' lives, and why the divers' pay is large.

Before long Atkinson came up again, and announced that everything was ready, holes stopped and suction length in place. Two men helped undress him, while the others started the big eight-inch pipe to pumping out the wreck, till soon it was spurting a thick stream over her side like a fire-tower, thousands of gallons an hour.

And presently the dinner-bell rang from a

tiny cabin below, and I had the honor of breaking bread with the crew of the Dunderberg and two of the company's stanchest divers, Atkinson and Timmans, both small, thin men with wrinkled faces, both the heroes of many adventures. Here was indeed a chance to find out things!

One of my first questions turned upon the effect of diving on a man's hearing. Was it true, as I had read, that divers often have one or both of their ear-drums ruptured by the water-pressure?

Both men thought not; most divers of their acquaintance had good hearing.

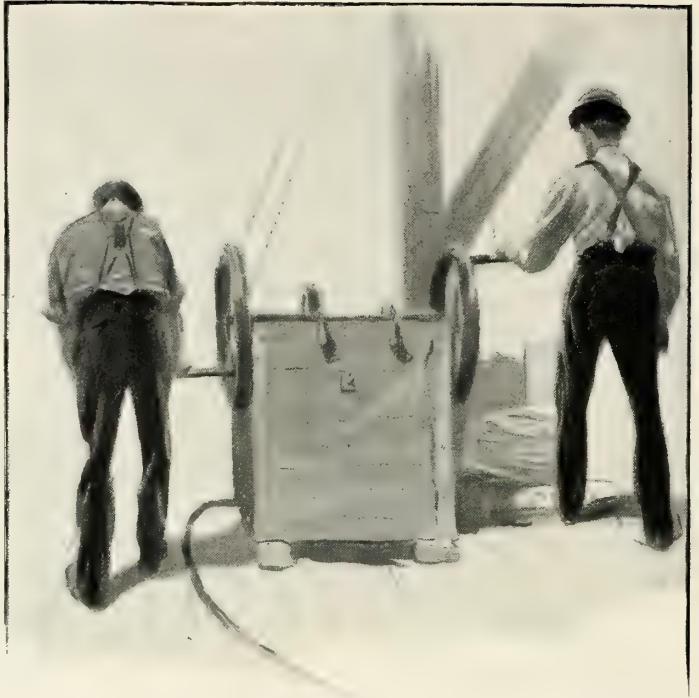
"Diving often kills a man straight out," said Timmans; "but, aside from that, I don't think it injures his health. Ain't that right, Bill?"

Atkinson nodded. He had observed that divers almost never take cold or have trouble with their lungs, although they are constantly exposed to all weathers, and often live and sleep in wet clothes for days and nights. As a young man, he himself had been a bookkeeper, in delicate health. People thought he had consumption. So he gave up bookkeeping and, by accident, became a diver. He had never had a sick day since, and he had worn the suit now for twenty-nine years.

"About a man's ears," he said; "there's no doubt you get a pressure in 'em when you go down, and the pressure gets harder and harder the deeper you go, that is, until your ears crack."

"Crack?" said I.

"Well, that's what we call it, but I don't suppose anything really cracks. After you get down, say, thirty feet, your ears hurt a good deal, especially if by any chance you have a little cold; and you keep opening your mouth and swallowing to make the crack come, and the first thing you know, you hear a sound inside your head like striking a



THE MEN AT WORK WITH THE AIR-PUMP. "THIS FEEDING BREATH TO A DIVER IS SERIOUS BUSINESS."

match; that's the crack, and then you can go on down as far as you please, and you won't feel any more pain in your ears until you're coming up again; then you get a reverse crack. They say it's the air working in and out of your head. I don't know what it is, but I know some men's ears won't crack, and those men can never make divers."

"How deep can a diver go down?" I inquired.

The company smiled at this, and turned to Atkinson, who smiled back, and then referred modestly to one of the deepest dives on record, one hundred and fifty feet, made by himself some years before up the Hudson. He had a pressure of six atmospheres on him at that depth, and could stay down only twenty minutes. "I'll tell you about that some other day," said he (and he kept his word). "It's pretty near time now for me to be sweeping up this coal."

Then, answering my look of surprise at the use of the word "sweeping" in such a place, he explained how they lessen the weight of a



THE MAN WHO ATTENDS TO THE DIVER'S SIGNALS.
"THE TENDER STOOD WITH HANDS ON HIS
LINES AND EYES ON THE WATER."

sharp, though, and not get himself caught. We had a diver—he was new at the business—who got his knee caught against the suction-pipe one day while he was pumping coal, and it held him as if he was nailed there. He was so scared he tore himself loose; but he had to rip a piece out of his suit to do it. He stayed down, though, just the same."

"What! —with a hole in his suit?"

"That does n't matter, as long as it 's only in the leg. You see, the air in the helmet presses down hard enough to keep the water below a man's neck. But he must n't bend over so as to let his helmet get lower than the hole."

"I should say not!" put in Timmans.

"Why, what would happen if he did?"

"He would be killed quicker

sunken barge by first pumping out the water in her, and then pumping out the coal. The same suction-pipe does both, and will discharge thirty-five or forty tons of coal an hour, on a chute which holds the coal while the water streams through. During this operation the diver is down in the barge, moving the suction-end back and forth, up and down—the "sweeping" in question—until no more coal is left for its hungry mouth.

"We pump grain out of wrecks in the same way," said Atkinson, "tons and tons of it! and they dry it in ovens and sell it. A man must look



A DIVER AT WORK ON A STEAMBOAT'S PROPELLER.

than you can wink. The air from the helmet would rush out at the hole, and he 'd be crushed by the weight of the water."

I don't know whether Mr. Atkinson realized the full truth of his words, but I found, on consulting the authorities, that a diver's body at thirty-two feet is subjected to a pressure of water amounting to forty tons, at sixty-four feet to eighty tons, at ninety-six feet to one hundred and twenty tons, etc. And it is only the great counter-pressure in the helmet of air from the air-pump that enables the diver to endure this otherwise deadly weight. It follows that the deeper a diver goes, the harder work it is for the air-pump men to drive air down to him; and at great depths as many as four men are sometimes needed at the pump to conquer the water resistance and keep open the escape-valve (for air breathed out) at the helmet-top.

Here ended this day's talk, for the coal would wait no longer; Atkinson must go down again to his "sweeping." But there were other days for me aboard the *Dunderberg*—other glimpses into these brave, simple lives. Think what these fellows do! Here is a huge, helpless vessel at the bottom of a bay, with the tide tearing her to pieces, and down into the depths comes a queer little man, as big as one of her anchor-points, and stands beside her in the mud, and feels her over, and decides how he will save her; and then does it—does it all alone. And what he does is never the same as anything he has done before; for each wreck is a new problem, each job of submarine patching has its own difficulties and dangers. Oh, bored folk, idle folk, go to the wreckers, say I, if you want a new sensation; watch the big pontoons, watch the divers, and (if you can) set the crew of the *Dunderberg* to telling stories.

Little by little, one picks up lore of the

divers—small things, yet edifying. In summer a diver wears underneath his suit, to keep him cool, the same flannel shirt and thick woolen socks that he wears in winter to keep him warm. But he wears mittens in winter on his hands, which are bare in summer. On the bitterest day in January he finds comparative warmth in deep water, as he finds a chill there in torrid August. Summer and winter he per-



THE CHUTE THAT SEPARATES THE COAL FROM THE WATER. "IT WILL DISCHARGE THIRTY-FIVE OR FORTY TONS OF COAL AN HOUR."

spires very freely, and a little work brings him to the limit of his strength, the strain being chiefly on the lungs. The deeper he goes the more exhausting becomes every effort.

A diver often endures real suffering (like the foot-tickling torture) because he cannot scratch his nose or face, and they tell of one man who worked in great distress because, when he got down, he found a June-bug in his helmet, and had to bear the insect's lively promenading over his features, powerless to stop it. And there was a diver who, in bravado, used to smoke a cigarette inside his helmet.

Divers, as a class, are not likely to be su-

perstitious. Seldom do their thoughts down below stray into realms of fantasy, nor do they have time to dream, but hammer, and saw, and ply the crowbar, and drive iron spikes twenty inches long into huge timbers—concentrate, in short, upon their work.

It is amusing to note the scorn of the practical divers for the nice electric-lighting contrivances and telephone contrivances of divers who never dive, but sell their inventions to the government for its Newport diving school, which same inventions remain, for the most part, in their spick-span boxes. It seems simple enough to have submarine lights; yet divers who dive prefer to grope in the almost darkness of our ordinary waters. It seems a distinct advantage that diver and tender be able to talk over a wire; yet divers who dive keep jealously to the clumsy system of jerks on the lines, and will not even be bothered with the Morse alphabet. The fact is, a diver has quite as much as he can attend to with the burden of his suit (about a hundred and seventy-five pounds), and his two lines to watch and keep from kinks and entanglements. Touch one of these lines, and you touch his life. Fasten a new line to him, or two new lines, and you enormously increase his peril. Imagine yourself stumbling about in a dark forest, with a man strapped on your back, and several ropes dragging behind you among trees and rocks, each separate rope being to you as breath and blood! That is precisely the diver's case. So he goes; so he works. And when they offer him pretty apparatus to increase his load, he will have none of it. Nor will he tug any extra ropes. "I have ways enough of dying as it is," says he.

Working thus in gloom or darkness (the rivers about New York are black as ink twenty feet down), the diver develops his senses of feeling and locality. He gains certain qualities of blind men, and finds guidance in unlooked-for ways. The ascending bubbles from his helmet, for instance, shine silver white and may be seen for a couple of fathoms. These bubbles have a trick of lodging in a vessel's seams, and so give the diver a rough pattern of her. Again, in searching for leaks, the sense of hearing helps him, for he

can distinguish (after long habit) the sucking sound of water rushing through the holes.

One is sorry to learn that divers go to pieces early; few of them last beyond fifty. As they grow old their keenness wanes; they lose their bearings easily down below, and show bad judgment. And fear of the business grows upon them. Often they seek false courage in strong drink, which hurries on the end. Too many of them, after searching all their lives for wrecks, wind up as wrecks themselves. But it is good to know that there are exceptions—divers like Bill Atkinson, sturdy and true at fifty, and good in the suit for years to come, unless their wives persuade them to retire. The diver's wife, I am told—poor woman!—starts with terror every time she hears a door-bell ring.

I must speak now of the burying-ground for wrecks, one of the strangest, saddest, most interesting burying-grounds I can think of. It was a disaster to the tug-boat "America" that brought me there, this ill-fated craft having been cut half through in the North River and sunk by a great liner she was helping into dock. The America sank forthwith in sixty feet of water—sank so suddenly that all aboard her had to cast themselves into the water and fight for it. The fireman and the cook, not knowing how to swim, fought in vain, and ended their lives there. It is astonishing how many men who follow the sea as a business cannot swim. Well, in due course the wreckers came up to lift the tug-boat, and Atkinson (who cannot swim, either) directed the job. They swung chains under her, fore and aft, they "jacked her up" nearly to the surface, and then, while four pontoons held her, the "Pinafore," the "Catamaran," and two others (only the working crews know the names of these pontoons), they all splashed slowly up the river under tow of the wrecking-tug "Fly," and finally came to the burying-ground of wrecks. Here they "jacked her up" some more (it was "We've got her!" "Slack away now!" and "R'heh-eh-eh!" as the men strained at the blocks), and then they grounded her on the mud, where wrecks have been grounded for years, and left her, with all the others, to rust and ruin and rot.

But before they grounded her there was a long time to wait for high tide—time for a good meal on the Catamaran, and a smoke and talk about hazards of the sea as divers know them. It was then that Atkinson told me the promised story of his deepest dive. I wish all men who do big things would talk about them as simply as he did.

"It 's like this," said he: "in diving, the same as in other things, every man has his limit; but he can't tell what it is until the trial comes. At this time I 'm talking about (some ten years ago) I thought a hundred feet about as deep as I wanted to go. If there are two hundred divers in the country, you can bet on it not ten of them can go down over a hundred feet. Well, along comes this job in the middle of winter—a head-on collision up the Hudson off Fort Montgomery, and a fine tug-boat had gone to the bottom. We came up with pontoons to raise her, and Captain Timmans (he 's the father of Timmans the diver) ordered Hansen down to fix a chain under her shaft—there 's the man now."

A big Scandinavian in the listening circle looked pleased at this mention. He was Hansen.

"We knew by the sounding that she lay in a hundred and fifty feet of water on a shelf of bottom over a deeper place, and Hansen was a little anxious. He got me to tend him, and I remember he asked me, when I was putting the suit on him, if I thought he could do it. Remember that, Hansen?"

Hansen nodded.

"I told him I thought I could do the job myself, so why should n't he? but that was partly to encourage him.

"Anyhow, Hansen went down, and I got a signal 'All right' from him when he struck the bottom. Then the line kept very still, and pretty soon I jerked it again. No answer. So I knew something was wrong, and began to haul him up quick, telling the boys to turn faster. He was unconscious when we got him on deck, but he soon came round, and said he felt like he 'd been dreaming. He 'll tell you if that ain't right."

"It 's right," said Hansen, very heartily.

"We could n't work any more that day, on

account of the tide, but Captain Timmans said the thing had to be done the next morning, and wanted Hansen to try it again; but Hansen would n't."

"Was n't no use of trying again," put in Hansen.

"That 's it; he 'd passed his limit. But it seems I had a longer one. Anyhow, when the captain called on me, I got into the suit and went down, and I stayed down until that chain was under the shaft. It took me twenty minutes, and I don't believe I could have stood it much longer. The pressure was terrible, and those twenty minutes took more out of me than four hours would, say, at fifty feet. But we got the tug-boat up, and she 's running yet."

After this Hansen told a story showing what power the suction-pipes exert in pumping out a vessel. He was working on a wreck off City Island, at the entrance to the Sound. He had signaled for rags to stuff up a long crack, and the tender had tied a bundle of them to the life-line, and lowered it to him by slacking out the line. All this time the pump was working at full pressure, throwing out streams from the wreck through four big pipes. Suddenly the life-line came near the crack, and was instantly drawn into it and jammed fast, so that Hansen would have been held prisoner by the very rope intended to save him, had it not been for the slack paid out, which was fortunately long enough to bring him up.

Had it been his hand or foot that was so seized in that sucking clutch, the incident would have had a sadder ending.

Then came other stories, until the day was fading and the tide was right, and Atkinson was ready for the grounding of this soaked and battered tug-boat. Once there he calls: "Look out fer that rope. Get yer jacks ready. Now slack away!" And presently pulleys are creaking and great chains are grinding down link by link as the men pump at the little "jacks," and the forty-foot timbers that stretch across pontoons and hold the wreck-chains groan on their blocks, and at last the America comes to rest safely, ingloriously on the mud. Poor America! so proud and

THE BURYING-GROUND OF WRECKS.



saucily tooting only the other day, now a be-draggled wreck on these Weehawken flats, destined to what fate who knows? To be lifted from the mud, perhaps, patched up, rebuilt, quarreled over by owners and insurance people, or perhaps simply left here, with the others, for wharf-rats to swarm in and boys to go crabbing on!

The burying-ground of wrecks! What a sight from the rugged height back of the water! Here are blackened, shapeless hulks from the great river fire of 1900, when red-hot liners drifted blazing to these very flats. Here is the ferry-boat "River Bell," decked with flags in her day, and danced on by gay excursionists, now thick with mud and slime, her deck-beams spongy under foot, her wheel-frames twisted like a brokenspider's-web. Here are the half-sunken halves of some ice-barge, cut clean in two by a liner. Here, heaving with the tide, is an aged car-float with a watchman's shanty on it, heaped with its rusted boilers, its anchors, cranes, gear-wheels, cables, or pumps, and a tangle of iron things that were once all-important. Here is a scuttled tug-boat that has been in a law-suit (and the mud) for years. Here is a coal-barge, wedged open and sunk by her owner to

steal the insurance. Wrecks spread all about us, and above them rise the masts and cranes of pontoons and pumping-craft, that seem, in the shadows and desolation, like things of evil omen guarding their prey.

Night is coming on. Lights show in the great city across the river. Ferry-boats pass. Lines of barges pass. Whistles sound. The waves splash, splash against the wrecks, touching them gently, one would say. But nobody else cares. Nobody comes near. Nobody looks. The divers go home. The wrecking-crews eat and turn to sleep. A rat squeals somewhere. These helpless, crippled hulks are alone in the night, and they grind, grind against decaying stumps. They are wrecks, they are dead, they are buried—and yet they can move a little in the mud!

One day I asked Atkinson, as master diver of the wrecking company, if he would let me go down in his diving-suit; and he said yes very promptly, with an odd little smile, and immediately began telling of people who, on various other occasions, had teased to go down, and then had backed out at the critical moment, sometimes at the very last, just as the face-glass was being screwed on. It was a bit disconcerting to me, for Atkin-



THE AUTHOR GOING DOWN IN A DIVER'S SUIT.

son seemed to imply that I, of course, would be different from such people, and go down like a veteran, whereas I was as yet only *thinking* of going down!

"There's a wreck on the Hackensack," said he; "it's a coal-barge sunk in fifteen feet of water. We'll be pumping her out to-morrow. Come down about noon, and I'll put the suit on you."

Then he told me how to find the place, and spoke as if the thing were all settled.

I thought it over that evening, and decided not to go down. It was not worth while to take such a risk; it was a foolish idea. Then I changed my mind: I would go down. I must not miss such a chance; it would give me a better understanding of this strange business; and there was no particular danger in it, only a little discomfort. Then I wavered again, and thought of accidents to divers, and tragedies of diving. What if something went wrong! What if the hose burst or the air-valve stuck! Or suppose I should injure my hearing, in spite of Atkinson's assurance? I looked up a book on diving, and found that certain persons are warned not to try it—full-blooded men, very pale men, men who suffer much from headache, men subject to rheumatism, men with poor hearts or lungs, men who have catarrh, and others. The list seemed to include everybody, and certainly included me on at least two counts. Nevertheless I kept to my purpose; I would go down.

It was rising tide the next afternoon, an hour before slack water (slack water is the diver's harvest-time), when the crew of the steam-pump Dunderberg gathered on deck to witness my descent and assist in dressing me; for no diver can dress himself. The putting on a diving-suit is like squeezing into an enormous pair of rubber boots reaching up to the chin, and provided with sleeves that clutch the wrists tight with clinging bands, to keep out the water. Thus incased, you feel as helpless and oppressed as a tightly stuffed sawdust doll, and you stand anxiously while the men put the gasket (a rubber joint) over your shoulders and make it fast with thumb-screws, under a heavy copper collar. Next you step into a pair of thirty-pound iron shoes,

that are strapped over your rubber feet. And now they lead you to an iron ladder that reaches down from rail to water. You lift your feet somehow over the side, right foot, left foot, and feel around for the ladder-rungs. Then you bend forward on the deck, face down, as a man would lay his neck on the block. This is to let the helpers make fast around your waist the belt that is to sink you presently with its hundred pounds of lead. Under this belt you feel the life-line noose hugging below your arms, a stout rope trailing along the deck, that will follow you to the bottom, and haul you back again safely, let us hope. Beside it trails the precious black hose that brings you air.

Now Atkinson himself lifts the copper helmet with its three goggle-eyes, and prepares to screw it on. The men watch your face sharply; they have seen novices weaken here.

"Want to leave any address?" says Captain Taylor, cheerfully.

I admit, in my own case, that at this moment I felt a very real emotion. I watched two lads at the air-pump wheels as if they were executioners, though both had kind faces, and one was sucking placidly at a clay pipe. I thought how good it was to stay in the sunshine, and not go down under a muddy river in a diving-suit.

"Wait a minute," I cried out, and went over the signals again—three slow jerks on the life-line to come up, and so on.

Now the helmet settles down over my head and jars against the collar. I see a man's hands through the round glasses crisscrossed over with protecting wires; he is screwing the helmet down tight. Now he holds the face-glass before my last little open window. "Go ahead wid de pump," calls a queer voice, and forthwith a sweetish, warmish breath enters the helmet, and I hear the wheeze and groan of the cylinders.

"If you get too much air, pull once on the hose," somebody calls; "if you don't get enough, pull twice." I wonder how I am to know whether I am getting too much or not enough, but there is no time to find out. I have just a moment for one deep breath from the outside, when there is no more "outside"

for me; the face-glass has shut it off, and now grimy fingers are turning this glass in its threads, turning it hard, and hands are fussing with hose and life-line, making them fast to lugs on the helmet-face, one on each side, so that the hose drops away under my left arm, and the life-line under my right. Then I hear a sharp tap upon my big copper crown, and so learn I must start down; for that tap is the signal.

I pause a moment to see if I can breathe, and find I can. One step downward, and I feel a tug at my trousers as the air-feed plumps them out. Step by step I enter the water; foot by foot the water level ascends to my waist, to my shoulders — to my head. With

a roar in my ears, and a flash of silver bubbles, I sink beneath the surface; I reach the ladder's end, loose my hold on it, and sink, sink through an amber-colored region, slowly, easily, and land safely (thanks to Atkinson's careful handling) on the barge's deck just outside her combings, and can reach one heavy foot over the depth of her hold, where tons of coal await rescue. A jerk comes on the life-line, and I answer that all is well; indeed, I am pleasantly disappointed, thus far, in my sensations. It is true there is a pressure in my ears, but nothing of consequence (no doubt deeper it would have been different), and I

feel rather a sense of exhilaration from my air-supply than any inconvenience. At every breath the whole suit heaves and settles with the lift and fall of my lungs. I carry my armor easily. It seems as if I have no weight

at all, yet the scales would give me close to four hundred pounds.

The fact is, though I did not know it, my friends up above in the daylight were pumping me down too much air (this in their eager desire to give enough), and I was in danger of becoming more buoyant than is good for a diver; in fact, if the clay-pipe gentleman had turned his wheel just a shade faster I should have traveled up in a rush, — four hundred pounds and all.



THE AUTHOR AFTER HIS FIRST DIVE. THE FACE-PLATE HAS BEEN UNSCREWED FROM THE HELMET.

I learned afterward that Atkinson had an experience like this, one day, when a green tender mixed the signals and kept sending down more air every time he got a jerk for less. Atkinson was under a vessel's keel, patching a hole, and he hung on there as long as he could, saying things to himself, while the suit swelled and swelled. Then he let go, and came to the surface so fast that he shot three feet out of the water, and startled the poor tender into dropping his line and taking to his heels.

Needless to say, that sort of thing is quite the reverse of amusing to a diver, who must be raised and lowered slowly (say at the speed of

a lazy freight elevator) to escape bad headaches from changing air-pressure.

I sat down on the deck and took note of things. The golden color of the water was due to the sunshine through it and the mud in it—a fine effect from a mean cause. For two or three feet I could see distinctly enough.

I noticed how red my hands were from the squeeze of rubber wrist-bands. I felt the diving-suit over, and found the legs pressed hard against my body with the weight of water. I searched for the hammer and nail they had tied to me, and proceeded to drive the latter into the deck. I knew that divers use tools under water—the hammer, the saw, the crowbar, etc.—almost entirely by the sense of feeling, and I wanted to see if I could do so. The thing proved easier than I had expected. I hit the nail on the head nearly every time. Nor did the water resistance matter much; my nail went home, and I was duly pleased. I breathed quicker after this slight exertion, and recalled Atkinson's words about the great fatigue of work under water.

I stood up again and shuffled to the edge of the wreck. Strange to think that if I stepped off I should fall to the bottom (unless the life-line held me) just as surely as a man might fall to the ground from a housetop. I would not rise as a swimmer does. And then I felt the diver's utter helplessness: he cannot lift himself; he cannot speak; he cannot save himself, except as those lines save him. Let them part, let one of them choke, and he dies instantly.

And now the steady braying of the air-pump beat sounded like cries of distress, and the noise in my ears grew like the roar of a train. All divers below hear this roaring, and it keeps them from any talking one with another: when two are down together, they communicate by taps and jerks, as they do with the tenders above. I bent my head back, and could see a stream of bubbles, large ones, rising, rising from the escape-valve like a ladder of glistening pearls. And clinging to my little windows were myriad tiny bubbles that rose slowly. The old Hackensack was boiling all about me, and I saw how there may well be reason in the belief of some that this ceaseless ebullition from the helmet (often

accompanied by a phosphorescent light in the bubbles) is the diver's safeguard against sharks and creatures of the deep.

Well, I had had my experience, and all had gone well—a delightful experience, a thing distinctly worth doing. It was time to feel for the life-line and give the three slow pulls. Where was the ladder now? I was a little uncertain, and understood how easily a diver (even old-timers have this trouble) may lose his bearings. There! one, two, three. And the answer comes straightway down the line—one, two, three. That means I must stand ready; they are about to lift me. Now the rope tightens under my arms, and easily, slowly, I rise, rise, and the golden water pales to silver, the bubbles boil faster, and I come to the surface by the ladder's side and grope again for its rungs. How heavy I have suddenly become without the river to buoy me! This climbing the ladder is the hardest task of all; it is like carrying



"THE DIVER'S HELMET SHOWED LIKE THE BACK OF A BIG TURTLE."

two men on one's back. Again I bend over the deck, and see hands moving at my windows. A twist, a tug, and off comes the face-glass, with a suck of air. The test is over.

"You done well," is the greeting I receive; and the divers welcome me almost as one of their craft. Henceforth I have friends among these quiet men whose business it is to look danger in the eye (and look they do without flinching) as they fare over river and sea, and under river and sea, in search of wrecks.

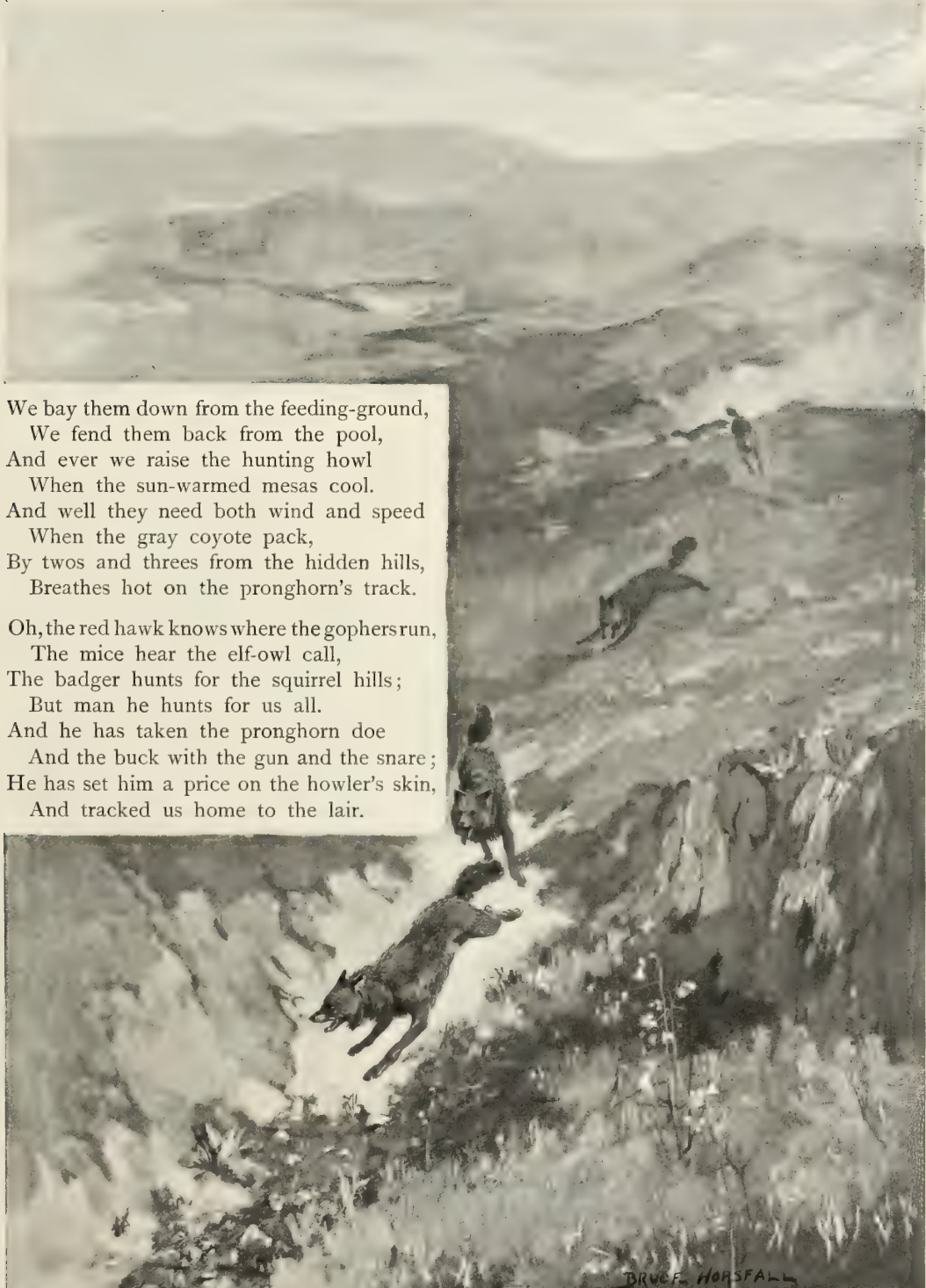
THE RHYME OF THE PRONGHORNS

BY MARY AUSTIN

*This is the tale that the howlers tell
At the end of the hunting weather,
When the quick rain rills
On the bare, burnt hills,
And they talk in the lair together.
Gray coyote and lean gray mate
And little gray cubs that cry
When the wet wind shrills
In the lone, waste hills,
And the rains go roaring by.*

NOW this is the law the pronghorn makes
For himself and the fawn and the doe,
When the rank wild oats are belly-deep,
And the waning poppies blow:
The young must run at the mother's flank,
But the bucks they run alone
From the time the old year's horns are cast,
Till the new year's horns are grown.
And up they go by the tumbled hills
Where the windy mesas lie,
And the black rock slips from the ruined lips
Of the craters stark and high;
And far they range, and fast they run;
But the howlers mark them go.
Oh, still and fleet are the padding feet,
And many a trick we know!

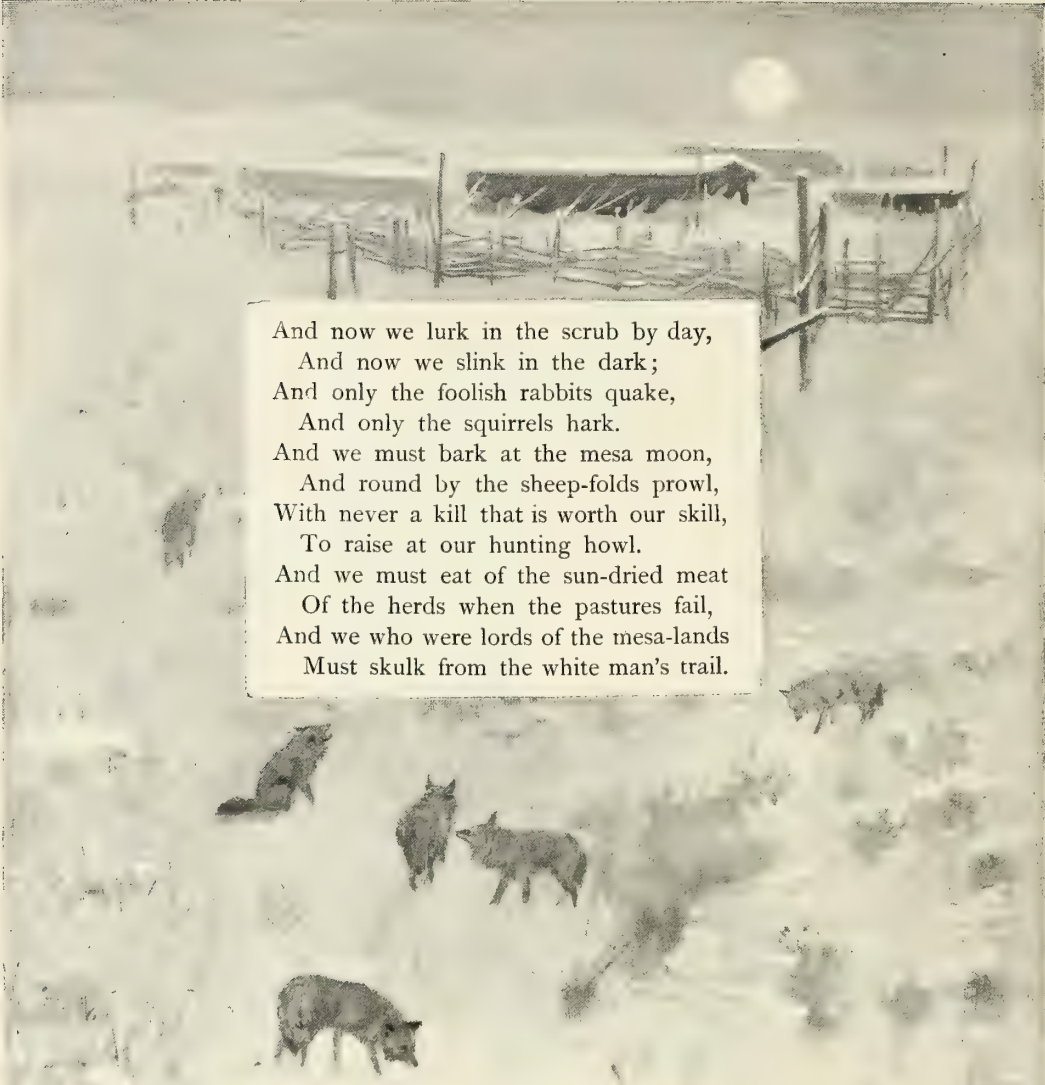




We bay them down from the feeding-ground,
We fend them back from the pool,
And ever we raise the hunting howl
When the sun-warmed mesas cool.
And well they need both wind and speed
When the gray coyote pack,
By twos and threes from the hidden hills,
Breathes hot on the pronghorn's track.

Oh, the red hawk knows where the gophers run,
The mice hear the elf-owl call,
The badger hunts for the squirrel hills;
But man he hunts for us all.
And he has taken the pronghorn doe
And the buck with the gun and the snare;
He has set him a price on the howler's skin,
And tracked us home to the lair.

BRUCE HORSFALL



And now we lurk in the scrub by day,
 And now we slink in the dark;
 And only the foolish rabbits quake,
 And only the squirrels hark.
 And we must bark at the mesa moon,
 And round by the sheep-folds prowls,
 With never a kill that is worth our skill,
 To raise at our hunting howl.
 And we must eat of the sun-dried meat
 Of the herds when the pastures fail,
 And we who were lords of the mesa-lands
 Must skulk from the white man's trail.

*Gray coyote and lean gray mate
 And little gray cubs that bark,
 Hearing the tale that their fathers tell
 Up in the lair in the dark.*



MARTH' ANN OF THE EVERGREENS,

A LEADER OF A HAPPY BAND OF PICCANINNIES.

BY RUTH McENERY STUART.

WHEN a certain distinguished writer came from England to visit some friends in America, he took great delight in the old garden which surrounded their country home, and after his first stroll through its tangled walks, he exclaimed with delight: "Well, I have found seven places where, if I were a bird, I would build me a nest."

When little Marth' Ann of Crape-Myrtle plantation came up from the quarters to live at "The Evergreens," under the shadow of the great house, she slipped through the lane to the mulberry-grove where the "yard piccaninnies" played, and looked things over. Then she wandered down between the long rows of cedars to the front gate, strolled through the orchard, the rose-garden, the poultry-yard, and the cow-lot, peeped over the cotton-seed bin and into the spring-shed and smoke-house, and when she came back to where the children stood, she said with an amused chuckle: "I done found 'leben places where we can make house an' play ladies."

The Evergreens, where Marth' Ann had come to stay, was not within the residence inclosure of the plantation—not exactly. It was just outside its left gate, though, and the old colored people who lived in the cabins among the trees there had all spent the best years of their lives as servants at the great house, and were now living well-earned days of ease, drawing rations and doing no work, just as our brave pensioned soldiers do when they are old and tired.

Until the coming of Marth' Ann there had been no children living at The Evergreens. Most of the old people there were quite able to wait upon themselves, and, indeed, there were only five of them all told. Old Man Zeke was badly crippled, it is true, but he was

cared for by his good wife Mary; and while "Daddy Do-funny" looked as if he were scarcely able to get on alone, he would not allow any one to wait on him—not if he could help it. The only one of the five who was practically helpless was Marth' Ann's grandmother, "Mammy Mumble-low," who, besides being very weak and childish, was suffering with what her colored friends called a "misleadin' mind." By this they simply meant that her mind sometimes went wrong and led her astray. When she first came to live at The Evergreens, Mammy was placed in the care of her neighbor, a tall yellow woman commonly called "Proud Priscilla," who drew small wages for simply following the older woman about so that she might not be hurt—or lost. But this soon became too much like work for Proud Priscilla, and one day she suddenly rebelled, declaring that her labors were done, and that for the remainder of her days she intended to "set down in her cabin an' draw rations *for rest*." The Evergreen people were never required to do anything in particular, excepting, of course, to behave passably well, and, indeed, that was enough.

Priscilla's familiar name "Proud Priscilla" shows what sort of character she was. She had all her life been fond of dress and finery, and even now she liked bright handkerchiefs for her head, and she knew the difference between the imported madras and the good-enough every-day plaids which her companions wore; for, you see, Priscilla had been head laundress on the plantation, and she had handled fine fabrics. She had laundered several entire trousseaux with her own hands in her day, and everybody knew that even now her great hair-trunk was filled with dainty ruffled garments which her young mistresses had given her. Indeed, one of the

notable events at The Evergreens was the airing of Priscilla's finery on sunny days, when fences, trees, and hedge would blossom out in flowery frills. And Priscilla liked money in her purse. She liked to hear it jingling in her pocket when she walked. She had thought that she liked it well enough to follow Mammy around to earn it; but she had soon discovered her mistake.

Pray understand that it was a great honor to live at The Evergreens, and when things went wrong at the great house, and life seemed hard, as it does everywhere sometimes, the servants, standing on the porch behind the kitchen, would often point over to the green tree-tops which always marked the spot against the sky, and say: "Ne' mind; I 'll live to set down at De Evergreens an' rock in my rockin'-cheer yit, please Gord!"

If any thought of loneliness ever came into Marth' Ann's pretty round head during her first days with only these old people for companions, she gave no sign of it. It had not even occurred to her on the day she arrived to doubt her welcome by the "yard crowd." This she had shown in her introductory speech. And what a speech it was! How trustful and how alert! "'Leben places where *we* can make house an' play ladies." The children had all seen Marth' Ann at church, and they knew all about her coming to The Evergreens to live; but they were by no means sure whether they would be friendly with her or not, when that ingenuous "*we*" settled it. From that moment she was one of them.

As her duties were outside their range, she could not often join them in their plays at first, but that only enhanced her value. Of course, the gate at the end of the lane was only a thing to climb over or to roll under, so far as the children were concerned; but it had to be opened with all due form when any of the old people wanted to "go up to the house," and it was Priscilla's fancy to send some one ahead to swing it open in advance of her coming, so that, as she expressed it, she need not "break her gait" as she sailed proudly through, shading her eyes with her palmetto fan while the sun lit up the color in her bright head-kerchief, or, if the ground

were damp, swaying imposingly while she lifted her skirts so as to exhibit her fine old dainty petticoat.

The "quarters," where the field-hands lived, were nearly a mile away from The Evergreens, and so when Marth' Ann left her mother's cabin it was quite as if she had gone into another village. When the old woman Mammy Mumble-low was needing some one to follow her, Marth' Ann's mother applied for the situation for the little girl. She had other children, and she declared that Marth' Ann was "too big an' too little to do much good at home, and might as well be earning her victuals and clothes tending her own flesh an' blood as for anybody else to get the money." She had herself been a housemaid until she married the stalwart fellow who followed his plow in the open fields, and so, for love of him, she had consented to become a "quarter-hand." But she wished at least one of her children to go back to what she considered the higher station. Life at the Evergreen annex would at least place her in line of promotion, and was to her like a renewal of an old connection with court life.

Of course, "Mammy Mumble-low" was not the old grandmother's real name, but, like that of Proud Priscilla (or Toothache Lou, who is not in this tale at all), it was made to fit a character. It was Daddy Do-funny who made the name for Mammy at the time when she began to mumble to herself, and it was so catchy that it clung to her. Indeed, the old woman finally grew to like it herself, and when Marth' Ann began calling her "granny," as she had always done, she resented it. She seemed, indeed, as Daddy explained, to have "got so used to her entitlemints" that she would not stand anything less.

It was sometimes lonely for the little girl, whether she realized it or not, to follow her always-talking, never-conversing old relative, and, as is often the case, it was most lonely when there were the greatest number of people in sight—as when the children would come and climb upon the gate and call to her, and she could not join them. Occasionally Mammy would take a notion to toddle down to the gate, and then Marth' Ann would find

her a seat on one side of it, a whistle would bring the yard children, and together they would have fine times.

But it is a risky thing to count on people with misleading minds. There is no telling what they will do. For instance, one day when everything was going on finely, and Marth' Ann had changed dresses with a tall girl, putting her longer frock on "hind part before" so as to "look growed-up," the old grandmother suddenly began to mumble pretty fast, and, before Marth' Ann could prevent her, she had sprung to her feet, and, with her usual exclamation on starting, "Well, I mus' be gittin' along!" she was toddling down the lane. In hurrying to support her elbow, Marth' Ann stepped on her own long skirt, and, tumbling over, came near dragging the old woman with her. This was a pretty scary experience for Marth' Ann, and it was no laughing matter for her tall companion, who looked worse than ridiculous in a "bobbed-off" skirt, and was obliged to hide in the bushes nearly all the afternoon because she was afraid to go home. Luce was the cook's daughter, and her single but important duty in life was to wait upon the table; and she could not appear in the dining-room with a skirt like a ballet-dancer's, not even if she wore an apron, which everybody knows is constructed only for duty at the fore. Neither could she or any of the other children get the key of the clothes-press from its nail on the kitchen wall without being questioned by their mother. So she waited among the Cape jasmines near the gate until she fell asleep, the afternoon being so warm, and the sun was nearly down when she was at last awakened by a low mumbling which was like music to her ears, for she knew that it meant her deliverance was at hand. Although she and Marth' Ann made things right "in a jiffy," it was done none too soon, for Luce arrived in the dining-room just in time to hear her little brother tapping at the library door and "pernouncin' supper." It was a hair-breadth escape. Still, it was a very innocent experience, after all, and when it was safely over, it was a thing to laugh about for many a day.

Of course, a child so full of life as Marth'

Ann was obliged to find amusement during many long days when she could not meet the children at all; and so she would bring her chair and her little red parasol, and sit with the old people and "talk make-believe" to them, and they would sometimes seem to forget that they were old as they joined in her merry play-talk. Marth' Ann was not long in discovering that Daddy Do-funny was the most interesting person at The Evergreens. Daddy lived in a tiny cabin all by himself.

He was a little old man, and rheumatic—at least, the doctor said he was rheumatic; but he insisted that it was not so, but that his sufferings were "nothin' but growin'-pains," which he would have to endure because, not having got his growth in his first childhood, it was *in him yet* and was struggling with him in his second; of course it was harder for him now, because his bones were set. Daddy's thoughts were his own, and there was no use to try to change them. On days when his pains were bad, he would propel himself around in a roller-chair, which he called his chariot; and although evidently suffering he was never heard to complain. Once, when he was very helpless, some one asked him how he had got into his chair, and was quickly silenced by his ready answer, "God lifted me in." When, in the late evenings, he would sit in his "chariot," and the low sun coming through the pines would light up his white hair and the alert, thin face, which he always held reverently upward, he reminded one of the old patriarchs or the prophets. The expression in his wizened face was so unusual and so exalted that one never thought of him as of one color or another.

Often in the mornings, when Mammy would wander to his door or to his favorite retreat in the honeysuckle arbor, Marth' Ann would sit listening to his talk or answering him with her own, and many of the words which he dropped into her mind, and which he called "seedlin's," proved to be seed thoughts indeed, for they took root and flowered in her after life, as we shall see if we follow her.

The old man had a way of stringing words in a sort of rhythm, and so had Marth' Ann; and when Daddy would "call out a line" she

would often add another to it, to his intense delight; for, besides matching his in form, hers would often rhyme with it as well. She had so many times done this that once, thinking to test her, he said: "Marth' Ann, baby, s'posin' I was to call out a line dat did n't have no p'tic'lar sense to it? You reckon you could match it?"

"I don't know, sir," she replied thoughtfully; and in a minute she laughingly added: "I s'spec' I kin. S'posin' you try me?"

For answer he rattled off:

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,"

to which Marth' Ann instantly responded:

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,
Good little chillen goes to heaven."

And although neither old man nor child knew any of the rules of making rhymes, they both felt that this was good, and they fairly chuckled with delight.

There is an old jingle which is still remembered on Crape-Myrtle plantation, which came into shape between these two. It is about old Mammy; and although it is not perfect, it seems good enough to put into this story, which is written just to tell somewhat of life as it was in those days on a beautiful plantation on the bank of a great, flowing river—a plantation three miles in length along the water-front, and inclosed on all four sides by an unbroken line of flowering trees, the exquisite pink crape-myrtle.

Here is the Mammy Mumble-low "pome" as it has come down to us through a quarter of a century. I do not pretend to say which part was Marth' Ann's and which was Daddy's, but certainly the old man must have begun it, for the first two lines seem to bear his mark.

Ole Mammy Mumble-low,
What make you grumble so?
Shoes on yo' feet,
Good bread an' meat,
No work to do
De long day th'ough;
Yit, Mammy Mumble-low,
All day long you grumble so.
OLE MAMMY MUMBLE-LOW!

Ole Mammy Mumble-low,
I know why she grumble so:

Her foots can't fin'
De way she gwine,
Beca'se her wits
Dey jes' fergits;
An' dat 's how come she stumble so,
An' tumble so, an' mumble so.
Po' OLE MAMMY MUMBLE-LOW!

Now, as I look over the verses, I feel that the first stanza must have been mainly the old man's, and the second seems to be Marth' Ann's answer to the old man's question. In her long wanderings after her restless charge, the little girl had found out what the trouble was. She had learned that the old feet lost their way because the old wits had gone wrong.

It is no mean compliment to any child of twelve years to express a belief that she even helped to make verse so good as this; but Marth' Ann was as bright as a silver dollar, and certainly some of the games which she and the children played, after a while, contained delightful jingles which she made. Such, for instance, was that in the game which she called "Ole Mister Strut-about," which they played with the turkey-gobbler. It was no new thing for plantation children to challenge the gobblers and run from them, but it was Marth' Ann who made out of this old sport a real game with rules and a name. This is the way they played it:

Seeing the old gobbler beginning to swell and to strut, the children would join hands in a line before him, and, advancing and retreating, they would sing over and over:

"Ole Mister Strut-about,
Howdy, howdy do, sir?"

They would keep this up until he was purple with rage, when they would all "let go hands," and each independently would make a dive at him, all shouting:

"Who 's afeard
O' yo' red beard?
Who 's afeard o' you, sir?"

At this the entire lot would take to their heels, the infuriated gobbler after some particular one, and when they were sure which one this was, the rest would all combine to rescue him. It was a great game, but there were sometimes plenty of tears and scare in it as

well as fun and laughter. Of course, this gobbler verse was not Marth' Ann's first. She had been taking lessons from old Daddy Do-funny long before either he or she realized it.

Does n't it seem strange for a little plantation child to be learning to make verses from an old black poet? Yet this is precisely what she was doing. We give the old man a great name when we call him a poet, and yet I think he deserves it, although he did not know one letter from another, and a book was to him only "shelf-knowledge," a thing for which he had the highest respect but not the slightest use.

I have a little memory of my own about Daddy. It was a trivial incident, but it impressed me so that I put it into rhyme, in order that the thought in it might be easily remembered; and although the verses are my own, I am sure that every one will agree with me that all the poetry in them is the old negro's.

Before Marth' Ann had been living very long at The Evergreens, she had proposed to the old people to give a children's party, in-

woven into verse. The crowd had all gone to pay Daddy a visit, when the question was asked exactly as I have written it, and the old man's answers are changed only a little to make them fit and rhyme.

"Ole Daddy Do-funny,
How you come on?"

"Po'ly, thank Gord, honey,
Po'ly dis morn.

My ole spine it 's sort o' stiff,
An' my arms dey 'fuse to lif',
An' de miz'ry 's in my breas',
An' I got de heart-distress,
An' de growin'-pains dey lingers
In my knee-j'ints an' my fingers,

But I 'm well, praise Gord, dis mornin'."

"Ole Daddy Do-funny,
What cuyus talk!

How is you well, when you
Can't even walk?"

"Hush, you foolish chillen, hush!

What 's dat singin' in de brush?

Ain't dat yonder blue *de sky*?

Feel de cool breeze passin' by!

Dis ole painful back an' knee,

Laws-a-mussy, *dey ain't me,*

An' I 'm well, praise Gord, dis mornin'."

When I repeated this "pome" to Marth' Ann, she caught it at once, and I am sure the thought in it impressed her, for a few days afterward, as she lay upon the grass beside her sleeping grandmother, I noticed her looking intently at her own hands, turning them over and over, and I heard her say, as if to them, "No, you ain't me—you ain't me"; and then she looked at her bare feet, resting upon a discarded wreath of clover-blossoms, and she said, "An' you ain't me, neither." Then, looking back at her hands, she added: "You 's my helpers," and again at her feet: "An' you two, you 's my toters."

It was a great thought which the illiterate old man had dropped into the mind of the little girl. Surely all is well, indeed, with those of us whose spirits are well, who see the blue in the sky, feel the passing breeze, and whose song of life is, "Praise God."

But let it not be supposed that Daddy spent most of his time in making "pomes." He would never have gotten his nickname, "Do-funny," for being a poet, although it is one which would suit several worthy poets whom I



"'HE 'S OFFERIN' ME A BATH—JUST OR UNJUST.'"
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

viting her young companions. The result was so satisfactory that the invitation was often repeated, and it was on one of these occasions that the conversation occurred which I have

know. They are inscrutable people, poets are. I hate to use so hard a word as "inscrutable," but it takes a hard word to describe a poet. Perhaps they seem stranger than they otherwise would, because we are apt to think of them as every minute of their time living up to the poems they write, which seems hardly fair.

No doubt the reason Daddy seemed so peculiar was that he acted upon his own impulse alone, without stopping to think whether the thing he did had ever been done before, or not. I think the world would be much more interesting if a greater number of good people would do this. Of course, it would not do for bad people. We do not need any new kinds of badness, but kindly or innocent acts performed by individuals in their own ways would be so refreshing. Many of the pattern people we meet remind us of the paper dolls cut out in rows—very proper and decorous all, and most friendly with their endless hand-shaking, but just a trifle monotonous.

Now, to Daddy Do-funny all clothes were clothes, for instance, and as to fashions, the word made him chuckle. When his pains were bad it was unhandy for him to get into his own garments, and the flowing Mother-Hubbard wrappers which his old wife Judy had worn were so easy to put on and so comfortable. And thus it happened that while on some days an aged man might have been seen hobbling about, working among his plants, on others there appeared to be an old woman propelling herself around in a roller-chair; and seeing her, the neighbors, with perhaps a chuckle, would remark, "I see Daddy Do-funny is laid up ag'in," by which they would really mean that he was not laid up at all, but was venturing farther from his door than he ever dared to require his crippled feet to carry him. Another peculiar habit of the old man was the way he took his bath—a dangerous process, one would think, for one with rheumatism, but harmless, no doubt, to growing-pains.

Seeing the rain coming, he would exclaim: "Gord sendeth the rain! He 's offerin' me a bath—*just or unjust*." Then he would put on what he called his bath-slip, an old wool wrapper of Judy's, and getting into his roller-chair, he would go out and sit calmly in the

shower, often closing his eyes and raising his face as he exclaimed: "Bless Gord for de sweet drops! Bless Gord for de rain!" and when he had had bath enough, he would either put up his umbrella or roll his chair in-doors as he felt inclined.

But to go back to Marth' Ann, who is the true heroine of this reminiscence. It was a long time before any one, even old Mammy herself, realized the value of the little girl's service. But there were times when things were hard for her, and there was some thought of getting an older person to take her place, when she asked permission to lead Mammy up to the yard of the great house and to join the children in their plays there.

Marth' Ann had made a fine reputation for herself as a steady-minded child, and when she made this proposition, even Di', the cook, who often proudly declared herself "mighty p'tic'lar who she let her chillen 'sosuate wid," was so much in favor of it that she wiped her hands on her apron and went up into the house and "put in her word for her." And so it was decided to let her try it. For the first few days Mammy would not enter the gate of privilege and of honor at the end of the lane until she had put on her best alpaca frock and her lace collar; but when she became accustomed to the new range, Marth' Ann had to bestir herself to be ready to follow Mammy from her breakfast-plate.

There was a little splint-bottomed rocking-chair in which she liked to jostle herself, and Marth' Ann would draw this along behind her, and during the day, if Mammy "took a notion to travel," she would surprise her with it. When an energetic but feeble old person is stumbling aimlessly along, the sudden appearance of a rocking-chair in her path is a most persuasive invitation; and now, with a dozen interested conspirators, it was quite easy to manage the rocking-chair trick. Sometimes they would all be playing, and Mammy would be nodding in the shade, when Marth' Ann would be startled to catch the last of her mumbled exclamation, ". . . gittin' along," and looking up she would see the old woman's back half-way down the front walk; and as she ran to overtake her, she would call back to the other

children, "Fetch de chair down to de jesmine arbor," and then she would add, over her shoulder, "An' y'-all come along wid de things!" and Mammy's impulse would result only in shifting the playground a little. Occasionally, when it seemed best, Marth' Ann would only sing out a number over her shoulder, and the children would understand, and the moving would go on just the same. Not only had the "'leben places to make house an' play ladies" which she discovered on that memorable first day been many times proved, but several others had been added to the list and assigned particular numbers, which were known to every child on the place. Of course all this organized playing was Marth' Ann's doing, and it is all simple enough when we understand it. Who, having once heard them, could forget that "number eight" was "down by the gate," "number nine" "at the swinging vine," and "number three" "at the thunder-tree"? The "thunder-tree" was a great sycamore which had been split by lightning. It stood below a trickling spring, and there was a dam in its shade—and a lake—and a waterfall—and a mud-pie bakery.

Sometimes, especially if she were restless, Mammy was taken into the games, and more than once she was crowned queen, and all subjects passing her throne would kneel and nod to the ground. Her crown depended, of course, upon the season. Once, in the early summer, it was of crape-myrtles, and the smile upon the old face in its pink setting made one forget to notice the contrast between them.

But Marth' Ann's favorite amusement was always making rhymes on the familiar things of the place. For instance, seeing the old drake stumble in the yard one day, she chuckled:

"See ole Mister Drake
Trip over de rake,"

and thus was begun a jingle which, after passing through a number of unprinted editions, finally came out as follows:

See old Mr. Drake
Trip over the rake
And dust up his old green noddle!
Now he 's up with a shake
And a quack and a quake,
But he wads with the same old waddle.

I write this in good American-English, because, although Marth' Ann began it, I am convinced that the verse was finally finished by a certain young white maiden who often sat on the veranda and watched the children in their games in those days.

Not so this next one, however, which was entirely Marth' Ann's. It is about a wet chicken, and goes this way:

Ole Sis Chick,
She look so sick
Since she was ketched out in de rain.
She stepped mighty proud
'Fo' she met wid de cloud,
But she 's hidin' out now in de cane;
An' when she dries out,
She 'll go pickin' about,
An' I s'spec' she 'll ac' uppish again.

Of course, these are about the best of the yard rhymes. Some of them were silly enough, and yet several of these lesser ones are so amusing that I must put them in. There is the foolish one, for example, about "Mr. Rooster," in which one cannot fail to catch the jingle even when it is written out as prose. This is the way she sang it right out of her head one day when she and the other children were watching the poultry-feeding: "Ole Mister Duck is in good luck. He 's interduced to Mister Rooster, an' Mister Rooster h'ist his comb, an' say, 'Please mek yo'self at home.'" The next is of the same sort, and was made in a minute on "Mr. Gander":

Look out yander, ole Mister Gander, steppin' so wide
wid his toes all tied.

It would take a gander of great dignity to live down a verse like this.

Of all the playgrounds on the place, the favorite with the piccanninies was finally the open space under the great house. As this was a spreading building, with four wings like a Greek cross,—three of these being "entrances" with verandas and Corinthian columns,—of course there were four separate compartments beneath it, each having in its end the delightful hollow play-place under the steps. The stairs above gave every one of these a terraced roof, each terrace having a narrow ledge that might have been left in

the lapping on purpose for a shelf to hold the bits of broken china and glass that stood in rows for play-dishes upon it. There was no cellar, and the house stood full ten feet from the ground, supported by brick pillars at intervals. The beams supporting the floors above held numerous swings and a hammock, and although the piccaninnies had no hammock of their own, there was a fair little maid, who lived in the great house above them, who had one. Her name was Gladys, and she had golden curls, and when, on special occasions, she was allowed to come down and join the little darkies in their play, she would fetch not only her hammock, but her beautiful French doll and her tiny red rocking-chair and her set of doll furniture and her gilt-edged dishes and her play-piano with real ivory keys, and sometimes, when the occasion seemed to warrant it, she would even get 'Pollo, the butler, to bring her playhouse down in sections and to set it up under the house. But there was nothing in her whole array of toys that in any way approached the beautiful wax baby, Celestine, who would cry aloud most piteously when she was squeezed too hard in one particularly sensitive spot on her stomach, and whose blue glass eyes gazed with equal affection straight into the loving faces of all the little brown mothers who took turn about in hugging her. The doll's shining curls were startlingly like those of her mama, and when Gladys would come down, bearing the wonderful baby in her arms, Marth' Ann would have to swallow hard and blink several times before she could stand the sight, it was so radiantly beautiful.

It was not easy at first to induce Mammy to go under the house with the children, but when she had once found how enchanting it was in the rose-wing where her little guardian had arranged her chair, flanked by multifloravines and looking out upon beds of gay verbenas, geraniums, petunias, and garden pinks, and upon the wall of hollyhocks beyond, she loved it on the instant. Here she could watch the butterflies and humming-birds and the bees that droned at her elbow, boring their ways into the very timbers against which she steadied her rocker. As time passed and the winged things came to know her, they would tilt for

a moment upon the edge of her sleeve or perch upon her shoulder, and it seemed almost as if they understood her mumbled plaint and answered it with a language of their own. Even when she would sometimes start up with her sudden "Well, I mus' be gittin' along," the buzzing wings would not seem to mind, and would only sway in larger circles for a moment.

There were fine times under the great house in those days. Of course, everything did not go smoothly all the time. There were thirteen piccaninnies, all told,—thirteen dispositions, thirteen wills to keep in harmony,—and of course there was occasionally some disciplining to be done, and Marth' Ann was by common consent the one to "keep things straight."

There was, for instance, a little boy who was commonly called Ulishius, and who, by the way, was named for General Grant and ought to have been a great fellow, but who was, instead, a constant torment. He was the dairy-maid's boy, and his single duty was to go after any cow which failed to come up to the milking, and as the cows were all home-loving gentles of regular habits, Ulishius did not lead a very busy life. Still, he was only ten, and that would not have mattered if he had not been such a tease. Now, teasing, to my mind, is the very silliest as well as one of the most selfish and cruel of amusements. Marth' Ann tried for a long time to reform him, but he was a hardened little sinner, and so, after a while, she decided that her best plan was to outwit him. This she usually did by managing, as she expressed it, to "have him bofe in an' out o' de game at de same time." For example, on one occasion when the cook's "triplers" were all three squalling at once because he kept making "boogaboo faces" at them, Marth' Ann suddenly exclaimed: "Who wants to play crow? Let's play crow. Who wants to be de crow? Don't all speak at once-t. Who wants to be de crow?"

Of course, all did speak at once,—seeing that to be crow appeared an honor,—whereupon the little diplomat hastened to appoint Ulishius to act the part—conditionally. He was to be the crow only so long as he "behaved like a for-true crow," and if he failed in his part, he was to give another his place.

Now, the duties of a crow, as explained by Marth' Ann, were simply to perch on the garden fence and flap his wings, and to cry "Caw! Caw! Caw!" until the other children should come and chase him away, when he might run; and then whoever caught him would be the next crow. It seemed quite a novel performance, and Ulishius was highly delighted. As he went off, he even turned his waistcoat so as to add to his grotesque ap-

ing that she went on with her playing, they soon forgot all about Ulishius. They were having such fun undressing their corn-babies—that is, removing the outer shucks from the baby ears so as not to break a strand of the yellow silk and destroy their lovely "heads of hair." Perhaps a half-hour passed in this way, and although the "caws" grew louder and more insistent, no one seemed to remember Ulishius on guard until he suddenly burst out with:



"THE CHILDREN WOULD CLIMB UPON THE GATE AND CALL TO HER, BUT SHE COULD NOT JOIN THEM."

pearance, and in a few minutes the crowd, who were playing in the corn-rows that day, could just spy his head above the cross-rails, and they knew that he was on duty even before they heard his cry. For a few minutes they waited expectantly for marching orders from their leader for their part in the game, but see-

"Why don't y'-all come along? Don't you heah me callin'? Come ahead an' shoo me off."

At this Marth' Ann ran over toward him, and when she had got within easy speaking distance, she cried: "Hush up an' caw! Ef you talk any mo' words dat ain't in de game, you 'll haf to git off dat fence."

"Why don't you come an' shoo me?" answered Ulishius.

"Hush, I tell yer!" insisted the leader. "*Hush talkin', an' caw!* We ain't gwine come an' shoo you away tell you had time to eat some peas. What kind o' crow is you, not eatin' any peas?"

"Dey ain't no peas here," complained Ulishius, shifting his weight from hands to feet, and teetering wearily.

"Well, den, *play peas*," said Marth' Ann; and before he could say any more, she had gone, and in a minute or two the children heard a faint *Caw!* from the rail fence, and then another, and in a little while there was an animated and steady call; but the "gentlemen and ladies" in the corn-rows went on keeping house. When they had arranged their own babies to suit themselves, they even braided the hair of many of those that they left asleep in their cloaks on the mother cornstalks, ungathered. Ulishius had cawed himself angry and hoarse before it slowly dawned upon him that he had been trifled with, and he dropped to the ground and slunk away without a word. But next day, when he met Marth' Ann, he attacked her quite manfully, demanding to know how she had "dast to make a fool of him!" But instead of answering his question, she said blandly: "What mek you tease Aunt Di's triplers de way you done? I think one boy settin' on a fence in de sun for two hours ain't no mo' 'n a match for three babies cryin' dey eyes out for nothin'."

You see, Marth' Ann had a level little head, and she stood up for every member of her "crowd." One day when she and the children were tired playing, and she began to hum the Mammy Mumble-low song, intoning rather than singing it, the children falling into the swing she gave it, Ulishius suddenly interrupted them with this couplet:

"Ole Mammy Mumble-low,
Turn her loose an' let her go!"

At which Marth' Ann retorted as if she had been stung:

"Look out how you talks 'bout yo' elders an' betters, boy! Ole Mammy Mumble-low is my *gran'mammy*, an' she 's earned her place in

De Evergreens by *honor'ble service*, I'll have you know!" ("Honorable service" was a familiar phrase on the place.) And then she added, with tremendous scorn, "You could hunt stray cows an' tease chillen tell you ready to die of ole age, an' you would n't never earn yo' way to De Evergreens." This was pretty severe for the little girl, whose words were usually so gentle, and she must have realized it, for in a minute she added, more softly: "Lessen you mend yo' ways."

You see, Marth' Ann had great respect for old age, and, besides, she loved her helpless old grandmother.

When winter came, and for days together Mammy could not leave her cabin, her old neighbors would occasionally come and sit with her, sending Marth' Ann off to play with the children; and sometimes on Sunday her mother would come and spend the day, and Marth' Ann, freed from duty, would go with the yard crowd down to the chapel. She particularly liked to go there, because the little church was very beautiful, and she loved the music of the organ; but more than all she loved to sit and watch for the golden-haired Gladys to come walking up the middle aisle beside her mother or her nursery-governess. The head with the yellow curls just showing over the top of the pew seemed to her to belong with those of the angels in the great stained-glass window; and when service was over and Gladys would come out, Marth' Ann would press forward to touch her skirt or the end of a curl with her little brown finger-tip, and to catch her eye and smile, and then she would softly hurry out so as to see her get into the carriage, when she would fall back with the other piccaninies.

Marth' Ann's little round head was a busy thinker, and she wondered greatly over many things. Most of all she wondered over the color question. Why were some born white and some black? Why would the good Lord, who could make so beautiful a child as Gladys, think out a plain, kinky-haired brown piccanniny like herself?

Just because of her color Marth' Ann thought herself ugly, but never was child more mistaken. She was as comely a little brown

maid as one would wish to see. Because her hair had a will of its own that was not to her liking, she had a way of stretching it back so tightly that she could scarcely shut her eyes, wrapping it with bits of string in tiny tufts as its length allowed. The result differed from ordinary hair-dressing, it is true, but it showed in fine, clear outline a beautiful head quite in keeping with her straight, symmetrical body.

But the child, who easily won her way with young and old, was scarcely one to describe by feature. When it had become the cook's habit to call to her fretting children, "Run along an' play wid Marth' Ann," and when the old people sitting in their doors at The Evergreens would say between pipe-puffs, "I misses de chile mightily de days she goes up to de house," and when the lady upstairs at the great house said to her husband, "It seems to me the children in the yard play more harmoniously since Hester's little girl has been with them," and when Gladys spoke up from her play-corner in reply, "I love Marth' Ann the bestest of all the colorings," surely none of them was thinking of the little girl's looks.

In answer to Gladys's unusual remark, her mother laughingly asked:

"Why do you love her best, dear?"

"Because," said Gladys, "she 's the goodder-est an' the troublesomest of them all."

"Troublesome, is she? How, daughter?"

"I mean she 'll take the great-deal-est trouble for anybody. Why, mama, she 's 'most maked even Ulishius good, troubling with him. And now, when Mammy is too weaker to come up and play, she 's given Ulishius the bossness of all the yard games, and he 's 'most well of his teasing. A great many children would have telled on him when he bothered, but Marth' Ann just getted ahead of him every time, and then when he wanted to come into the games behaviously, she would take him in again. Of course, he 's not the for-true leader. Marth' Ann 's that."

This was all new and very interesting.

"What do you mean by being leader, daughter?" her mama asked, smiling.

"Why, everything, mama. She says the 'Eena, meena, mina, mo's,' and finds out who 's *it*, and she looks at the weather and

calls out the play-places. And she says when things are sin and when they are just fun, and she stops sin every time. Old-people jokes are sin, and tying cats' tails, and unsettling the hens, and all kind of sneakery things—" The little girl hesitated a moment, and then she added: "It seems to me, mama, that a great many sins come into people's heads and try to get committed. One came into mine yesterday, and it was a hand sin, and I would n't even let it slip down into my arms. I was afraid. And when I drived it out, it flewed over into another child's head."

The mother took the little girl's hand as she asked, "And what was it, deary?"

"Oh, I can't tell, mama. I promiged Marth' Ann I would n't. She said she just shooed it out of her head, and I don't know where it went then. Maybe it went into air. Marth' Ann said it was a nawful sneakery sin. She says when sins bother too much she shooes them away with a jingle-maree."

"A jingle-maree? What is that, pray?"

"A jingle-maree? Why, it 's just—just a jingle-maree. Marth' Ann says some go 'clinkity-clink,' and some go other ways. The one she shooes botherous sins away with goes 'tra-la-la,' she says. It 's easy. It 's just:

Go out, sin, go away. Good, come in, come an' stay.

She says badness could n't get in if we were plumb full of goodness; there would n't be any room. She is a peculiary talker, mama."

"Yes, I am sure she must be," said her mother, with forced seriousness, looking into Gladys's face as she spoke, "and I think she must be a sweet child, too. I am sorry you can't tell me all about the sin that tempted you, but I am glad you and the other were both strong enough to drive it away."

Gladys was silent almost a minute before she answered: "No, I am sure I can't tell you, mama—not till I go and make it up with her to let mothers out of the promise; then I 'll tell you." And presently she added:

"If I was to take your beau-tiful music-box off the pier-table and carry it under the house and wind it up and let it play, 'way under where you could n't hear it, would n't that be a nawful sneakery sin, mama?"



"WHEN GLADYS WOULD COME DOWN MARTH' ANN WOULD HAVE TO BLINK—IT WAS SO BEAUTIFUL."

"I am afraid it would, daughter."

"That 's what Marth' Ann said—but nobody did it, mother dear."

When her mama took the little girl in her arms and kissed her, she did not let her know that she had unconsciously told her secret.

"I wish I could play with the colorings

oftener, mama," said Gladys, after a while ("colorings" was her own word). "And oh, mama, maybe I can. I told Marth' Ann what you said—don't you know?—about the grammar."

"No, dear, I don't remember. What did you tell her?"

"Don't you recollect what you said—that I could n't play constately with them on account of their bad grammar? Well, when I told her, she was perfectly delighted, and she says that if that is all your reason, you need n't to keep me from playing with them ever again, because they *have n't any grammar at all. They don't even know about it.* But she said perhaps you meant *gran'ma*, and she says if you did, to tell you her grandma is *goodes'-goodes'*; she 's only forgetful. But I told her I was *sure* it was n't anything about Mammy. I thought it was about *languish*."

When her mother had recovered from her amusement enough to speak seriously, she said :

"I think my little daughter might take the prize for peculiar language without any instruction." And then she added: "But as to Marth' Ann, I feel sure she will never teach my little girl anything that is really bad.

"How would you like, Gladys," she said presently, "to have her to come and stay in the house with us, and to be your little maid—after a while, when old Mammy will not need her any longer?"

For answer, Gladys put her arms around her mother's neck.

"Are you in for-true, honest earnest, mothereen?" she asked.

"Yes, I am in for-true earnest, but do not speak of it until I say you may. You see, you have shown me how you can keep a secret, and I know you won't tell."

When her mother spoke of the time when Marth' Ann might not have to walk beside her grandmother, Gladys did not know that she was thinking of the near future when the old woman would go to her long rest.

But the end came very soon after this, sooner than any one expected. It was on a bright Sunday in June, and Marth' Ann had gone to chapel with the children, leaving Mammy with her mother.

Seeing her asleep in her chair among the cool Madeira-vines on her own porch, her daughter, sitting on the stoop, was beginning to nod, when she was roused by the familiar words, "Well, I mus' be gittin' along," and she looked up, expecting to see her rising; but she had not moved, and when, later, Marth'

Ann went to see how she was sleeping, it was found that her tired spirit had flown. Away from the complaining body it had gone in the sunshine, away among the bright-winged things that had been her friends in her last days. She was laid to rest in a beautiful grave, into which the children threw fresh flowers. Daddy sowed a handful of "mixed honey-blooms" seed into the fresh sod, so that, when its first pink carpet of crape-myrtles was gone, the little grave was abloom with bright flowers.

As all those immediately concerned wanted it so, it seemed a simple enough thing for Marth' Ann to move up to the great house; and yet, there were four very important dignitaries on the place who stoutly opposed it. Every member of the Evergreen community begged to have her remain there. Even Proud Priscilla, who was not at all sentimental, said she would "miss the little gal's clo'es hangin' on de line," and Daddy Do-funny frankly declared that he needed her for "encouragement an' conversation."

When Marth' Ann heard these objections she only laughed and answered: "What 's de matter wid me an' Miss Gladys goin' on reg'lar days twice-t a week down to De Evergreens, I like to know?"

Her ready answer solved the difficulty on the instant. On Monday afternoons and on Thursdays when the weather was fine, little mistress and little maid were to betake themselves to the community of four at the end of the lane, bearers of joy and cheer.

So began the third chapter in little Marth' Ann's life, and so great a chapter it is, so full of happenings and change, that it ought to make another story, all to itself.

There was rejoicing in it from the beginning, in many ways, yes, and suffering, too. She had always realized the great difference between herself and Gladys, and now, even while she took such delight in this near relation, there were times when she would have given her life, almost, to be white. She thought of it when her little brown hand would touch Gladys's in turning the pages of a book. When they passed a mirror together, instead of being delighted to see herself so near the child she loved so well, she saw only one white and an-

other black. It preyed upon her mind to such an extent that once, when no one was near, she dashed through the garden into the clump of pines beyond, and raising her arms and looking through the green into the speck of blue above her, she cried aloud, "*O Gord, make me white—white, I say, white—white!*" and as she turned to come in, she added, with an effort toward resignation: "Or ef you can't make me white, *please make me satisfied to be black.*"

She must have confided to Daddy her feeling about this, for many times when she and Gladys would go to The Evergreens, she would talk to Daddy alone, while Gladys showed Celestine to the women or distributed the little parcels she had brought for them.

Yes, surely she must have talked it all over with Daddy, for in her long communings with herself she often called his name. Once I remember hearing her say, "Daddy don't know

"It's what folks *does* dat shows what dey *is*. *Do* good an' you 'll *be* good. *Be* good an' you 'll *do* good. Dat works backwards an' forwards, jes de same. *Bein'* an' *doin'*, dat 's it. 'Tain't even *lookin'* no p'tic'lar way—on'y clean an' neat." And then, catching her breath, she added:

"'T ain't even *whiteness*—not skin-whiteness, nohow. Daddy say it 's *soul-whiteness*. He say you haf to keep yo' soul *pyore white*, an' dat 's a troublesome color to keep. He say ef it was some diff'ent color, maybe a little child's sins mought not show on it. But white! He say even ef we keep it clair as we kin of sin, we haf to pray Gord to wash off the odds an' eens we draps on it each endurin' day. He say de sin-drippin's of a single day would spot up a soul ef dey was lef' overnight. Dat 's how come we haf to say 'Now I lay me' eve'y night befo' we goes to sleep.

"I know Gord had to wash forgetfulness offn my soul las' night," she added, with a shrug of her shoulders; "yas, an' coveteousness, too. I did crave Miss Gladys's yaller curls when she come out to play yisterday. Look like I never kin squench dat cravin', an' I know dey would n't match a little black gal, nohow, even ef I had proper clo'es to go wid 'em."

Another time I heard her say all to herself, when she was alone: "Neatness, sweetness, my completeness," "Neatness, sweetness, my completeness," over and over, and then she added: "I s'spec' I better make up my mind to take dat for my tex'." I never knew whether this was hers or Daddy's thought, but it was a pure little reflection, surely. After she had repeated it several times, she said, evidently addressing herself: "Talk about neatness, Marth' Ann, I wonder is you ment [mended] dat place you tore in yo' frock? No, you ain't, an' you better!" And away she ran for needle and thread.

The little motto, "Neatness and sweetness," had not quite satisfied her at first; that was clear, and she had to say it many times before she felt that it really was to be hers. It was plainly a great victory for her when she was able to take it without question. But it was not many months before those who observed the little girl knew that no small ambition like this would fill her life. She would



"SHE THOUGHT OF IT WHEN HER LITTLE BROWN HAND WOULD TOUCH GLADYS'S IN TURNING THE PAGES."

books, but he sho' does know knowledge"; and when I smilingly asked her if she could repeat some of his "knowledge," she began, as if she were saying a lesson that she had learned through many repetitions: "It 's what I *is*, I is. Ef I 's keerless an' no-'count, I got to *stand* for keerlessness an' no-'countness.

learn to be neat and sweet, surely,—all who try may be that,—but for her it would be only on the way to a broader life. When the first winter came after she went to live at the great house, she was sent to the cross-roads plantation school, a neat little building among the pines, where the mysteries of learning were taught by a young black man, Romeo Johnson by name, who bravely signed himself on the pay-roll "Rome E. O. Johnson," and who wrote her down as "Marthan Jonze." She learned many important things during this term, but more than at school she learned with Gladys in the afternoons when the two bent over their lessons together. Marth' Ann was older than Gladys, and she could read much more easily, but in some things Gladys was far ahead. She knew "easy science" and some French, and a number of things that made her seem quite a prodigy to little Marth' Ann; and these irregular "play-lessons," taken or dropped at will, revealed each to the other as worthy of respect and affection, and the tie between the two strengthened with the days.

But it is not possible to know the Father's will concerning any little child whom he sends upon the earth. Marth' Ann's life was very humble in its beginnings, and all her teachings had been toward content with small things. She was delighted to enter service as maid to a fair mistress whom she adored, and who, her mother knew, would be a friend to her all her life. With eagerness she had attended the little cross-roads school, not even knowing that there might be anything for her beyond its power to confer, and hoping only to fit herself for a simple life of domestic service.

But such was not to be hers. Far-reaching thoughts often came into the busy mind of the brown barefoot maid as she trudged down the road past the bare cabins on her way to school—thoughts filled with "whys" and "wherefores" and interrogation-points.

It would be hard to say how she had shown herself in any special way as a girl of mettle when the prize was offered for the best composition written by a pupil of the cross-roads school, but certain it is that the day she ran all the way home, bearing aloft in her arms a yellow-haired doll as large as Celestine, and

followed by about a hundred barefoot boys and girls, there were thoughtful people who said, "Well, I am not in the least surprised."

The composition was written in rhyme, and was called "Neatness and Sweetness." It was not remarkable in itself, perhaps, but as an expression of a little girl's observation and sympathy it was considered so unusual that there was a family gathering for the reading of it by the assembled members of Gladys's family from three plantations, and the end of this was a unanimous decision that she must have every advantage which could be given her. The little verses showed deep feeling for the life of her people, and reverent ambition, and certainly she to whom such gifts were intrusted had greater work to do than to serve as lady's-maid, for to help the many humble is greater than to wait upon any one, even though she were a sceptered queen.

There was sad need of neatness and sweetness in the poor "quarter cabins" where the tired or shiftless field-hands lived; and helpers and teachers who work for love and not for gain are not many even in these great days of helpfulness and brotherly feeling.

It is more than twenty years since Marth' Ann wrote the prize poem at the cross-roads school. The first two of these she spent at the plantation, learning not so much from books as of sweet and wholesome living. Then there were three years in a great industrial school, from which she finally came, a tall, bright-eyed, alert girl, whom we should scarcely have known as the same Marth' Ann of The Evergreens but for the wide-awake glance of her steady eyes.

For five seasons she taught in the old school-house, line upon line, precept upon precept, of the new thought until she began dimly to see the peep of day. Then, leaving her classes in able hands,—and, by the way, Ulishius is one of her stanchest helpers,—she resigned her position here, so that she might devote her entire time to what she calls "cabin industries." She has all sorts of work-classes of young women from five plantations—classes which meet by turns in the different cabins, which are always "neatened and sweetened" by the hospitality, and of these classes she hopes in time to establish a

great school. Marth' Ann has had many offers of high pay to teach in prosperous schools, but to all such she smiles and shakes her head, and says that her work is here. Because the old woman begged her so, she makes her home at The Evergreens with Proud Priscilla, the only one remaining of the days of Mammy Mumble-low, though, of course, a new-old set have replaced the others. Priscilla is no longer able to go up to the great house, but she varies the monotony of her days by wearing her fine dresses in turn; and once in a while, when she feels a little weak or ill, she calls Marth' Ann to her and whispers that when she dies she is going to leave her "the hair-trunk full." But Marth' Ann will have little use for such garments even if she should ever fall heir to them, for she has adopted a dress of her own, a simple frock of gay plaid, with collar and cuffs of spotless white. Her pretty corded bonnets are made by her own hands, with dainty ruffles, rolled and whipped. In summer they are of white linen and in winter of black China silk, a style of her own devising, which she says she likes because it is so easily put on and off. "And," she adds, with a twinkle in her eye, "it will never go out of fashion—because it will never come in."

It is a bright little uniform, not at all nun-like or demure; but it suits her, as the saying is, to a T. When she decided to adopt a dress which could be renewed and kept in order without planning, and which would be above and beyond any fashion, the color-love of her race was strong in her, and she let it have its way, and certainly nothing could be more joyous and delightful. But though happy, she is never frivolous in her work. In the cabin of Priscilla, to which a certain friend of her youth has generously added several rooms for her use, she has set up a great hand-loom, upon which the old people eagerly take turns in weaving from diagrams which the little leader makes out of her fertile fancy. In another, on an open hearth, are pots of dyestuffs, all home-made from the native woods and fields. There is in connection with this even an outdoor industry for the children, who are paid small sums for

the gathering of pokeberries and walnuts and sundry grasses and herbs valuable for their fine color. Marth' Ann is conducting a number of experiments in making a plaid of her own, which will be worn by those who enter with her into her work, and will be called the "Marth' Ann." There are piles of tiny samples of these lying upon her table, but she has not yet found the combination which will at once fully express her sentiment and satisfy her love of color.

Of course, she is still, as in her early days, a maker of verse and a rhymer of proverbs and bits of wisdom. Indeed, it is said that she is preparing, in her odd hours, a little book which she will sometime have published, and into which she is putting sweet and helpful words for her people, all strung delightfully into rhyme; for she understands that verses sing themselves into musical minds and linger there often when hard proverbs in prose would stalk through them like stern, frock-coated preachers who mean nobly, but whose pompous words we sometimes forget.

Of all kinds of lives which God's people are living upon earth, the happiest and the most blessed are those spent in doing, helping, progressing; and such to-day is the beautiful life of little Marth' Ann of The Evergreens. The best white people along the river are all her friends, but her nearest friend, adviser, and helper is the sweet Gladys of her early days, long ago married, and still living at Crape-Myrtle. She has a little golden-haired Gladys of her own now, and when she goes over "to Marth' Ann's" to lend or to borrow a book or just to talk things over, the fair maid runs before to open the gate, and when they have reached the cabin of Priscilla, Marth' Ann takes the little one upon her lap and tells her how, in the long ago, she loved her mother when she was just her size and her image,— "only a teenchy bit fairer,"—and of how she longed and even prayed to be as fair.

Then, looking into the face of her friend, she adds: "How little I knew, and how often have I since thanked God for the brown skin which makes me one with my dear people, where my work lies!"



GINGER SNAPS.

BY ELLEN MANLY.



THE gingerbread man and his dear little wife,
In their little brown suits so neat,
Stood side by side by the baking-pan,
Quite out of sorts with the heat.
Their smiles were sweet, but their tempers
bad,
And something happened, extremely sad.

The woman began it, of course. Said she,
"You 're the homeliest man in town!
Your head is too large, and your feet too small,
And your color is quite too brown;
And if there is anything I despise,
'T is a pair of little, black, beady eyes!"

Then the gingerbread woman sobbed so hard
That she cried out one of her eyes,
But he scolded on till he grew quite
cracked,
And both of them looked like guys;
When, ashamed of themselves, their anger
passed,
And a gingerbread truce was
signed at last.



"We never will quarrel again!"
cried she,
"For I 'm sure it is most
absurd,
And with dispositions as sweet
as ours
I can't see how it occurred—
Why, you know, my dear, when
nothing goes wrong
We are just angelic the whole
day long!"

The gingerbread man flew into a rage.
"Just look at yourself!" cried he.
"You are much too fat, and your nose is
flat,
And your squint is a sight to see;
While your dress is shockingly out of style,
And every one 's tired of that same old
smile!"



But never a "next time" came, alas!
 To the queer little people in brown.
 That very same hour they were introduced
 To the best little boy in town.
 "I 'm delighted to meet such a pair!" quoth
 he,
 And promptly invited them both to tea.

A little while later, when Norah came
 To carry the dishes away,
 The gingerbread people had disappeared
 In gingerbread style, they say,
 And a couple of currants rolling round,
 With some little brown crumbs, were all
 she found!



A FRIGATE'S NAMESAKE.

BY ALICE BALCH ABBOT.

[This story was begun in the November number.]

CHAPTER V.

ELEVEN o'clock next morning found Mr. Thurston's cat-boat, the "Freya," rocking jauntily at her anchor, eleven miles out to sea.

Three lines were over her sides, and three hands were eagerly awaiting the twitch that might serve to announce that the chief ingredient of the chowder was assured. But even in the presence of such appetites as can be aroused only by a four hours' dance over white-capped rollers with the keen breath of the ocean salting one's lips, the party of three talked neither of cod nor of chowder.

The great question referred to by Mr. Thurston the night before was in full tide of discussion—the question: Which of the heroes whose deeds shine forth in the annals of the United States Navy one would choose to have been.

"I tell the Frigate," Mr. Thurston was saying, "that she has no right to any choice other than Porter. To have captured the first prize from the enemy's navy, and then in one cruise to have cost him fourteen thousand tons of shipping and four hundred men, finishing up the same with one of the most magnificent of sea-engagements, fighting, too, with the knowledge of having, by respect to the laws

of neutrality, lost the opportunity of destroying your foe, who in his turn was openly disregarding those laws—I will leave it to you, Bruce; should n't you think such a record ought to satisfy any one?"

"But, uncle," protested Essex, "he struck his ship."

"And you don't believe in that proceeding?" asked Mr. Bruce.

Essex looked thoughtful. "I don't think I would say quite so much as that, because I suppose it is the one thing to be done sometimes. Only," and the sailor-capped head gave a most vigorous nod, "I would never choose to have been any one who did it."

"Now, my gentleman," said Mr. Thurston, "hailed down his colors, but not till he had done a fine amount of the reverse business."

Essex began to dimple.

"Uncle Owen! you have changed again!"

"Well! who turned her back on Perry for Admiral Worden, I should like to know? And from something I heard the other day I judged that even the latter gentleman was beginning to totter on his pedestal."

The color rose slowly in Essex's cheeks. "That was only two, and I am sure my third will be my last; and you have had six. Oh, uncle, who is the new one?"

Mr. Thurston's eyes twinkled.

"Guess."

"Uncle! it is n't Decatur?"

"What may be your objections to him?"

"But to choose him after Somers and Cushing! You see," turning to their guest, "uncle decided that he would rather have done some brave, daring single deed like the ketch at Tripoli or torpedoing the ram 'Albemarle.'"

Which explanation being given, Essex looked again at her uncle with reproachful eyes that demanded further information.

"I was reading up Decatur again the other evening," said the gentleman, "and it seems to me he had about as fine a variety in his career as any one could desire: blowing up the 'Philadelphia,' commander of the 'Constitution' at twenty-five, then the big United States-Macedonian fight, and the putting an end to the Barbary tribute imposition; that last, the collecting damages from the bey and dey,

especially strikes my fancy as being a most unique entertainment. I suppose my Lady Frigate objects to the surrender of the 'President'; but she will please remember that it was to a whole squadron, not to a single ship."

"It is n't that." Essex paused, then turned impetuously, appealing to the third member of the party:

"Would n't you rather have done one grand, brave thing, and died doing it, as Somers did, than have taken up Barbarous collections and all the rest, and after it all let yourself be killed in a duel?"

"I declare, I had forgotten the duel!" exclaimed Mr. Thurston; "before making my final decision I shall have to consider. Meanwhile, Bruce, suppose you play the game, too. Now! given the standing room, whose shoes would you have chosen to occupy?"

Evidently Mr. Bruce needed no time for consideration. "My choice ran the Vicksburg batteries and swept past the forts of New Orleans and over the torpedoes into Mobile Bay. Who is it, Miss Essex?"

"Farragut!" was the quick, pleased exclamation.

"Perhaps," said Mr. Bruce, "you would enjoy hearing about my one meeting with the great admiral?"

The eager delight in Essex's face was all the assurance needed.

"It was when I was a little fellow about eight years old. I was paying a visit to my grandmother in New York. The admiral always called there when in the city, for on one of his cruises in the East he had known and loved a young midshipman uncle of mine who had died in Hongkong harbor. Late one afternoon I was busily playing in the nursery, when my Aunt Nancy appeared and took me downstairs and into the drawing-room, where a shadowy figure was standing in front of the open fire. My aunt led me forward, saying, 'Admiral, this is my nephew, Henry Bruce; Henry, this is Admiral Farragut, one of the best friends your family and your country have ever had.' There was something in the way these words were said that has made me always remember them. I also remember the admiral's laughing protest, 'Miss Nancy,

oh, Miss Nancy!' as he drew me between his knees and proceeded to send my small soul into absolute rapture by placing his gorgeous hat upon my head, and arranging his sword so that after several frantic pulls I succeeded in drawing it from its scabbard. When he had gone, I trotted back to the nursery as quickly as possible; then, with my face pressed close against the window, made up my young mind that I would rather be the gold-laced gentleman who at that moment was walking across the square than any one else in the whole wide world. So I decided your great question long years ago."

"What a delightful happening that was!" Essex exclaimed.

"Was it not?—only a little more delightful than one which came about over twenty years later."

"Was that a Navy one too?"

Mr. Bruce looked mischievous. "I think I will keep that a secret till you have told us your third and very last choice."

"Sure enough, Frigate!" said Mr. Thurston. "You have n't enlightened us. Who is the fortunate gentleman upon whom your choice has fallen?"

A shade of reluctance came into Essex's face; then, much to her delight, Mr. Bruce asked suddenly:

"Is n't the old 'Constitution' somewhere in this region? Portsmouth cannot be a great distance from here, if I know geography."

Mr. Thurston laughed. The question evidently brought up some amusing recollection. "Ask the Frigate if she ever went over there. But perhaps it would be better for me to tell the story. You don't mind, little woman?"



"ESSEX SEATED HERSELF, AND GRASPED THE SPOKES FIRMLY IN BOTH HANDS."

"No, sir"; but somehow Essex's line seemed to need her very closest attention for the next few minutes.

"Last summer a party of us planned a trip to Portsmouth by sloop. The Frigate, here, having discovered that Old Ironsides was moored in the navy-yard over there, was all excitement; sat up in the bow the whole way, and positively whistled up the wind for us.

But, alas! just as we were rounding into the harbor, she made the discovery, from something said by one of the party, that the famous ship was not, at present, in exactly the condition in which Hull had left her. Consequently when we reached the city, one member of the party absolutely refused to go ashore; and if you would like any description of Portsmouth harbor, except what can be obtained by a direct view seaward, I advise you not to apply to that same person."

"The idea of thinking I would want to look at the Constitution *with a roof over her!*"

The scorn in Essex's voice as she spoke the last words was indescribable.

And now came a new interruption to the conversation, this time from far down in the depths of the sea; for the time being, all questions but that of the nature of the twitching power at the other end of Essex's line were dismissed.

"I do hope it is n't one of those stupid sea-robins!" exclaimed the little fisherwoman. A sudden gleam of silver flashed up through the green water. The line came in quicker and quicker; one moment more and the chowder was assured.

Essex backed around while her uncle took the fish from the hook.

"I like the waiting, the pulling in, and the eating; but the between part is horrid."

The "catch" having been safely stowed away, Mr. Thurston glanced from his watch to the little pennant waving at the masthead.

"I told mother to have Jim drive her over to meet us at the Point; and if we are to be there in season, it is high time we were under way."

When all had been made shipshape for the return voyage, Mr. Thurston said quietly:

"Frigate, you may take the wheel."

The words had barely left his lips when his little niece was in at the tiny cabin's entrance and out again. Her sailor-cap was left behind, and under one arm she carried a sort of box-hassock. Placing this beside the wheel, she seated herself, and grasped the spokes firmly in both hands. After that it was a clear case of "Don't speak to the man—or rather, to the little woman—at the wheel."

The gentlemen talked of yachts and their

rigging, also of the comparative merits of sloops and cat-boats, subjects which usually possessed the greatest interest for Essex. But, for the time being, her thoughts were wholly centered about two points—the slightest flutter of the edge of the white canvas spreading above them, and the appearing of a certain break in the far-away shore-line that marked the entrance to the home bay. With the exception of a word or two to her uncle in regard to some rearrangement of the sheet, the little helmswoman did not open her lips until the Freya was almost abreast of the two figures waiting on the sandy point.

Mr. Thurston pulled out his watch and, smiling at his niece, gave a nod of satisfaction, saying:

"Well sailed, skipper; I doubt if I could have done any better myself."

Not long after, the Freya, with furled wings and deserted decks, was rocking lazily at her anchor just inside the bay, while her late passengers, transferred to her little boat, were riding rapidly toward the beach on the crest of a white-capped breaker; and if there is any more enchanting fashion of reaching land, it is yet to be discovered—the hasty shipping of the oars, the exciting wait for the first jar of the keel against the sand, followed by the quick leap overboard, and then all hands on the rope to outwit the back-rushing swirl of white foam when the wave retires.

CHAPTER VI.

THE fishing-party found Mrs. Thurston awaiting them beside a rocky fireplace which had served for many similar occasions. Jim had collected driftwood, so it remained only to light the fire and fill the kettle.

Mr. Thurston having declared that Jim's help was all-sufficient for the chowder-making, the other three adjourned to the beach. Here, Essex, after a whispered consultation with her mother, proceeded to deal out three small crackers apiece. As she offered Mr. Bruce his ration, she felt obliged to apologize for its scantiness: "When you taste Uncle Owen's chowder, I'm quite sure that you will be glad to be as hungry as you possibly can."

Half an hour later, when they gathered around the bountifully spread table-cloth, the guest, having taken the first spoonful from the steaming bowl before him, looked across to where a pair of anxious eyes were fixed upon his face, and said in his most serious tone: "Miss Essex, it will always be one of the lasting regrets of my life that I allowed myself even one of those small crackers."

The afternoon was somewhat advanced by the time the sea-air appetites were fully satisfied; but the wind was holding in such fine fashion that Mr. Thurston proposed that Jim should drive back the carriage, and that the party should go for another sail, returning at sunset. So once more the Freya spread her wings and danced merrily out to sea, behaving her very prettiest, until, just as she was put about for the homeward run, the wind which had blown so blithely all day suddenly turned saucy. The consequence was that the landing at the Thurston wharf was made by moonlight.

Mrs. Thurston hurried immediately to the house to attend to the delayed supper. Her brother remained behind to set the Freya in order. Therefore it happened that once again Mr. Bruce and Essex found themselves walking up the house-slope, and once again the gentleman took the occasion to put a question to his little companion:

"Miss Essex, how good a friend of yours would a person need to be, to be trusted with the knowledge of that third and last choice?"

"I shall be very glad to tell you now," answered Essex. "It was only that I did not feel like talking about him out there in the boat, when everything seemed so bright and jolly. My choice is James Lawrence."

"Do you mean Captain Lawrence who commanded the 'Chesapeake'?"

"Yes, sir."

"But if ever a ship was badly beaten—"

"Beaten! Oh, yes, sir—but she never struck her colors; the enemy had to haul them down."

"Well, that fact is news to me. The truth is that I think I used rather to avoid that Chesapeake affair."

"That was just like me," cried Essex, eagerly. "I always used to skip the chapter whenever I came to it on my navy history.

Then one day I decided that it was n't quite fair not to try to know and remember about a man because he did not win; so I read all I could find—about his being with Decatur when they blew up the Philadelphia, and his taking one of those shaky gunboats across the Atlantic, and the splendid 'Peacock' victory; and then, when I came to the Chesapeake and read how the crew were so miserable and everything was against him, somehow his bravery seemed a great deal finer than if everything had gone right. Does n't it seem strange that those words he said when he was dying were really worth a great deal more than taking the 'Shannon' or ten frigates would have been?"

"You think they were?"

"Oh, don't you?" There was a note of anxious protest in the little girl's voice. It would certainly be most disappointing if this new friend were to disagree on this important point. Evidently her cause needed strengthening. "I am sure Perry must have thought so, or he would n't have taken his flag with him when he crossed over to the 'Niagara.' But were n't you glad that he went back to the 'Lawrence' for the surrender, and don't you think, if you were fighting on a war-ship and saw the words, 'Don't give up the ship!' would n't they make you feel—" Here Essex came to a stop. It had suddenly dawned upon her that she was doing more than her share of the talking.

But her companion's quiet "Would n't I feel how?" brought the rest of her question with a rush: "Like fighting with all your might till your ship had won, or going down with colors flying, as the 'Cumberland' did?"

"Essex," called Mrs. Thurston from the lighted dining-room window, "will you pour the water, dear?" And so vanished the chance of discovering Mr. Bruce's opinion upon the "third and last choice."

Supper was finished. Mr. Thurston had gone to the stable for the wagon that was to take Mr. Bruce to the station. The latter was upstairs, and Essex and her mother were waiting in the hallway to bid their guest good-by.

"Mother, is n't Mr. Bruce a good friend?"

"Uncle Owen has always so regarded him."

"But I meant, a good friend to me."

"What do you consider makes 'a good friend' to my little girl?"

"Why, somebody I can tell things to, and

and 'sufficient excitement for one day' were being overruled. But Uncle Owen won the day, and Essex went flying up the stairway two steps at a time to fetch her reefer jacket.

While she was absent on this errand Mr. Bruce came down.

"We are waiting for the Frigate," Mr. Thurston explained.

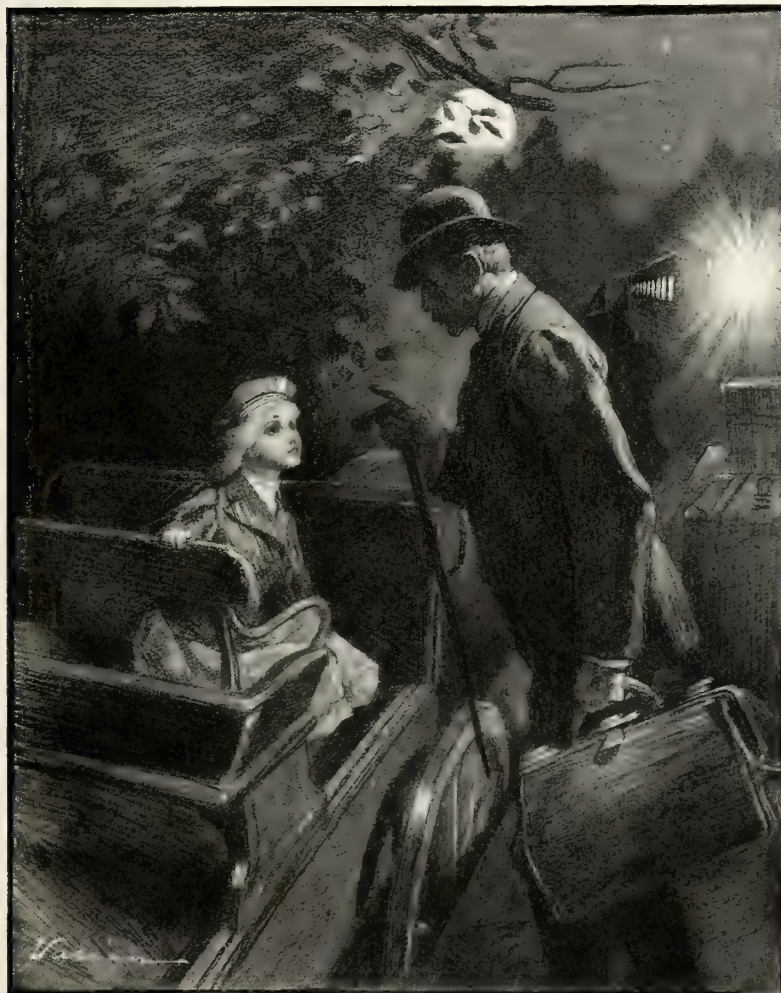
His friend gave a quick glance toward the stairway. "Mrs. Thurston, would you ever lend that little daughter of yours?"

"I never have, as yet."

"I was afraid it was a useless question. The truth is, I have a beloved little aunt, to me the most precious person in the world since my mother died. Whenever I make a very charming discovery, I always long to share it with her, and it is for that purpose I am coveting your little daughter with all my might."

"Does your aunt live in the city?"

"No; I only wish she did; but she is very busily employed in being grandmother



"I SHALL MAKE IT MY DUTY, AND PLEASURE TOO, TO LEARN ALL THAT I CAN CONCERNING CAPTAIN LAWRENCE." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

whom I want to have think the same way I do about things that I care about."

A step on the veranda stopped the conversation.

"Margaret," called Mr. Thurston from the doorway, "it is a beautiful night. Suppose I take the Frigate along to keep me awake on the drive home."

There was a moment's anxiety while the mother's protests as to proper bedtime hours

and mother to the children of one of her brothers far away out in Wineegan."

"That was Essex's birth State," said Mrs. Thurston, "and I have always intended taking her back for a visit."

"Then perhaps my desire may come true sometime in the future. Ah! there is Miss Essex, so I suppose it is time to say good-by."

During the drive to the station Essex was very silent. Her uncle had advised her taking

a nap, in order that she might be prepared to keep him from doing the same when they were returning; but there were no signs of sleepiness in the eyes looking out upon the far reaches of moonlit marsh. The day had brought plenty of material for new thoughts,

a chance to finish our conversation some day. In the meantime, though I cannot promise to let Farragut go, I shall make it my duty, and pleasure too, to learn all that I can concerning Captain Lawrence."

"Thank you so much!" exclaimed Essex.

"And would you mind telling me now what that other happening was?"

"Surely enough! There was a bargain made, was n't there? Here comes the headlight, so I shall only have time to give you the date, and the rest you can supply for yourself. The happening took place on the last day of last month; you know, it is October now. Good-by; and shake Alert's paw for me."

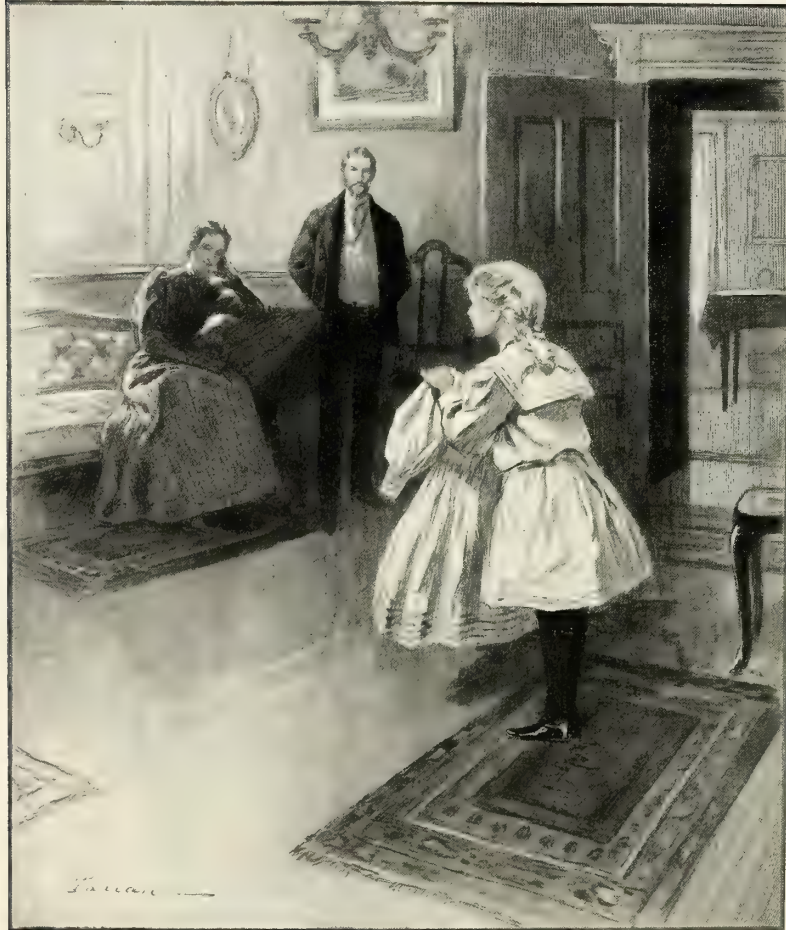
The engine came up to the station, and Essex's new friend was gone.

"Now, Frigate," said Uncle Owen, taking the reins in one hand and drawing his little niece close to him, "this is an excellent opportunity for a hearing on the subject of that last hero of yours."

Essex settled herself with a deep feeling of content. When Uncle Owen spoke in that tone there was no danger of "making fun," and she was glad to trust him with precious secrets.

CHAPTER VII.

THE winter following Mr. Bruce's visit to the island went swiftly by, and spring had come—the spring that saw the opening of the



"MOTHER, MAY I TRY IT ON NOW, WITH MY NEW STOCKINGS AND SLIPPERS?" (SEE PAGE 242.)

and not the least among these was the question whether she would ever be sure that her new friend shared her admiration for her especial hero.

On reaching the station, Mr. Thurston went inside to make some inquiry concerning the trains.

Mr. Bruce, standing on the platform at the carriage-side, prepared to say his good-by:

"Miss Essex, I feel sure that we shall have

great fair in Chicago, and brought the Spanish caravels to the American shores.

Essex had been especially interested in hearing of the latter, and of the great gathering of war-ships which was to celebrate their arrival in New York harbor.

One evening early in April, when Mr. Thurston returned with the mail, she ran to meet him, calling out:

"Is there anything new about the ships?"

"Yes; a distinguished young woman has been asked to review them as they come up the harbor."

"Uncle—really! Who is it?"

"Well, it is n't Queen Victoria. Here is a letter you can take in to mother. I think probably there is a message in it that may answer your question."

There were three notes in the envelope: one for her uncle, which had evidently been opened; one for her mother, directed in the same writing; and the third bearing her own name in an unknown, dainty, old-fashioned hand. It read:

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIEND (for of course being my nephew's makes you mine as well): Ever since I heard of the branch United States Navy station he discovered last fall, I have been wishing that, in some way, the chance might come to me for making the acquaintance of its little commandant. And now, if she will have it so, I think my wish may come true. I am staying here in New York, so as to be present at the big war-ship party that Miss Columbia is to give the last of the month, and I am very anxious to have some young eyes and spirits to help me enjoy it. Do you not think that a Frigate's Namesake ought to be able to furnish the best varieties of those blessings? And will you please tell your mother that if she will lend you to me for those few days, I will promise to guard you as my own.

With love to her and to your little self, from
MR. BRUCE'S AUNT NANCY.

"Would you like to go, daughter?" asked Mrs. Thurston, as she finished reading the three notes.

"Could I, mother?"

"We will see what your uncle has to say about it."

And when Mr. Thurston came in and announced his intention of accepting the invitation, the cup of his niece's joy was filled to the brim. There was just one question: "Do

you suppose there will be many people in the house for me to meet?"

Mrs. Thurston turned to the note in her hand: "Mr. Bruce says that his brother's family is away in Europe, so there will be only his aunt and himself."

With that answer the "cup" overflowed; and the immediate result was a wild sort of war-dance executed for Judy's benefit while the great news was being told.

"Essex," said her mother, the day after the arrival of the invitation, "I was wondering whether you would like to have a new dress. You know, girls of your age rarely wear sailor-suits for all occasions. Of course you will give them up sometime, and I thought that perhaps you would like to make the change now."

"Do I look very queer in them?"

"Not the least, in my opinion."

"Then it does n't matter what any one else thinks." And so the great question of wardrobe, usually of such importance in a little girl's first visit to the city, was quickly settled; or at least so Essex thought. But two days before that on which she was to start for New York she discovered that her mother and uncle had evidently planned otherwise.

Mr. Thurston had been visiting Boston that day, and had returned with the unpleasant tidings that an unexpected business appointment falling due within the next few days would prevent him from accompanying his little niece. However, he had succeeded in finding an escort, an elderly lady friend who would gladly take Essex in charge. He had also telegraphed the state of affairs to Mr. Bruce, who had sent a reply saying that Alert must be sure to come as substitute.

"After receiving that," said Mr. Thurston, "I decided that it was hardly showing proper appreciation of the honor of the invitation not to have any new decorations. So, as Alert's mistress evidently had no aspirations in that direction, I bought some for him. I hope they will meet with your approval."

The sober expression which had come into Essex's face at the first part of his news changed to one of pleased curiosity as she bent over the parcel which her uncle threw into her lap as he finished his sentence.

The first paper being removed disclosed two packages and a soft bundle. The latter was opened first. Out rolled something long and silken and navy-blue.

"Uncle Owen!" cried Essex. Mr. Thurston regarded the contents with calm interest.

"It hardly seemed necessary to purchase two pairs. To walk on his hind legs is certainly the very least that Alert can do on such a festive occasion."

The second package contained a handsome nickel-plated dog-collar with the inscription, "Alert, Thurston Island, Essex Co., Mass."

"I am so glad you had only his own name," was Essex's comment. "If I were a dog, it would hurt my feelings dreadfully to have my collar marked only with my master's name."

Then came the last parcel. "If you think they will make the gentleman too proud," said Uncle Owen, "perhaps some one else might be persuaded to wear them."

The last fold of tissue-paper fell aside. There lay the prettiest pair of slippers that the eyes of a twelve-year-old little maid ever beheld. Not only was the leather of the blackest and shiniest, but each little shoe was adorned with two bewitching rosettes, one on the toe, the other on the strap across the instep, and in the center of each gleamed the daintiest of silver anchors.

At this stage of proceedings words failed to be of use; consequently, Mr. Thurston's neck was immediately put in the greatest peril which had threatened it since Christmas.

At bedtime came a second surprise.

"Look on my bed, on your way to your room," said Mrs. Thurston, with a smile, as she kissed her daughter good-night.

Hardly waiting for her candle to kindle, Essex rushed upstairs, returning presently in as rapid a fashion to ask:

"Mother, may I try it on now, with my new stockings and slippers?"

Permission was given, and in an incredibly short time the silver-anchored rosettes danced gaily into the room.

"H'm-m," said Uncle Owen; "if that is full-dress uniform for a visit to New York, I should say that, on the whole, it seems to be quite a success."

And yet the new gown was nothing more than a sailor-suit. But the material, in this case, was fleecy white bunting, and the trimming was row upon row of narrow silver braid on sleeves and skirt and collar, while in each corner of the latter, and in the space above its joining in front, was a large star beautifully embroidered in silver thread.

There was no question as to how the new "uniform" suited the notions of the wearer. The little daughter's "How *could* you think of anything so lovely!" was all the thanks the mother needed.

One further preparation for the visit was yet to be made.

"Uncle," said Essex, the next morning, "may I have Jim and the little wagon for an hour and a half this afternoon?"

"Absolutely necessary?"

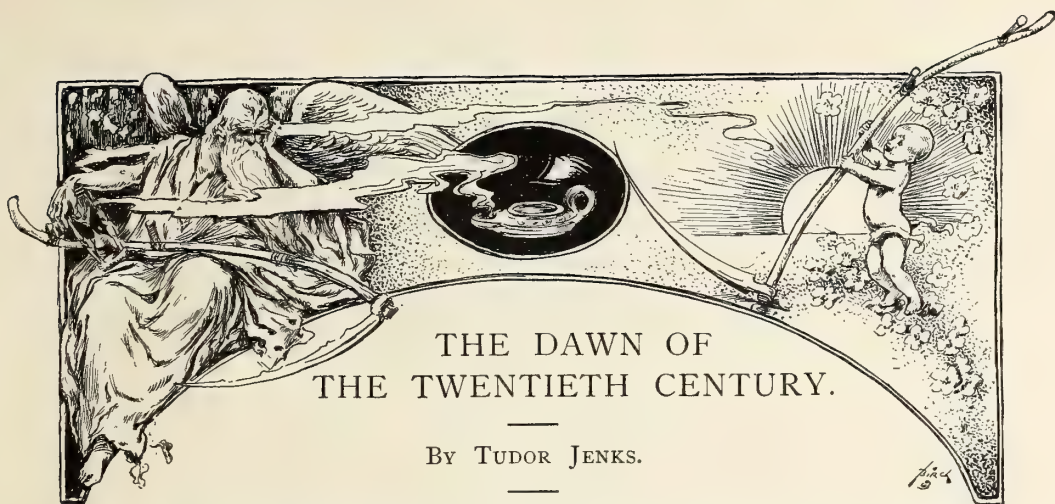
"I think so."

"Very well; I will tell him to be around at three o'clock."

That was all. A wonderful man was that uncle of Essex Thurston's! He had the rare gift of knowing when to grant an unusual request, even if the reason was not forthcoming.

(To be continued.)





THE DAWN OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

"Our clock strikes when there is a change from hour to hour, but no hammer in the Horologe of Time peals through the universe when there is a change from Era to Era."—CARLYLE.

THOUGH time flows on in an undivided, un-resting tide, mankind marks its course by fixed periods. Days, weeks, months, and years pass without especial wonder; but the ending of a century comes but once to almost all of us, and history gives to each hundred years a character of its own.

Supposing we were immortals who had lived since the beginning of the Christian era, and had witnessed the drama played by the nations upon the globe, what have we seen during the nineteen hundred years since the birth of Jesus Christ? Let us briefly review the acts of this mighty drama:

THE FIRST CENTURY.

Except along the coasts of the Mediterranean Sea, the whole world is uncivilized. All these coasts are ruled by the Romans from their mighty city. In the Holy Land the Jewish nation is overcome and dispersed, and Britain also is made Roman by conquest.

The world is plundered of its wealth to fill Rome with palaces, and, secure because of their all-conquering armies, the wealthy Romans give themselves to extravagance and follies. The new Romans are not like those who made the empire; the rich seek only amusement and are without religion, the poor are beggared and lazy. There is among the people a new religious body known as Christians, who, persecuted and tortured, yet cannot be suppressed.

SECOND CENTURY.

The Roman Empire widens, and brings peace to those coming under the rule of its good emperors. But the Christians and Jews, refusing obedience, are ever pursued and punished. To govern the united world laws are wisely made and strongly enforced. Marcus Aurelius, the emperor, and Epictetus, the slave, teach philosophy; Galen, the doctor, Ptolemy, the geographer, Plutarch and Tacitus, historians, write books that will be read so long as learning lasts—read with admiration. But the armies of Rome are hired soldiers; farmers and laborers are slaves and convicts. The Northern races are learning the arts of war and peace from their Roman enemy, while the Romans themselves are becoming idlers, forgetting the virtues by which their ancestors won the empire of the world.

THIRD CENTURY.

As Roman power weakens, that of other races grows; and, pushed by fiercer tribes, the Franks, Goths, and Persians cross into the empire and seem about to overwhelm it. Then Rome's rulers, in their fright, forget their court mummery and politics, and with a last effort force back the foreign nations and destroy their newly risen governments. In this way falls Queen Zenobia, the Syrian. Meanwhile, emperors are made and unmade by warring armies, until Aurelian and Diocletian become strong,

and as despots restore order. But, in defending his empire, Diocletian divides it, and thus makes its destruction sure. The Christians, ever persecuted, are growing in power and numbers.

FOURTH CENTURY.

Constantine, the great emperor, leaves Rome for Byzantium, named for him Constantinople, and makes it his capital, so as better to govern both Europe and Asia. This results in dividing the Eastern from the Western Empire. After the most bitter persecutions, Christianity has conquered, and is the religion of the empire. The Northern and Western races, Alemanni, Goths, Persians, press ever more closely around the falling empire, and even force entrance, though held back long enough to come under the influence of its civilization.

FIFTH CENTURY.

The Western Empire gives way before the invaders. Rome is captured by Alaric the Goth. Britain is abandoned by Roman troops, and entered by Saxons, Angles, and Jutes; Spain and Gaul are overrun by the Visigoths and the Franks; Africa by the Vandals. The Eastern Empire is attacked by the Asiatic Huns, who are beaten off by Romans, Goths, and Franks. The same race also invades Italy. The power of Rome ceases; and new, unspoiled races, taking up her language, system of laws and the Christian religion, become owners of her lands and beginners of modern nations.

SIXTH CENTURY.

The "Dark Ages" begin. The new races, coming in successive waves, gradually unite with the old, and the Latin tongue slowly changes into three dialects that will form Spanish, Italian, and French. The conquerors of Britain, not mingling with Romans, keep their own tongue, which is the foundation of our English. Justinian, Emperor of the East, for a time reconquers much western territory, and causes Roman law to be made into a code that lasts to-day. Christianity survives and even overcomes the conquering nations, founding in Rome a new empire over the minds of men. Monasteries, refuges for learning, increase in number. The Northern races, born free, bring

ideas of freedom, and in their newly conquered homes learn the arts of peace and civilization.

SEVENTH CENTURY.

Mohammed, an Arabian camel-driver, becomes the prophet of a new religion, which is written in the Koran. His followers, despising death, win their way eastward to India, westward to the ocean, with their swords, even besieging Constantinople; but the Eastern emperor, Heraclius, holds his own for a time. Meanwhile, European peoples are becoming settled in their territories, gaining and losing ground, but without great changes. In Britain have arisen small kingdoms of Angles and Saxons, learning to rule and to unite into stronger governments. They have been little influenced by Roman civilization, but are Christianized, and thus are afterward brought into touch with European thought. In Gaul are the brave Franks, expanding over more territory as they prosper under Christian rulers, the one race strong enough to resist Mohammed's Saracens.

EIGHTH CENTURY.

The Saracens win northern Africa, enter and occupy Spain except at the north, then cross into France, threatening to overwhelm Europe and Christianity. The Saracens are attacking from the East also, besieging Constantinople, which successfully defends itself with "Greek fire." The followers of the Arabian camel-driver, grown into a great empire with the rich civilization depicted in the "Arabian Nights," become rivals of all Europe, but are defeated by the Franks after twenty years of war. The Franks, under great rulers, also conquer the Northern Saxons and Italy. Charlemagne, their king, is at length crowned Emperor of the West by Pope Leo in Rome, and reigns wisely over the lands of the old Roman Empire, sending minor rulers to hold sway in all parts of Europe, and establishing schools. Thus Christendom becomes German, and learning is revived. The Saracens bring with them into Europe the learning of Greece and the East. In Britain the Northmen raids begin.

NINTH CENTURY.

Charlemagne's death causes his empire to break into the kingdoms from which great

modern nations are to grow. In Britain the small kingdoms unite, but the whole land is troubled by the Northmen's attacks. Alfred the Great fosters a beginning of literature, establishes jury trials, and even makes successful resistance to the Northern robbers. The Saracens' empire, though still powerful, is becoming divided and losing force, but has begun the later division between the Eastern Church of Constantinople and the Western of Rome. In all Christendom governments are better, learning increases, war is less frequent.

TENTH CENTURY.

The Eastern Franks (Germans) become powerful, joining with North Italy and other lands; the Western Franks (France) give up lands to the Northmen, who establish Normandy and become Christians; England is fighting the Danes (Northmen), and is at last overcome by them. In Spain the Saracens have formed an empire distinguished for learning and civilization, but by their religion and race remain separate from the rest of Europe. Feudalism, a system of government due to conquest, under which system all Europe is to remain for hundreds of years, becomes well established. There is wide-spread fear lest the end of the world is to come in the year 1000.

ELEVENTH CENTURY.

The Normans, under Duke William, defeat the Saxon Harold at Hastings, conquer England, and gradually unite with the races already there. The Roman Papacy becomes one of the greatest powers in Europe, opposing even the emperors, and serves to unite Christendom. In the East the Asiatic Turks first rise into power, displacing the Saracens. Chivalry begins, and the First Crusade sends a great army that conquers its way into Jerusalem.

TWELFTH CENTURY.

The crusades continue, and are opposed by the great Saladin, Sultan of Egypt, who defeats the attacks upon Jerusalem, and takes Palestine from the Christians. Orders of knighthood, based upon the laws of chivalry, rise into power throughout Europe, making warfare less barbarous, causing greater reverence for woman-

hood, and refining manners. The nations of Europe, as they are to last, are being organized, and smaller states tend to unite.

THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

The Tatars, or Moguls, come pouring from Asia into Europe, conquering, slaying, burning, making deserts wherever they pass. Under Genghis Khan they devastate nearly all Asia and much of Europe, and for a hundred years retain their power. In England the barons check the power of the throne, forcing the signing of the Great Charter. Throughout Europe the burghers, or dwellers in towns, become richer, freer, and more powerful, and cities unite to protect themselves from injustice. The supporters of the popes and those of the emperors oppose one another. The crusades fail, but bring wealth by commerce, increase learning, and change forms of government. Many great cathedrals and palaces of Europe are built. Italy's wealthy merchant-cities arise. Dante, the great Italian poet, begins his writing.

FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

France and England are fighting for leadership. Switzerland wins independence from the Austrians. The Great Plague rages in Europe, causing the death of many millions, being the most terrible scourge in the history of the world. In Asia, Timur, a successor of Genghis Khan, conquers a vast empire, and rules it wisely, though a barbarous, bloodthirsty tyrant. In England Wyclif translates the Bible into English, making it possible for all to read the Scriptures. Gunpowder begins to be used in war. In peace, merchants learn to sail by the compass, and make longer voyages.

FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

The warfare between France and England continues, and Joan of Arc inspires the French, who at length drive out the English army. In England the Wars of the Roses are fought. From Asia the Turks advance upon Constantinople and take the city, ending the Eastern Roman Empire, and driving the last survival of Greek scholarship into western Europe. This causes a revival of learning — the Renaissance. The modern arts, sciences, philosophy,

literature of Europe now begin their true life. The invention of printing preserves and distributes this old and new learning. The voyages in quest of new ways to India's wealth bring about the age of discovery. Africa is opened, India reached. The expulsion of the Moors (Saracens) from Spain ends the power of Mohammed in Europe; then Spain banishes the Jews, establishes the Inquisition, and enables Columbus to sail. The New World is opened. The dawn of modern times.

SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Magellan's ship is the first to sail around the world. A great increase in commerce begins, and maritime nations profit. Spain and Portugal rise to power and wealth. Spain conquers vast territory in the new world, and under Charles V. becomes the most powerful nation in Europe. Freedom of thought produces the Reformation. Under Queen Elizabeth, Protestant England disputes empire with Catholic Spain, and overcomes her by destroying the Armada. Shakspeare's plays are written. The Netherlands revolt from Spain, and Holland becomes a great power. In France are religious civil wars.

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Religious wars, lasting thirty years, result in weakening Germany, and strengthening Holland, France, and Sweden. England and Scotland are united under the Stuarts. Cromwell overthrows the monarchy, and becomes Protector of the Commonwealth, with John Milton as his secretary. He makes England a great and respected power abroad. The Stuarts are restored, but the "divine right of kings" and Catholicism are not to be reestablished. Under Louis XIV. France rises to supremacy in European civilization, but is dominated by the throne at home. In America permanent colonies are planted in Virginia and Massachusetts, and are rapidly followed by others. There is a great advance in learning, literature, and natural science.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

France becomes so powerful, under Louis XIV., that when there seems a possibility of a union with Spain under one crown, the

English, Dutch, Prussians, and Germany unite in an alliance that, under the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, defeats the French armies. Frederick the Great, allied with England, defeats nearly all Europe combined, and puts Prussia with the foremost of military nations. England and France are at war in Europe and in America over their rival colonies. The English colonies, toward the end of the century, declare their independence, successfully maintain their cause under Washington's leadership, and form the Republic of the United States. Poland is divided, and ceases to exist as a barrier between Russia and Europe. In France the people rise against the privileged classes, destroy all traces of worn-out institutions, and form a republic. To maintain their reforms against the monarchies, the whole nation become soldiers, and, under Napoleon, conquer a wide empire, of which he becomes the leader. Russia, taught by Peter the Great, in a few years raises herself to a level with the other great powers and proves her superiority to the Turks. In India the English defeat the French and the native rulers, and found their Indian empire. Far-sighted statesmen see that a few great nations will control the world, and a struggle for colonial possessions and commercial leadership begins.

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Under Napoleon, France defeats all attempts to limit her empire on the Continent, and on the ocean England prevents France from holding colonial territory. Russia joins with France's enemies, and failure of the French invasion destroys Napoleon's military power. Europe and England combine and destroy the French empire, and restore former boundaries; these, after Napoleon's short escape from Elba, are confirmed by his defeat at Waterloo, and the French monarchy is restored. But the victories of the French have taught the lesson of popular liberty and national unity. The "Holy Alliance" of the sovereigns of Russia, Prussia, and Austria at first seems to prevent further progress in the power of the people, but can only postpone its triumph. The Alliance suppresses revolts in southern Europe, especially in Spain. Believing that an attempt is to be

made to restore to Spain the revolted colonies of Central and South America, England induces the United States to object in the "Monroe Doctrine." The death of the Czar of Russia ends the Alliance. In France the people again rise and secure changes of sovereigns. Other revolutions follow in Belgium, which wins independence, in Poland and Italy, which are unsuccessful, and similar uprisings occur in other lands, but for a time seem to result only in defeats. Yet, Greece having been unsuccessful in a struggle for freedom from Turkish rule, Russia, England, and France interfere, and Turkey grants Grecian independence. Italy shakes off Austrian rule, the German states force their monarchs to grant constitutions, and this advance in liberty, once begun, is rapid and nearly universal. Slavery is abolished by all the Christian nations. Prussia, guided by Bismarck, establishes her power by successful wars against Denmark and Austria, and secures the leadership of all the German States. Then France and Germany try their strength; France is overwhelmingly defeated, and the Prussian king becomes emperor of united Germany, while the French empire falls and is succeeded by the republic. Russia has grown to enormous power, holding her immense empire in Europe and Asia, and even expanding steadily. England, having become the mother of new colonial empires in India, America, Australia, and Africa, maintains an unequaled navy to guard her world interests. Russia, having overcome Turkey, is forced by a congress of European powers to give up part of the territories she has conquered, and independent countries are maintained to check Russia's advance south-

ward. During this century, the United States fights a great civil war to preserve her unity, expands across the entire continent, and by her brief war with Spain extends her territory and influence even across the Pacific Ocean. Japan, choosing to adopt the civilization of Christendom, proves her ability to become a world-power. China, a collection of similar peoples rather than a nation, is yet undecided whether to remain in the past or to follow Japan's example.

The steam-engine has brought the whole world within reach of every nation; the telegraph brings all happenings within knowledge; modern weapons have made the most advanced nations irresistible by untrained peoples; the printing-press brings the intelligence of whole peoples to bear on every question. Electricity becomes man's servant, and he learns to turn forces into one another.

The civilization of our times, probably beginning in the Mesopotamian valley, is first known in Egypt. Thence it goes northeastward around the Mediterranean to Babylonia and Phenicia, next to Greece, and then to Rome. From Rome it extends widely, but is forced at length northward and westward through Europe and to England. From England it passes to America, and, crossing the continent to the Pacific, seems now about to take its way through Japan to Asia. If, in this century, it can make sure its sway over Asiatic peoples, it will have encircled the globe.

During the nineteen centuries since the birth of Jesus Christ, there has been no influence comparable to that of his life and teachings.



"COLD PARTY."

BY GEORGIA CLAY.

NEARLY all the girls and boys in town had been invited to Mildred Barton's Christmas party, and, for a small town, there was a very large number of girls and boys.

The Bartons lived at "The Cedars"—a fine old homestead five miles out in the country, and besides the fun awaiting the guests at the end of their journey, there was the journey itself, a promise of delight. In great wagons, wrapped snugly in furs and shawls, they rolled swiftly over the hardened roads until fairyland burst upon them from the hilltop.

The Barton clans had assembled for the holidays, and the big house was full of eager young people. Besides Milly and her brother Archie, there were the Martins, Fred and Florence, and the three Chesters, Gail, Dick, and Paul—all cousins, and all throwing themselves enthusiastically into the bustle of preparation, until the long parlors were turned into bowers of loveliness, with their garlands and wreaths of evergreens; and Mrs. Barton's store-room, pantry, and ice-boxes were filled to overflowing with every sort of refreshment, even to the huge freezers of ice-cream which the boys had just brought out from town and deposited on the back veranda for safe-keeping.

"They 're packed to stay, Aunt Fanny," exclaimed Fred; "and the nipping cold outside will harden the cream so that you 'll have to saw it off for the guests. I never felt such weather"; and Fred held his numb fingers near the grateful blaze, as the girls made room for him around the log fire.

"I should n't wonder if we had snow, mother," added Archie.

"Archie 's been seeing ghosts all the way out," laughed Dick. "We brushed against a few flakes; it 's too cold for more than a flurry."

"But the snow *is* falling, and pretty steadily, too," announced Gail, who could see outside from her seat nearest the window.

This drew them all from the fire, and they looked anxiously out.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Barton, "such big, thick flakes! I fear a great storm."

"Why, it would be perfectly lovely," cried Milly, "with the white ground, and the colored lanterns, and the house all lighted up."

"A regular Christmas-card," said Florence.

"It will be such a long, cold ride for the guests to-morrow," said Mrs. Barton.

"Just a lark," said Paul, comfortably. "I wish I was coming out with the wagon-loads; that would be more fun than sitting round stiff in your best rig. There 's nothing in a party but refreshments anyway, and we can't be eating all the time," he wound up amid a general laugh. Paul was very young.

But that night things began to look a little serious. The wind rose high, tearing madly around the eaves and corners of The Cedars, and sweeping the now thickly falling snow in great drifts across the country. In the morning it was still snowing steadily, piling up on the window-ledges and against the sides of the house. The whole world seemed changed. The snow had crept around the big trees, hiding the trunks, so that the tops looked like stunted snow-laden bushes on a vast white sea.

"A blizzard!" exclaimed Mr. Barton, as he came to the window where the young people stood, dazzled by the wonder of it all. "I have n't seen such a thing since I was a boy."

"There 's no going to town to-day, father," said Archie. "John says he can't get to the stable till he shovels his way."

"Then there will be no party to-night, at that rate," declared Mrs. Barton.

"No party!" echoed the girls, in dismay. Somehow, in their excitement, such a thought had never occurred to them. The boys' faces were studies, but they said nothing.

"Don't you see, dear," went on Mrs. Barton, with a hand on Milly's shoulder, "the snow has blocked up everything; not a wagon has come out from town, and there seems no prospect of its holding up to-day. Those heavy, crowded vehicles could never make the trip to-night,—even a sleigh could scarcely travel in such snow,—so we 'll be cheerful and make the best of it, little daughter, won't we?"

"I—I suppose so," answered Milly, staring out of the window, her eyes dim with the disappointment.

"It may be only postponed for a day or two," said Flo, trying to be encouraging.

"It—it might be worse," faltered Milly, as if, to her mind, it was hardly possible.

"Think of those poor people in town; they are certainly worse off than we are," said Gail, philosophically. "At least, we have the big

house and the party fixings, and, as Dick says, there are so many of us it is n't possible to mope or to be dull."

But it was a queer day, nevertheless, with the great white silence outside, while the snow fell unceasingly. Late in the afternoon the boys shoveled a path on the veranda, for the household needed an airing, but could not venture where the snow had drifted waist-high.

By night all had recovered their usual spirits, in spite of the disappointment. It was Christmas Eve, and they kept it in fine style. The girls put on their pretty dresses, and they danced to their hearts' content in the big garlanded parlors. To crown all, there was a giant Christmas tree, with gifts and surprises for every one; and after consultation it was decided to open one of the big freezers and to distribute sundry small cakes from the general hoard of dainties.



"MILLY UNLOCKED A SAFE WHERE MRS. BARTON HAD STORED HER JELLIES AND FANCY DISHES." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"And meantime there are seven pretty jolly people out here," put in Dick; "and the refreshments will keep, even to the ice-cream. That back veranda is a perfect refrigerator."

"It reminds me of the North Pole," said Archie, with a shiver. "You'll have to cut your passage to the ice-box, mother, and those freezers are banked half-way up with snow."

Christmas Day was even more discouraging; it was sleeting now on top of the snow, and everything was cased in ice.

"Worse and worse," groaned Fred; "the party is off for another day."

"And where am I to get my Christmas dinner, I'd like to know?" asked Mrs. Barton, in comical despair. "I depended on my town

provisions, and nothing can come out here. Now, what shall we do? I put it before the house; it's either starve or—"

"Eat up the party," said Milly, with decision.

"Bravo, bravo!" cried Mr. Barton.

"It seems a pity," objected Gail.

But Milly was determined. "We must have our Christmas dinner," she said, "and—and I'm afraid there's no chance for the party."

"Now, I propose that you girls take hold of the housekeeping for a while," suggested Mrs. Barton. "It is likely that we may be cut off from supplies for several days, and except a bag of coffee, another of sugar, and another of salt, my cupboard is bare."

"But *we* must help—indeed we must," cried the boys.

"No," said Mrs. Barton, decidedly; "this is the girls' mission; you are to eat and enjoy without question, as I intend to do."

"Girls never calculate," said Dick; "they'll run short of provisions, mark my words."

"When we reach that stage we'll call in your help," said Milly, with a laugh.

The three girls, hooded and cloaked, went out on the back veranda to take a survey and consult as to ways and means. They found everything in fine condition: great platters of sliced turkey and roast beef and tongue and ham; immense bowls of chicken salad, frozen hard; a dozen or more loaves of bread which had been meant for sandwiches, but which Gail declared could easily be freshened up; uncounted fancy rolls and crackers of every kind, and a small barrel of oysters packed in ice. Milly unlocked a safe where Mrs. Barton had stored her jellies and fancy dishes, huge tins of cakes, and quantities of fruit; and guarding all this the great ice-cream freezers stood like sentinels.

"Is there anything in that?" asked Florence, pointing to another chest at the far end of the veranda.

"No; mother calls it the reservoir; we keep our ice supply there during the winter."

"Well," said Gail, when they had brought a thorough inspection to a close by a visit to the pantry, "I think we can manage easily with such quantities. Shall we take turns or work together in providing the meals?"

"Together," they cried, "or the boys will draw comparisons."

Then they turned their attention to the Christmas dinner, and really served up a banquet so creditable that they were praised on all sides.

"Take care," warned Mrs. Barton; "of course Christmas is a lavish time, but you must n't give us so much to-morrow."

"Why, auntie, the things hardly look as if they had been touched—do they, girls?" and Flo triumphantly appealed to her aids, who stanchly backed her assertion.

"I certainly *did* think so," said Milly, when they met again to prepare for supper. "I suppose it is just my imagination, but that turkey does n't seem to fill the platter as it did before."

"Nonsense," said Flo; "your eye has grown used to the quantity, that's all."

"I thought I counted twenty-five doughnuts; there are only fifteen here. I must have been mistaken"; and Gail looked worried.

"Don't count—measure with your eye; it will save a lot of trouble," advised Flo. "Some things may have slid into the bottom of the chest; we'll find them afterward," she added comfortably; and they finished that day, as they did the day before, with a delicious ice-cream treat and another informal dance.

"Don't tell *me*!" cried Fred, as they trooped upstairs that night. "Milly's party in all its glory could never compare with the fun we're having now. Think of the spread every day and the dance at night, and waking up to another spread—and so on through another day! That's the way to live!"

The girls smiled and agreed with him, but they were a little thoughtful the next morning.

Their store certainly was smaller, and they began to be saving. They cut down the supply of cold meats and shaved their bread in transparent slices.

The snow was still falling fitfully during the day. There never had been such a storm. For miles around people were imprisoned in their homes; everywhere provisions had given out, and there was much distress. The Bartons were indeed fortunate in having so much on hand, but the problem was, how to keep up the supply for a day or two longer.

The girls curbed their healthy appetites to one modest helping at each meal, but the boys ate with full ardor, unmindful of anxious glances cast their way, and always blissfully looking for the morrow's supply.

It was simply shocking to see the ravages in that apparently bottomless ice-chest. The housekeepers stared aghast at the ruin, and looked at one another in stony despair.

"I can't understand it," said Flo. "We had such a lot to begin with; they'll never be content with a skimpy breakfast to-morrow, and I don't know how we'll ever piece out the day."

It was just at this critical time that the weather broke; there was a sudden and general thaw that sent the snow rushing in torrents through the country. The girls began to breathe again; they saw their way clear when the ice dropped off of the telephone wires, and the inmates of The Cedars were able once more to talk with the outer world. Then they let Mrs. Barton into the private state of their larder, and she shook her head.

"You've barely enough for a good lunch; my advice is to feed them well and confess that you cannot provide the dinner; being boys, they may be able to forage a little in the neighborhood. It's the last meal, after all, and you did remarkably well, but provisions will be out here in the early morning, so there'll be no more trouble."

The boys made a hearty meal, and the girls quaked as they saw certain precious morsels disappear. Milly broke the news:

"I'm sorry that even my party has to have an end," she began.

"Hold hard, lassie; there's still another helping to-night," said Dick, serenely.

"No, there's not a crumb; we've run short."

"As I predicted!" exclaimed Dick, in triumph. "And what are *we* to do, pray?"

"The best you can," retorted Gail; "we've turned it over to you."

"Humph! I like that!" muttered Fred.

"You should have let us down easier," added Archie; "it's too sudden a fall."

Paul said nothing whatever; he heard nothing, being too busy over the remnants.

"Now see here," said Dick; "we knew how it would be if we cleared out and let you manage; if you want us to forage for this last meal you must promise to fold your hands and look on without comment—we won't be criticized."

"Very well," they answered meekly, but they watched slyly for some sign of preparation. Those provoking boys went about as usual, with apparently no household cares upon their shoulders. An hour before dinner they disappeared; no one had seen them leave the house, but all was silent downstairs—a most unusual thing.

They assembled promptly that night, the girls in their daintiest, the boys spotless in their best, for this was to be their last happy evening at The Cedars. When dinner was announced there was a flutter in the family; Archie led the way, and they stood beside a table fairly groaning with the choicest delicacies, left over from the party!

"Where—where did you get all this?" cried the girls, in an excited chorus.

"Well," said Dick, his eyes twinkling, "when we saw how wastefully you girls were diving into things, we decided to put some aside for a rainy day."

"But how could you!" cried Milly. "There was no place."

"You forget the old ice-chest," put in Archie. "Day by day we smuggled our store into that old chest, and chuckled as we watched your pile grow smaller. And oh, you did look so badgered and bothered!"

"We might have given in," said Fred, "if we had n't wanted to make this a memorable occasion—and behold the result!"

They sat down in high merriment, their only regret being that the morning would end it all.

"To think of school and study after this week of delight is more than I can bear," said Flo, pensively, nibbling a last delicious olive.

"A whole family saved from starvation by not having a party, puts me in mind of the baby whose life was saved by not swallowing a pin," observed Dick.

"I don't believe I ever had such a jolly time," declared Paul; "even if the party did n't take place, it was fun all through."

"I MET A LITTLE PUSSY-CAT."



I met a little pussy-cat, and I said : "How-de-do ?"
And all the pussy-cat would say was : "Me-ew, me-ew, me-ew !"
"All right," says I to pussy-cat ; "I 'll say good-day to you."
But pussy only answered : "Me-ew, me-ew, me-ew !"



"THIS IS A PICTURE OF
LITTLE JEANNETTE."

This is a picture of little Jeannette,
Her dear little puppy and tame
paroquet.
The paroquet whistles — do
you know how ?
The puppy sits up and is say-
ing : "Bow-wow !"
And little Jeannette, she makes
a bow.
Little Jeannette, the tame paro-
quet,
And the dear little puppy, you
must n't forget.



THE STORY OF BARNABY LEE.

BY JOHN BENNETT.

(*Author of "Master Skylark."*)

[*This story was begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE WILDERNESS.

THE fire smoked for a little while among the fern where the English traders' camp had been. By times it blazed up fitfully, but gradually dying out, it left but burned logs crumbling into a heap of cold white ashes.

Here and there the underbrush that had been broken in the fight straightened itself out slowly. The uneasy hush which precedes a storm was over everything. The smoke crept down the hollow in a thin blue cloud. It grew a little darker, and the forest-trees began to sigh. The wind which was gathering on the heights murmured like a distant sea. It was a lonely spot indeed since the English trading crew was gone, but to the English cabin-boy who crouched among the spruces it seemed a very paradise.

He arose at last from his hiding-place among the whispering branches, and stole silently down through the little clearing, looking warily here and there, and listening intently through the faint, far noises of the wood for any telltale human sound. Everything was quiet: like himself, the forest seemed to listen.

He looked about him wonderingly, as if in doubt that it all was real, then hesitatingly touched a tree with his hand, to be sure it was not a dream. Then suddenly he laughed, and falling upon his knees, he ran his fingers through the grass-blades. "I've come ashore at last!" he said. "Please God, I've come ashore!" And patting the earth as if it were living, he began to dig into the soft black mold with eagerly delving fingers.

There, in the mold, were slender roots tightly matted together, a small brown beetle, some worm-eaten acorns, an empty snail-shell, and a crumbling chrysalis long since deserted.

Clapping his hands, he rubbed the earth between his quivering fingers, and catching up a handful of it, he smelled it with a long-drawn breath. It had a scent of withered leaves and dampness, of humid earth, and of clean, sweet decay, with a fleeting breath of pennyroyal and a little odor of spicy roots. Then he laughed again, for a clod of earth is sweeter than a rose to a man who has been four years upon the sea. Springing nimbly to his feet, he capered about and leaped upon the turf, as if rejoicing just to feel the solid ground under him.

Here and there the underwood was starred with wild snowdrops, and between the roots of the beech-trees wind-flowers waved. He ran about and looked at them, touched them softly, made a little garden about each group, and having done so, stood up and bowed to them as if they were the fairest of high-born dames attired in tiffany, and as if the dark wood were a king's court. Then he danced a hornpipe around the glen, in a limping, comical way.

The buds upon the trees were out in tufts and yellow tassels; and in the outer forks of a drooping bough he found a deserted bird's nest of grasses and moss, half raveled out, but still containing a speckled feather and part of a broken egg-shell. He cut a dido over the rocks. "My word, the wood-birds lay blue eggs just as they did in England!" he said. And with that he turned a handspring ending in a heap, and lay there laughing gaily at himself for tumbling on his head.

Thus for a time he made holiday, stirring among the rocks, exploring secret places, reviewing the things he already knew, and discovering fresh wonders. For a little while his paradise was paradise indeed.

But the silence wore upon him unaware, and although he knew not that it did, the vastness

of the solitude oppressed him. He missed the men's voices, the tread of feet, and the constant stir of human life about him. He listened unconsciously for the accustomed sounds, and the sense of their absence filled him more and more. The loneliness in the forest seemed to gather around as the shadows gather about the room when the fire burns low, and all at once, as he looked about the dim glen, the desolation of the place came over him like a chill.

He sprang to his feet, crying, "What shall I do?"

A scattering rain was beginning to fall and to patter upon the old dead leaves. As though he had been suddenly awakened, he stared around the glen, then ran down quickly to the river-brink, and stared across the wide expanse of waters; but there was nothing to be seen—nor boat, nor man, nor living thing.

"What shall I do?" he said.

There came a stirring in the wood. He lifted his head and hearkened. It was only the hurry of the wind. There was no other sound except the rushing of the river and the stealthy fingering of the waves among the little stones.

Then a flock of wild geese passed. He saw them for a moment through the gathering mist; then they were gone. Nothing was left of them but their strange, hoarse clamor, dying behind them as they fled.

The rain was now coming down steadily, and it was growing cold. He pulled his shirt across his breast, and hurrying up the bank, he stirred among the burned logs to find a live coal. One fickle spark ran out and danced along the edge of a charred leaf. Then it was gone like the snap of a finger. He blew until his thin cheeks ached, but all in vain. The fire was out.

Yet still he raked among the ashes awhile, and warmed his fingers on the steaming ground, staring into the underbrush and saying over and over again, "Whatever shall I do?" as if it were a text that had been set for him to learn, or a riddle which he must guess or pay a forfeit.

Look upon it as he would, there was no denying the fact that he had fallen into desperate straits and danger of his life.

From the sailing-master's charts he had

some knowledge of the country, and he knew that the land about him was a trackless wilderness, inhabited by savage beasts and by still more savage men; that the ground upon which he now stood was the land of the Mohegans, a tribe of the Algonquins, who were kings of all the coast; and that to the south of their marches lay the land of the Hackensacks and the kingdoms of the Seven Sea-coast Tribes, blood-kin to the Lenni-Lenape. And, further than this, he knew that since Captain John Underhill and the Dutch had slaughtered the Siwanoyes as they gathered to their New Year's feast a short twelvemonth before, woe worth the day to the white man who fell alone into the hands of the vengeful sea-coast savages or any of their kin.

From the Dutch he could hope for no aid. They would hang him for a picaroon. He might as well ask comfort from a monument as from the stubborn Dutch. Holland was England's enemy by land as well as by sea; and though he knew that the nations were still at peace, peace was mockery when men were at each other's throats like dogs over a bone.

There was nothing left for him to do but to face the venture to the end, and to play his part out like a man.

With which reflection he began to cast calculating eyes about the glen to see if there had been left anything of comfort or assistance.

Two shattered crates lay tilted on end in the hazel copse, and over the ground were scattered tobacco-shreds, the shards of a broken pot, a wooden platter split in halves, glass beads glittering in the grass; and at his feet, among the ashes, trodden under foot and charred by the fire, lay a piece of broken biscuit and two half-eaten herring. He picked them up, and cleaning them from broken twigs and ashes, thrust them safe into the bosom of his shirt.

It was coming into his head now that if he could but reach the coast, steer clear of the savages, and maintain a steady course toward the south, he must in time come upon the borders of Virginia or upon the shores of Maryland, and there find aid. He had heard how David Ingram, when set ashore in the Bay of Mexico a hundred years before, had

crossed the wild New World on foot by following the Indian paths, and had come in safety, through great peril, to St. John's River, whence he had taken ship for France, and so had returned to his own; and the boy was now determined to adventure if he might not do the same in his degree.

How wild and chimerical his plan was he was to find out soon enough; but having been so long at sea, where a man's footing moves forward under him as he goes, and the busy wind does all the work save merely the traversing of the deck, he had lost all sense of distances by land, and guessed at them as wildly as a child. Yet simply making up his mind encouraged him.

It was now too late to venture through the wilderness. The darkness was increasing rapidly and the night was falling fast. He found a sheltered hollow beneath the shelving rocks, and snuggling deep among the drifted leaves, he commended himself to the mercy of God, and soon fell asleep.

At first he slumbered heavily, but, as the night wore on, from time to time he half awoke and shivered with the cold. But cold was an accustomed thing to an English cabin-boy; so he only burrowed deeper among the withered leaves, and peered from his snug harbor into the pit-mirk night.

The rain came down in torrents, and the trees rocked in the gale; yet despite the fury of the storm the world was strangely silent. Aboard ship such a night would wake a thousand sounds. The waves would boom against the strakes; the bulkheads would creak and groan; the masts would all spring wildly with the strain; at every plunge the hold would crack with the shifting of the cargo, and at every blow the drum-like decks would boom. But here in the trackless wilderness there seemed a solemn hush, a great, majestic silence which even the roar of the storm assailed in vain, a stillness, somber and undisturbed, yet full of wild forest noises: the barking of foxes, the whimper of owls, and now and then, far off and drear, a long-drawn howl that made the boy grip hard upon the knife at his belt and stare into the darkness.

Sometime within the passing night he felt

the pinch of hunger, and sitting up among the leaves, he leaned against the rock and ate a bite or two of herring and a piece of biscuit. It was still raining heavily, and he could smell the mist from the river; and though the wind was broken by the forest about him, he could hear it howling wildly overhead in an increasing gale.

Again, for a while, he slept; then, although the night was far from spent, he awoke and could sleep no more, but through the blinding darkness watched for the dawn.

A dismal daybreak came at last. The earth was drenched, the gale still held, and the sky was overcast. A fitful rain was falling, mingled with flying gusts of snow. "God help me!" said the cabin-boy; "it is a bitter morning!" And kneeling down beneath the overhanging stone, he prayed that his heart might be made strong to meet the perils of his journey.

Then, like a soldier for the fray, he girt himself anew, drew in his sash, set his knife free, and, folding his red handkerchief, bound it around his yellow locks like a turban, so that his long, matted hair might not blind his eyes nor blow into his nostrils. As he did so he shivered with the cold. "The fiend is in the wind!" he said.

Then creeping out of his hiding-place into the drifting rain, he struck out bravely southward into the wilderness.

CHAPTER VII.

IN DESPERATE STRAITS.

THREE days, three nights, he struggled on through an unkindly country, worn out by constant tripping, and bruised by many a heavy fall, drenched with the rain, beaten by the wind, and pierced to the heart by the benumbing cold.

As long as there was light to see, he held a southward course by the moss upon the trees. Toward the last he hurried on at random through the woods even after darkness had settled upon the world, and when his waning strength gave out and he could trudge no farther, he sought within some hollow tree or under the overhanging rock for any place where he might find shelter from the storm.



"THEY WERE STANDING UNDER THE SYCAMORE." (SEE PAGE 259.)

He had soon come to the end of his store of ship-biscuit and herring; for a stomach gnawed by hunger is a hard thing to deny. Then he gathered hips from the wild-rose trees which grew among the cliffs, dug up old nuts from under the leaves, and ate the buds of trees, drinking great draughts at every stream, so that his stomach might be filled and stop its hungry crying.

On the third night of his wandering the howling of the wolves came nearer through the valley than it had ever come before. For fear of it he dared not sleep upon the ground; so he climbed into a spreading elm-tree, and dangled in its branches until the racking of his limbs outgrew the fear of death; then he dropped into the brush below, and under the cover of a rock fell into a fitful slumber and dreamed of Maryland.

In the night it rained again, but he still slept on: within his dream it was summer-time, and everything was bright. Day dawned at last. It was a bleak, cold dawn. He wakened with a start, for his thoughts were still away in dreamland, and he knew not where he was.

The wind had veered to the westward; it blew in tearing, changeful gusts, and the air was filled with great snowflakes which melted as they fell.

He was stiff and sore and feverish, and his head spun dizzily; but as soon as it was light he was up and away again, by hill and dale, through baffling woods and little open glades which stood waist-deep in withered grass and tangled wild-pea vines.

Once, in hope of better faring, he ventured toward the west; but coming upon a swollen stream too wide to swim and too deep to wade, he turned again, and after that maintained his course midway between the river and the heights which ranged the east as far as his eye could reach.

The pine woods had now given way to elm, ash, and oak, lofty walnuts, hoary yews, and hedgy evergreens, from which the water splashed upon him as he ran. He passed many herds of deer, which stared at him wonderingly, and sniffed with whistling nostrils at the slender figure struggling always southward through the forest, desolate, weary, and well-

nigh spent, yet still, like a solitary star that may not swerve, pursuing its way through the wilderness toward an unknown goal.

Spring had come, though winter's grip still held upon the world. Everywhere about him animate nature was astir. Out of the thickets the rabbits popped into their earthy tunnels; paddling beavers plunged head-first among the willows; a bearded lynx, with tufted ears and eyes like cold green lanterns, sprang up from a rabbit it had slain, and arching its back like a monster cat, spat at him savagely as he went by; but the boy was past all common fear, and was too weak to wonder.

How far he had come he did not know: it seemed a thousand miles; still, he had not reached the sea, nor even heard its roar.

Coming upon a rock which heaved its head above the forest, he scrambled to its summit by the wild-grape vines growing upon it, and hanging there, all out of breath and trembling with exertion, he sought the horizon for any sign of cheer. For surely he must be upon the borders of Virginia; Maryland must lie somewhere just beyond those gray, misty dells!

But alas! whichever way he turned, the forest lay unbroken on the cloudy heights which faded against the sky, lonely to the utmost valley, lonely to the farthest verge of the last gray ridge that stretched away and was lost in the falling rain. There was no trace of hut nor of house, no vestige of home nor of habitation; there was no sign of human life in all that dreary waste. He turned his ashy face away, for the first time utterly despairing, and the scalding tears rolled down his cheeks.

When he had come again to the foot of the rock, he sat down on a stone and looked at his hands and his trembling knees for a moment silently. Then said he: "I am 'most nigh done for." He spoke quite cheerily, and looked up with a little smile, as though some one were with him. Then he wiped his face on the sleeve of his shirt, and rubbed his hands together in a clinging, tired sort of way, and looked at them again. His fingers were wrinkled and puckered up like a washer-woman's hands. "The rain has shriveled

'em," said he. "Why does n't it shrivel my stomach, too?" For in a man's despair there comes a place where tears seem turned to laughter, and grief becomes a commonplace scarcely worth a body's while. The boy's heart lay within his breast like a crumpled leaf: he now was in sad case indeed and knew not what to do.

Yet after a little while he got up and started off again, walking along as quietly as if upon pleasure bent, and as if it made no difference whether he arrived or not. Despair had come upon him like a stupor.

At times he stopped and looked about, humming a fragment of a tune; then again he fell to listening as though he were amused by something, for there was an incessant humming in his ears like a hundred busy beehives, and he could not tell if it was the wind, or a fever, or the sea.

His knees were shaking, and his strength was fast failing; he was growing so unstrung from hunger and fatigue that he thought he heard strange whisperings all around him: first John King's voice, then the lookout's hail, and then his father's laughter. At that he gave a sudden cry, and springing into the air, he began to run as though his feet had never known fatigue.

How far he ran he did not know, nor whither he was going. The woods grew thinner as he went, and the hills came narrowing in; the western valley sank into reedy swamps and marshes. He crossed a winding Indian trail which ran among the uneven hills; he passed a jagged little cliff all copper-green and white; had come he never knew how far. His throat was as dry as dust; his feet made a pounding sound, like a drum, in his head; his tattered sandals dragged on the ground; and his knees were giving way. Yet still he was scudding southward like a sea-bird back to the sea, when suddenly he came out of the woods on the verge of the dwindling hills, and stopped with a shrill, startled cry. His journeying was done!

Before him was nothing but a wilderness of fens through which there was no thoroughfare except for the water-fowl.

"God save me now!" he whispered, falling

on his knees, "God save me! I can go no farther: all the land is fallen down into the black morass! Dear Jesus, save me, lest I die! I am only a boy, and I ha' done my best; I cannot do no more!"

Far off and faint, across the marsh came a sound like a sheep-bell ringing on the hills upon a summer morning: clink, clink, clink! It ceased, and everything was still.

The boy looked up; his cheeks were flushed, and his dazed eyes grew bright and wild.

Far off, and thin as air, the sound of a girl's voice, singing, came through the troubled wind.

Clasping his hands, he sprang to his feet and ran staggering down the slope. "Oh, where?" he cried, "oh, where?"

The wind was blowing from the west; the clouds had begun to break away, and through the opening rifts the setting sun was shining.

"Ahoy!" cried the cabin-boy; but his voice was hoarse and weak. "Ahoy! Ahoy!" he shouted; but his feeble shout blew out like a candle in the wind. "Ahoy!" he cried again, "Ahoy!" but there was no reply.

He leaned against a tree and hid his face in his hands: it was all but part and parcel with the voices he had heard in the wood!

CHAPTER VIII.

A GENTLEMAN IN SCARLET.

ON the north shore of the Potomac River, in the ancient province of Maryland, on the eve of the feast of St. James the Just, 1664, a vessel dropped her anchor, two miles west of St. Inigoes inlet, and let her stern-boat down. Beyond the vessel's anchoring-ground stood a ridge of high land overlooking the river, and crested with dark pine-trees. Below the ridge lay an inlet, running westward from the main stream, and ending in a hollow through which a brook ran down from the hills. The mouth of the inlet lay concealed behind a little island, making an ideal place for a quiet rendezvous. There were some persons, two centuries ago, who were apparently of this opinion, for, the ship's boat being lowered, a boat's crew, with the captain following them, rattled down the

stern ladder into her and struck out for the inlet.

The night was cold for the season, and dimly lighted by the crescent moon. The orchards and meadows on the upland were pale in the feeble moonshine, and close under the edge of the pine wood the roof of a great house, dark as pitch, shone with a ghostly glimmer.

The waters of the inlet below sparkled faintly in the mist, and here and there along the low hills the silence of the early night was broken by the lonely hooting of owls. All at once the owls ceased hooting, and from the upland a footstep came hurrying down through the hollow by a path winding along the brook. The step came quickly through the wood, until, beneath where the branches overhead drew back and let the stars shine through, it ceased beside a giant sycamore, and there, distinctly outlined against the massive trunk, stood a tall man, wrapped in a long black cloak, listening intently.

For an instant he stood, hearkening to the wind, and to the distant sound of oars, like a pulse-throb in the stillness. The throbbing neared until the grind of the oars against the tholes could be distinctly heard; then the listener put his fingers to his lips and whistled shrilly.

The sound of rowing ceased instantly; a bubbling ripple of water could be heard along the bows of the unseen boat; the long oars thumped a little as the oarsmen backed water. "Hullo!" said a harsh, hoarse voice; "who's there?"

"'T is I," said the man in the long cloak; "I am here under the big sycamore. Come in here."

The man who sat in the stern of the boat lifted a lantern over his head. Its flame was dull and glowed like a smoky will-o'-the-wisp.

"Now, what's the good of a light?" called the voice from the shore. "There's no good of a light; put it out."

"I'll be hanged if I do!" was the gruff rejoinder. "I'm not coming in here to smash on a rock. I can't see in the dark; I'm no cat. Look alive, Andy Hume; fend us off there!" The boat came ashore with a little swash, and lay rocking gently to and fro.

She was a yawl that had seen hard service; her bearing-tholes were deeply worn, and her thwarts were water-bleached and splintered.

The man who was sitting in the stern got up quickly, lantern in hand, and clambered out of the yawl. "Get the stuff ashore, Yarkin," he said, "and shove her off; don't leave her grind. Where are ye going?" he called to a sailor who had started off along the beach.

"I be a-going to get me a drink," said the man, kneeling beside the little brook that came murmuring down through the hollow. As he stooped, his shadow seemed to totter and fall before him along the side of the glen.

"So the boy is dead?" said the man in the cloak, with an ill-concealed air of eagerness.

"Dead as a nail," said the man with the light, and with that he set it down.

"Are ye absolutely certain?"

The sailor glanced at his companion. They were standing under the sycamore. The sailor was smoking a pipe. The faint light from the pipe-bowl glowed on his face and then died away again.

"Perhaps you'd better swear me on the Bible," he said sulkily, "or have me up before the court or a benchful of justices!"

"No," said the other, shortly, "we'll have no oaths nor justices; but I want to be sure that the knave is dead, and I have a right to know."

"Well, by gracious!" said the sailor, "what do you want for assurance? I writ ye the circumstances. Did n't I tell you that we left him there in the wilderness alone, without a morsel of food to eat, remote from any refuge, and nothing with which to defend himself against the savages? That night I heard the wolves go howling down the valley, and it turned as cold as Labrador. Pah! I tell you he's dead as nails; that's all there is about it."

The other twisted his long white hands together nervously and looked about him sharply through the wood. "I suppose he would have died at any rate," he said. "A man must die when his time comes. We all must die when our time comes."

"There's no need to talk about it now, if we do," growled the sailor; "I sha'n't die till

it does come, and that's the end of it; so pray don't talk so gashly; this is no place for gashly talk!" He looked around him with a scowl. "I don't like the sound of bubbling water. I think that you 'd only be thankful that ye 've got the boy off your hands."

The other suddenly wiped his hands upon his cloak. "Here," he called with his thin, high voice, "you man there by the lantern, fetch it down this way a bit; you don't need all the light."

He waved his hand commandingly. As he did so a gust of wind caught up his cloak and blew it back over his shoulder. In the dull glow of the lantern-light he glimmered like a flame, for his costume was both singular and splendid. He was a tall and striking man, with an air of elegance, and a dark face and thin, high forehead that seemed to mark a person of some distinction. His hands were rich with rings; his cloak had a jeweled buckle, and the lace about his wrists and throat was broad and fine. The shoulders of his cloak were white with powder from his wig, and his hollow cheeks were touched with rouge and sweetened with perfumed honey. His wig was a handsome one of long, dependent curls tied with scarlet ribbons into clusters at the sides.

The ribbons burned against the darkness in spots of flame, and, like a violin note leading a choir, seemed the key-note to his costume. He was dressed in scarlet from head to foot, and though his long cloak hung like a curtain about him, the brilliant stuffs shone through it. His stockings were scarlet silk; his shoes scarlet leather, with scarlet satin bows; his breeches and coat were scarlet velvet: all was of the finest.

Yet there seemed a something unrefined in all his finery—a something under the elegance inelegant and untrue, a touch of crude extravagance and of vain desire for display. The glimmering light of the lantern illumined his singular face, and turning the shadows upward, added a strangely sinister look to an already dubious countenance. He looked covertly around him through the wood and rubbed his hands together. "I suppose he would have died at any rate," he said.

The sailor looked about him, and kicked the

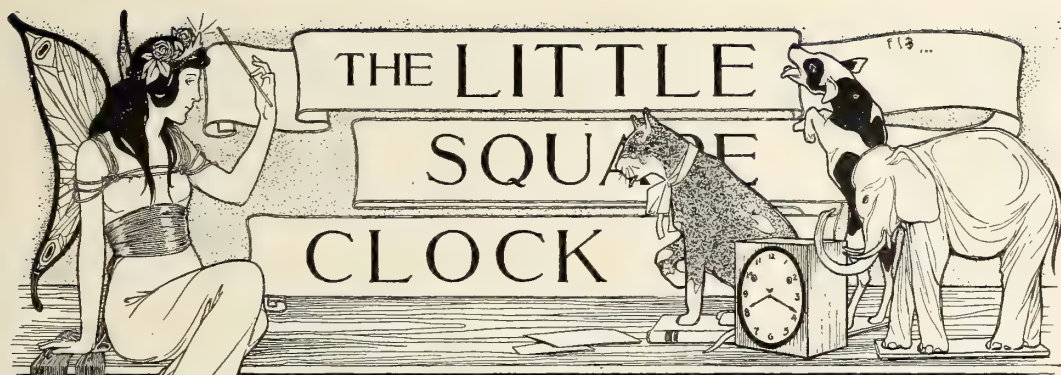
gravel to and fro between his feet. "Well," said he, "as to that I don't know; leastwise I'm none so sure; he might and then again he might n't. That's none of my concerns. He's dead; and I've come for my three hundred pound sterling—I'm certain of that!"

It was dark on the uplands, though the new moon filled the air with pallid radiance. There was no sound in the inlet but the distant thump of oars and the hollow bubbling of the brook among the sycamores. Then the sound of the oars died in the drifting mist, and nothing was left but the pattering drip upon the underbrush.

Midway up the hollow the gentleman in the long black cloak went swiftly through the wood, his wrap drawn close about him. Thinking that he heard footsteps following him, he paused for a moment and listened. There was no sound but the murmur of the brook, which rose and fell upon the ear. "He would have died at any rate," he said, and went on hastily up the slope.

Across the starlit, dim plateau, among sleeping groves, he saw the white road vanishing into the night. The smell of apple-blossoms filled the air. In the valley the night-mist gathered like a cloud. Somewhere down the long hills a bullock lowed in its pasture; from far off came the hollow baying of a kenneled hound; upon the ridge a cock crew shrill. "Mine, all mine!" he said, and laughed; and putting his hands together, he wrung them until the knuckles cracked, and did not seem to care.

Then he hurried through the fields. As he went, a star fell down the eastern sky. He watched it falling until it wore itself away, it fell so far. Turning from the meadow-path, he hurried through the lane to the great house under the pine wood. Coming swiftly to his room in the high gable, he lighted three candles on a stand, threw open the window-lattice and looked out. He heard the night-wind whispering along the meadow-lands. The breeze from among the orchard-trees softly blew upon his face. He looked abroad over field and fallow, fenland and upland, and pressed his hands upon his breast with a tremulous breath of exultation. "It is mine," he whispered. "It is all, all mine!"



BY AGNES LEE.

THE china dog on the
table sat,
And the ivory elephant
round and fat,
And the crystal cat, and the
little square clock—

Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock!

Down came a fairy so dear and sweet,
Golden-gowned to the tips of her feet;
No taller she was than a light, soft quill,
And she asked them to wish, as fairies will.

Loud rose the dog's beseeching wail:
"I have lost my tail, I have lost my tail!
O Fairy free, if thy power be true,
Give me a new, give me a new!"

Up spake the elephant, spirit-sunk:
"I have cracked my trunk, I have cracked my
trunk!
O Fairy free, if thy power be true,
Give me a new, give me a new!"

Quoth the crystal cat: "I much rejoice!
For I 've lost my voice, oh, I 've lost my
voice!

O Fairy free, if thy power be true,
Give me a m-e-w, give me a m-e-w!"

The fairy's wand had a wondrous quirk;
Each gift came forth and began its work.
And then she saw—and she turned quite
red—

She 'd forgotten the little square clock, that
said:

"My corners have never a crick or crack,
My hands are whole, and I have n't a
lack.

O Fairy free, dost bid me choose?
Give, oh, give me *something to lose!*"

The crystal cat mewed a silent mew;
The dog and the elephant wondered, too.
The fairy nodded a nod sublime,
And flourished her wand, and gave it *time*.

She gave it time, since when the grace
Of satisfaction is on its face,
And all day long, all night, 't will sit,
Losing and losing and losing it.

HIS DREAM.

"ONE night I had a funny dream," said little Tommy Drew;

"I dreamed that I was wide awake, and woke and found 't was true!"

Cornelia Channing Ward.



BOOKS AND READING



PRIZE QUESTIONS.

FOR the best set of answers a year's subscription to ST. NICHOLAS will be awarded. Competition closes February 15, 1901.

PRIZE QUESTIONS.

1. Who wrote the book for boys in which occur the lines,

Root Beer
Sold Here?

What town is the scene of the story?

2. Why is the owl considered the "bird of wisdom"?

3. How came the "Arabian Nights" to be first translated into English?

4. What is a "fairy ring," and how is it explained?

5. Who was the Bellman? What is a Snark? What was Mercator's real name?

6. How does "the exception prove the rule"?

Explain:

And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

7. What has been called a plow, a chopper, a king's chariot, an animal, a farmer's cart, though it has always been known to be none of these?

8. What was the date of the Pied Piper's visit?

9. What blind man made remarkable discoveries about honey-bees?

10. What is the meaning of the following sentence: "Argent on a fess between three crosslets sable as many martlets of the field"?

Address answers to

Books and Reading Department,
ST. NICHOLAS Magazine,
Union Square,
New York City.

"HIAWATHA"
PLAYED BY INDIANS. A TRIBE of Ojibwa Indians in Canada have recently acted in the open air a play based upon the legend of "Hiawatha." The per-

formance was under the direction of Mr. Armstrong of Montreal, and Mr. West, a Boston artist. One very effective scene was the wooing of Hiawatha; another was the final departure of Hiawatha in his canoe.

Why cannot some of our readers give a similar performance indoors, or outdoors at a fitting season? An excellent play for school-children could be prepared from the poem.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York "Times"

sends in the following quaint rhyme, which he found pasted in an old book:

If thou art borrowed by a friend,
Right welcome shall he be
To read, to study,—not to lend,—
But to return to me.
Not that imparted knowledge
Doth diminish learning's store;
But, I find, books often lent
Return to me no more.
Read slowly, pause frequently,
Think seriously—and return duly,
With the corners of the leaves not turned down.

A YOUNG correspondent tells us that "marionette"

means a number of different things, among which are a puppet, a kind of duck, and part of a loom. We thank our eleven-year-old correspondent for answering the question asked in the August number.

ONLY a few correspondents have told us their opinions upon the "new" vertical writing. We should like to hear from many more. Certainly the subject is an important one, well worth discussion. One friend finds fault with the vertical writing as taught in school copy-books, which, he says, is a corruption of what might be a good style. The system taught by some of these books converts the written letters into a set of squared, expanded characters, difficult to read, slow to write, and illegible when written. The handwriting of the inven-

tor Edison is vertical, but it is rapid, legible, artistic, and in these very qualities entirely different from this school system.

AN INQUIRY.

A BOY writes asking what we think "of us young folks reading books by every-day boys' authors," and says: "It seems to me that a great many of your lists are made up of books too old for children." We will answer frankly, though some of the authors he names are our personal friends. We think you can do better. These very men you name would recommend the reading of standard books in preference to their own. You will like the others better. There is no harm in reading the "every-day boys' authors," as you call them. Some of their books are excellent,

others amount to little. All the standard books are worth while. Read both, if you like, until you prefer the best; but don't read the "easy books" until your mind becomes too lazy to read harder ones. Give the two kinds a fair trial by a comparison. Compare Cooper's "Spy" or "Pilot" with some boys' book dealing with a similar subject, and see which is the better book. If you do not prefer the standard book, try to find out why. It may be that you are not yet ready for it; and if so, read whatever is the best you can read until you are older.

CARELESSNESS IN NAMES.

WE have been sorry to see signs of careless writing in the letters sent to this department. Well-known names have been misspelled. We see, too often, *Maccauley*, *Thackery*, *Hans Anderson*, *Stocton*, and a dozen other blunders. One list speaks of "Tom Brown" by Thomas *Hutches*, another of "Wild Animals I Have Known" by *Thomson*; and a third credits books to Miss *Younge*, Molly E. *Sewell*, and other unknown sources. Of course there is no moral wrong in making mistakes in spelling, but fre-

quent misspelling always indicates carelessness or lack of observation. "I pray you, avoid it."

GOODY TWO-SHOES.

A FRIEND of ST. NICHOLAS has lent to this department a very early copy of "Goody Two-Shoes," printed at Coventry, England. Here are the frontispiece and title page:



THE HISTORY OF

Little GOODY TWO-SHOES;

OTHERWISE CALLED

Mrs. Margery Two-Shoes.

WITH

The Means by which she acquired her Learning and Wisdom, and in Consequence thereof her Estate.

Set forth at large for the Benefit of those,

Who from a State of Rags and Care,
And having Shoes but Half a Pair,
Their Fortune and their Fame would fix,
And gallop in their Coach and Six.

COVENTRY;

Printed by Luckman & Suffield, Broad-Gate.

[Price SIX-PENCE.]

This moral and improving tale tells how the heroine taught all the children to spell and read by means of letters she cut out of wood. When well advanced, the children set up with these wooden types long lessons of such proverbs as, "Honey catches more flies than vinegar," "Fair words butter no parsnips," "A contented mind is a continual feast." Margery's wisdom and bravery, her kindness and helpfulness to all are told with due praise; and then a second part of the book relates the rest of her adventures, and, in particular, her skill in "composing quarrels"—that is, in making peace. One of her clever devices was a "considering cap," a three-part head-dress (strangely like a fool's or jester's cap!), which any one likely to quarrel was at once to put on. Thereafter the wearer was to speak with great coolness and moderation, when—strange to say!—the quarrel would cease.

Altogether "Goody Two-Shoes" is a strange little book, and seems not at all like Oliver Goldsmith's work. Cannot some really learned professor tell us whether it really is by Goldsmith?



By
Laura E. Richards

THE GARGOYLE AND THE GRIFFIN.



Once a Gargoyle and a Griffin
Thought they'd go and take their tiffin
With the eminent Confucius just outside the temple wall.
So they toddled off together.
In the charming Chinese weather
But when they reached the place Confucius wasn't there at all.



He had gone to the Bazaar, sir,
With his little cup and sarcer
For an emptiness was in him that he could not well abide
And there he saw a Gorgon
Who was playing on the organ
A sight that's rare in China and in other lands beside.



The Gargoyle and the Griffin
Gave a mournful, scornful sniff in
The direction of the temple; then they followed on his track.
For they said, "There will be food there
And the bill of fare is good there
If Confushy will not treat us, we will treat him to a whack?"



So they toddled off together
In the charming Chinese weather.
Till they reached the great Bazaar where all the people used to go;
And they, too, saw the Gorgon
Who was playing on the organ
And they said, "What may this creature be, we do not, do not know?"



Lariano



Now Confucius was retiring
In his nature; and admiring,
He stood behind the Gorgon while he listened to her lay;
But the other two stood staring,
With their goggle eyes a-glaring,
Till the Gorgon turned and looked at them and then—alas the day!



Said the Gargoyle to the Griffin
"Sir, I feel a trifle stiff in
The joints, and I propose that we retire from this spot."
Said the Griffin to the other,
"I would gladly go, my brother,
But a feeling's o'er me stealing and retire I—can—NOT!"



Not for long they made their moan there;
They were both turned into stone there,
And their stony, bony carcases adorned the public way;
While the cheerful little Gorgon
Played away upon the organ,
And enjoyed herself immensely the remainder of the day.



But the eminent Confucius
Cried aloud, "My goodness Gracious!
My neighbors are converted into granite in my sight!
Let me flee from this Bazaar, sir,
With my little cup and saucer,
For really—for the moment—I have lost my appetite!"



Varian

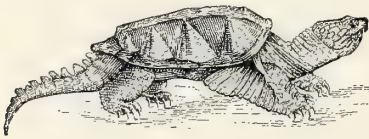
NATURE AND SCIENCE

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Edited by Edward F. Bigelow.

THE LARGEST TURTLES.

THE boy who lives in the Eastern States would perhaps say that the largest he had ever seen was a snapping-turtle three feet long, and the boy from Louisiana might reply that in the



THE COMMON SNAPPING-TURTLE.
Length, when full-grown, three feet.

Red River there is a much larger kind, known as the alligator terrapin, sometimes nearly five feet in length, and weighing 150 pounds. This seems pretty large, and it is large beside the little pond-turtles that are so familiar to us from their habit of crawling out on sticks and stones to bask in the sun; but the sea-turtles are very much larger — the green turtle, the kind that is used for making the famous turtle-soup, frequently reaching a weight of from 150 to 250 pounds, while its big-headed relative, well named the “loggerhead,” sometimes turns the scales at 350, and now and then some giant is taken of nearly twice that weight. The largest of all sea-turtles now living is the trunk- or leather-turtle, for he weighs from 300 to 1000 pounds, and measures as much as six or seven feet in length, and seven or eight feet across the outstretched fore flippers.

The name of leather-turtle is given to this species because the “shell,” which bears five keels, or ridges, is not made of solid bone, but is a mosaic work of many irregular pieces embedded in a tough, leathery skin. Every summer a few of these big fellows are caught on our coast between Norfolk and Newport, having come northward in the warm waters of the Gulf Stream. The flesh is said to be poisonous, so this great turtle is not so valuable as the others, which are used for food, or as the hawkbill, another sea-turtle found in tropical waters, whose shell furnishes the tortoise-shell used for making the fine combs worn by our great-grandmothers, and nowadays made into pretty ornaments by skilled Japanese workmen. The most valuable turtle for its size

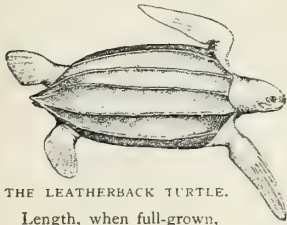


VIEWING THE SKULL OF THE KANSAS FOSSIL ARCHELON.

Probable length of whole turtle, full-grown, twelve feet.

is probably the diamond-back terrapin of the marshes along our Eastern coast to the south of New York; for this is considered such a delicacy that it brings from one to three dollars apiece, and it is a good large terrapin whose

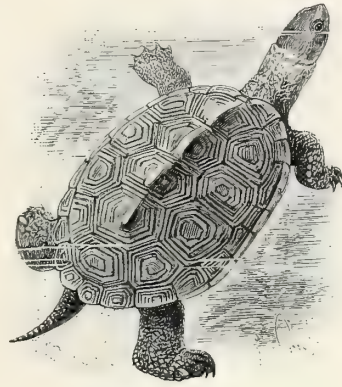
ing-vessels were accustomed to visit the islands for the purpose of laying in a supply of



THE LEATHERBACK TURTLE.

Length, when full-grown,
seven feet.

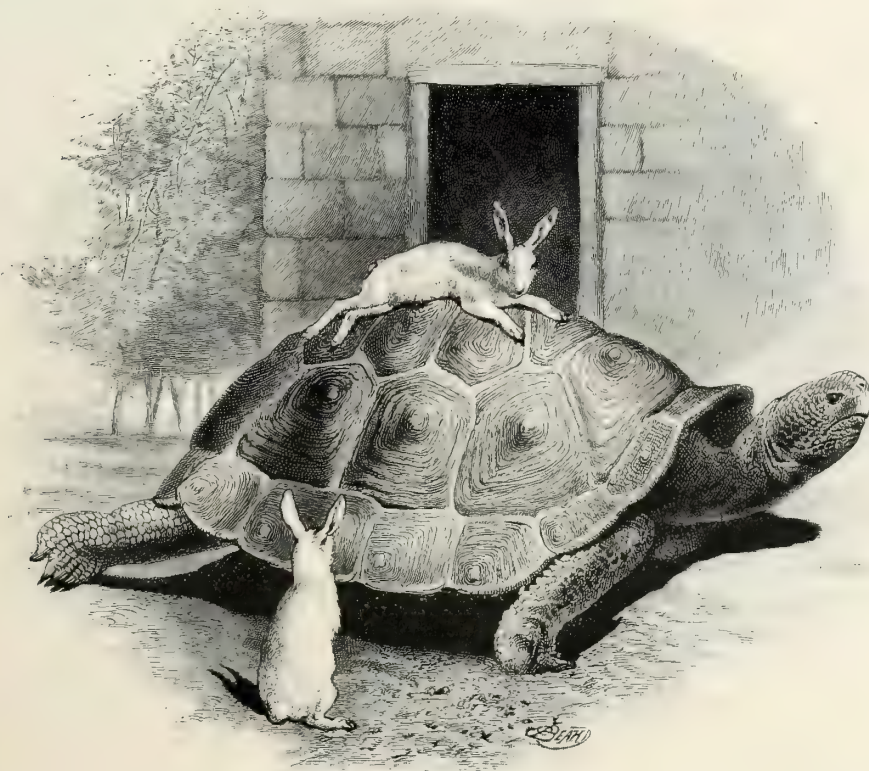
shell is over eight inches long. The largest of living land-turtles, or tortoises, come — or came, for they are almost eaten out of existence — from the Galápagos Islands off the coast of Ecuador, and the shells of these are three, four, even five feet long, and their owners are as many hundred pounds in weight. One of these tortoises is so strong that it can readily walk off with a full-grown man on its back; and they were once so numerous that whal-



THE DIAMOND-BACK TERRAPIN.

Length, when full-grown, one foot.

them for food. It has been estimated that in this way no less than ten million tortoises



A "HAPPY FAMILY" OF FRISKY YOUNG HARES WITH A GALÁPAGOS TORTOISE, KEPT IN A PARK.

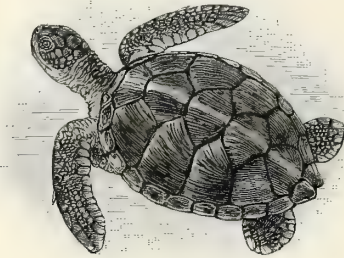
Length of tortoise, when full-grown, five feet.

were taken. Very similar tortoises are found on the island of Aldabra, and were once found on Mauritius and Bourbon; but on those two islands they were long ago all eaten up. Tortoises grow very slowly, but they seem to keep on growing as long as they live, so the size of a tortoise tells us something of its age. One

and correspondingly broad,—while as nearly as we can estimate the entire animal was twelve or fourteen feet long. Associated with this turtle were hosts of great marine reptiles and powerful fishes with teeth like spikes; and when these creatures were all hunting for a dinner there must have been troublous times for the little fishes in those old Kansas seas!

F. A. LUCAS.

United States National Museum,
Washington, D. C.

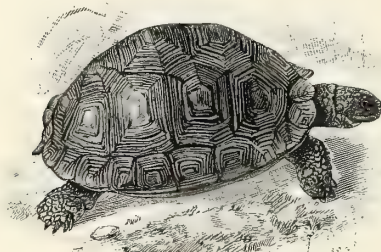


THE GREEN TURTLE.

Length, when full-grown, five feet.

taken to Sydney in 1853 weighed 53 pounds, while at the time of its death in 1896 it had increased to 368 pounds, so that the animal was probably from fifty to sixty years old.

But fossils from northern India show that in ages gone by tortoises grew even larger and stronger than this, and it has been imagined that legends of these giant turtles may possibly have given rise to the Hindu belief that the world rested on the back of an elephant, which in turn stood on the back of a great turtle, but what the turtle stood on we don't know.



THE "ELEPHANT" TORTOISE.

Length, when full-grown, four feet.

The king of all turtles, however, alive or dead, *Archelon* is his name, swam in the seas that once rolled over the State of Kansas; and the head alone of this monster was larger than a big snapping-turtle,—that is to say, it was three feet long

GETTING TO THE FEET.

It was evidently an "after-effect" of the circus which had been in town a few days before. Several boys in a field near the road were tumbling, jumping up from the ground,



THE COW, RISING TO HER FEET.

turning somersaults, and in other ways imitating the athletes of the ring.

Passing by in the road and stopping to watch them for a few moments I heard one exclaim, "See, fellows, do this trick: lie flat on your back, keep hands close to the side, and come up upon your feet." This was done several times—in fact, a few, at least, attempted to improve upon this by what they called a "back somersault," that is, turning backward and alighting upon the feet. Others tried what they called the "handspring."

All this suggested asking the boys this question as a test of the sharpness of their eyes: "How does a horse or cow, after lying down, get up on its feet?" Now, all the boys were

fairly well acquainted with country life, and hence it was surprising to note the wild guesses and some incorrect but positive asser-



A HORSE GETTING UP FROM ROLLING.

tions that led to arguments. Two boys absurdly maintained that "a horse never lies down"; and one boy rather more roguishly than in desire of giving information stoutly claimed that "a cow rolls and gets up on all four feet at once!"

Here was a suggestion. If these boys were not sure of the manner, perhaps the ST. NICHOLAS young folks had not thought about or noted it. From farm-boyhood days I knew that a horse rises on its fore legs first and that a cow or ox gets up on the hind legs first, but how to make this clear to ST. NICHOLAS young folks was the problem.

It was not, however, very difficult to walk up near a cow lying down in a pasture, set the camera on tripod, focus, expose the plate, then shout at the cow, pressing the camera bulb as she was half-way up.

But what about a horse? One could not too severely blame the boys who said, "A horse never lies down"; for it is extremely rare that a horse lies down in a field or even in a stable unless he is ill—except, of course, when they

roll, and they always want to roll for two or three minutes when first let free in a field after standing a long time in the stable.

And that thought brought another suggestion. A neighboring dealer kindly consented to let out his horses one at a time, about twenty in all. And what laughable pictures were those obtained, from which the one on this page was selected!

A cow or an ox rises in a leisurely, dignified manner, first on its hind legs, then gracefully up on the fore legs. A horse comes up jerkily with spasmodic effort on its fore legs, then lurchingly, often with a snort or groan, as of great effort, rises up fully standing. Lying down is an every-day affair with the cow or ox, but seemingly an unnatural attitude and one lacking in grace on the part of the horse.

By the way, how does a cat or dog rise from the lying-down posture?

AN "OUT-OF-DATE" BUTTERFLY.

IF any of our young folks who like to go butterfly-chasing had been in South America in the year 1898, or some of our older friends had been there in 1889 and found the *Callicore clymena*, they might have thought that the butterfly not only came from the chrysalis that year, but had taken to wearing a date, so that all naturalists might be sure from at least one wing that there was no mistake about the year in which it appears.

The dark lines form very distinctly the figures 89 on one wing and 98 on the other. Of course this is merely an interesting coincidence, with-



THE CALlicORE CLYMENA BUTTERFLY.

out purpose or benefit as to dating, but finding this *Callicore* in 1900, one is very apt to exclaim, "Why, that butterfly is out of date!" But shall we say it belongs to past or future '89's or '98's?

THE CAREER OF AN ISLAND.

ISLANDS are formed in several ways, and if large are generally looked upon as fairly permanent features of the earth's surface; but occasionally they disappear, and we are surprised at the history their destruction reveals. One such island, upon which I played when a boy, had no appearance of being otherwise than a

root and flourish. Thus, by various modes, the soil is accumulated, or, as I said, the island grows. Then the seed of some tree lodges, and a maple, a willow, or a water-birch takes root. Dry land is made at last; grass starts, and the birds frequent the spot. It may be the work of a few years or many, or of centuries, but this is the history of some of the islands in our rivers and creeks. Perhaps we never think of this when walking about, and that is where we make a grave mistake. No matter what the character of the locality, it is always well to look up its geological history, that we can the better understand its present condition. The island of which I have told gave no clue as to why it was an island and not a bit of the surrounding meadow; but this is not reason for wondering why it was here at all. Nowhere is the world just as it has always been.

That my play-day island, now no more, was very old, as we count years, was shown by the fact that close to the level of the water were found pretty flint arrow-heads and pieces of Indian pottery. Here was a pretty



"THE CORE OF THE ISLAND PROVED TO BE A STRANDED TREE."

part of the mainland around which the water had worked its way; but the truth was revealed when the soil was removed and the core of the island proved to be a stranded tree. It was clear that a very long time ago some great freshet had uprooted and carried downstream a large tree, and that it had lodged at some shallow spot. No sooner was it an obstruction to the free flowing of the water than it began catching drifting material, and this securely lodged was an additional check to the progress of anything floating. Such a barrier soon begins to collect sand about it, and the growth of an island is then begun. In the sand lodge seeds of water-plants, and these rank growths, if submerged species, check the current and cause floating particles to sink; and later, taller plants, like wild rice, spatter-dock, and arrow-head, take

chapter of the island's history. When but a sand-bar, bare perhaps at low tide only, Indians came here, perhaps to fish, or to lie in wait for passing water-fowl; but here they came, and what they left behind them clearly proves that the old tree was the foundation of the new land long before the white man came to this country.

Wherever there is a little brook, the story of the making and unmaking of islands is told. On a small scale, everywhere, the great works of creation are being repeated. It is never necessary to travel to the ends of the earth to learn about a great many interesting things that are going on out of doors. The familiar incidents about our door-steps are never to be despised. A cat in the grass can tell as much as a tiger in the jungle.

CHARLES C. ABBOTT, M.D.

FOR AND BY THE SHARP-EYED GIRLS AND BOYS.

A WORD WITH YOU IN CONFIDENCE.

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS: Please remember that this department is for *original work* in stating facts as well as ascertaining them by sharp-eyed seeing. A letter written wholly by you, even if the handwriting is the very poorest and there are many mistakes, is more cordially welcomed than the neatest and best-written letter that a grown-up member of your family is able to write. Please tell what you have seen or ask your questions in your own way.

I am never too busy to read even long letters from the young folks, and to answer every question that is asked. If these questions are on subjects in which I think other girls and boys are interested, they will be answered in our "Because I Want to Know" department. In any case a reply will be sent by mail, if the inquiry is accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. Several times an interesting correspondence with a young naturalist has been interrupted by a reply from father or mother, who writes: "I fear that — is not able to tell the story as you wish it told," or words to that effect, and then the whole matter is told by the father or mother in a correct and excellently written letter. But let me

tell you, in confidence, in such cases I am always disappointed, and I sadly lay the letter away in a box marked "Not for Publication."

So, my enthusiastic young observers, we desire only letters that tell of original observa-

tion, and are composed and written by the one whose name is signed to the letter.

Yours cordially,

THE EDITOR.

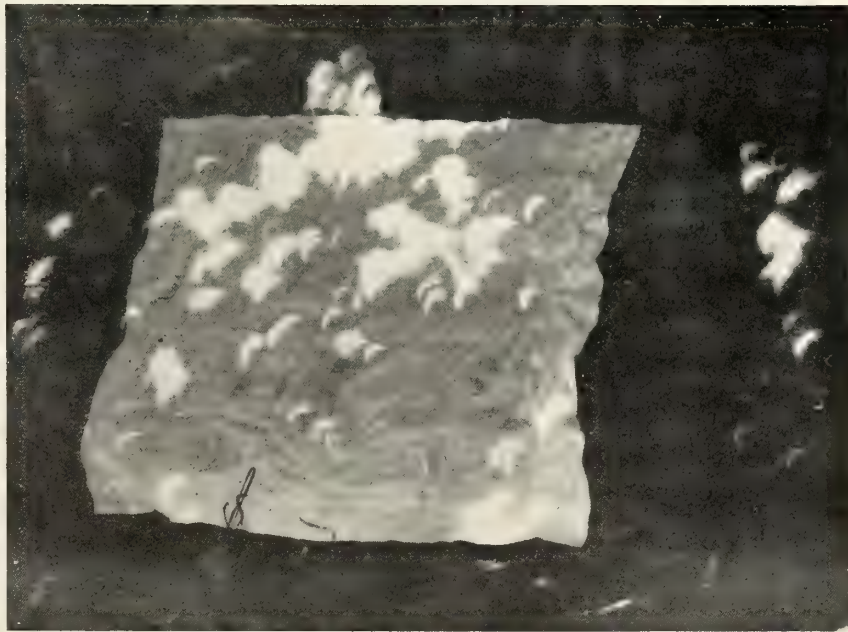
CRESCENT FORMS OF LIGHT.

HADDONFIELD, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: On May 28, 1900, several persons, including the writer, were standing together on the sidewalk observing the eclipse of the sun. At 8:45 A.M. the strange quality of the light gave the landscape a weird appearance. At this time no clouds obscured the sun, and there was sufficient light for the trees to cast dark shadows. Just then we noticed that the interstices of light between the leaf-shadows were crescent-shaped. This interesting phenomenon was distinctly visible about fifteen minutes. With an increase of light it disappeared.

MARY E. CAPERN.

When the sun is nearly obscured by the moon at an eclipse, the light through the leaves is in



CRESCENT IMAGES OF THE SUN: PHOTOGRAPH OF A HANDKERCHIEF SPREAD ON THE GROUND UNDER AN APPLE-TREE.

crescent form. The accompanying illustration is from a photograph loaned to ST. NICHOLAS by Professor C. A. Young of the observatory at Princeton, New Jersey. It was taken with a hand camera by Mr. John T. Reilly of the Princeton Eclipse Expedition.

AN INSECT DIGS PITS AND CATCHES ANTS.

"ONASI," GRASMERE, FLA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your Nature and Science department is a fine thing, I think. You said send

ant then, but as soon as I dug them up, the ant-lion let him go. I once caught a very queer ant-lion; he was orange and black, instead of gray, and was queerly marked. I put him in a box of sand, but somehow he got away, and I have never seen one like him since. I once took an ant-lion (just to see what would happen) and put him right by an ant-hole. The ants seemed to recognize their enemy, for, before he could burrow under the sand, they swarmed on him in such numbers, and bit him so, that, though he fought for his life, he was dragged into the ants' hole. I think that the ant-lion finally wraps himself in a cocoon made of sand; but how does he make it stick together?

PLEASANCE BAKER.

(Age 13 years.)



THE ANT-LION IN ITS PIT, NEAR VIEW OF LARVA OUT OF PIT, AND FULL-GROWN INSECT FLYING.

"original observations," so I write only of what I have seen myself.

In nearly all dry, sandy places in Florida there are little funnel-shaped depressions, as if some one had stuck a (geometrical) cone into the ground and pulled it out again, leaving a hole. But they are made by little soft gray insects, which vary in size from one eighth to three quarters of an inch in length. They make their holes by walking backward (I have never known them to go forward) and downward, in a spiral curve, throwing out the sand as they go.

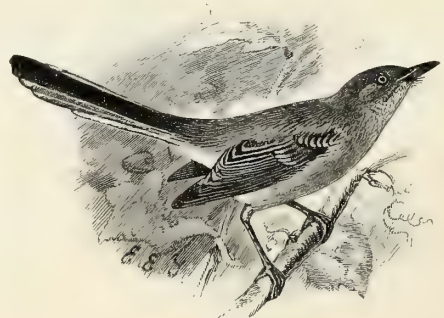
I have often seen ants accidentally walk into a hole, and they have hard work getting out, for the sides are steep, and the sand gives way. If an ant-lion discovers the ant, or feels him kicking down sand (the ant-lion is usually at the bottom of his hole, with only his "hookers" out), he makes it harder for him by throwing up jets of sand, and so brings him down to the bottom of the hole. Then the ant-lion seizes his victim in his mandibles, shakes him, and then drags him under the sand. I was anxious to see what became of the

Our young friend sent to the editor of this department several specimens of the ant-lion in all stages. The live larvæ were placed in a dish of sand, and it was very interesting to watch them work backward in a spiral, throwing out the sand to dig the pit. A glass cover was placed on the dish and some live ants on the sand. Soon an ant tumbled to the bottom of the pit and was instantly seized by the nearly hidden jaws, dragged out of sight, and all except the hard portions eaten by the lion. The cocoons are round masses of sand held together by cottony fibers, evidently spun by the larva.

COLLIE DOGS THOUGHT THEY WERE CALLED.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One rainy day about the middle of August I was sitting on the porch of an old-



THE MOCKING-BIRD.

fashioned house, not far from Philadelphia, watching and sketching two very restless collie dogs. After much wriggling they at last settled down for a nap.



THE CAT-BIRD.

Before long gentle snores would have been heard had not a loud whistle come from the direction of the creek. The notes were those used by one member of the household only, and we knew she was in the house. But the dogs, with a pleased yelp, bounded to their feet and rushed to the end of the porch, where they stopped to listen. The whistle was re-

peated, and immediately the dogs, with a very sheepish expression, and with their tails between their legs, returned to where I was sitting.

As far as I can discover, this clever whistler is a mocking-bird, who enjoys life immensely, and varies his time between teasing a neighbor's parrot and annoying our dogs. If I can learn any more about this trickster, I shall write and tell you.

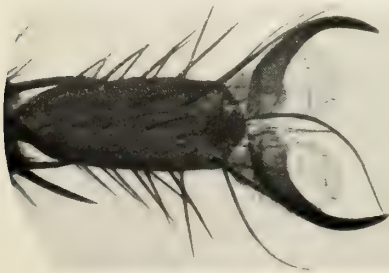
Yours most affectionately,

MAUD ASHHURST. (Age 17 years.)

This is probably *the* mocking-bird (*Mimus polyglottus*), sometimes spoken of as the accomplished Southern cousin of our Northern cat-bird, which also is often called a mocking-bird. The yellow-breasted chat (see Nature and Science for November, page 81) is called the yellow mocking-bird. The brown thrasher also is often called a mocking-bird. But none of these equal this *Mimus* in variety of song and imitative calls and cries. But for clownish tricks, the chat takes first prize!

THE FOOT OF A HOUSE-FLY.

IN answer to a question regarding the manner in which a house-fly walks up or down



MAGNIFIED VIEW OF FOOT OF HOUSE-FLY.

on the smooth glass of a window or along the ceiling with the feet up, explanation was made on page 361 of this department for February, 1900.

One of our grown-up friends has recently made a very good photo-micrograph of a fly's foot; that is, a photograph made from a view enlarged by the aid of a microscope. The illustration herewith is made directly from this photograph, and will greatly assist our young folk in understanding clearly the explanation, which should now be re-read.

AN INTERESTING AND FRAGILE INSECT.

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish to know what is the



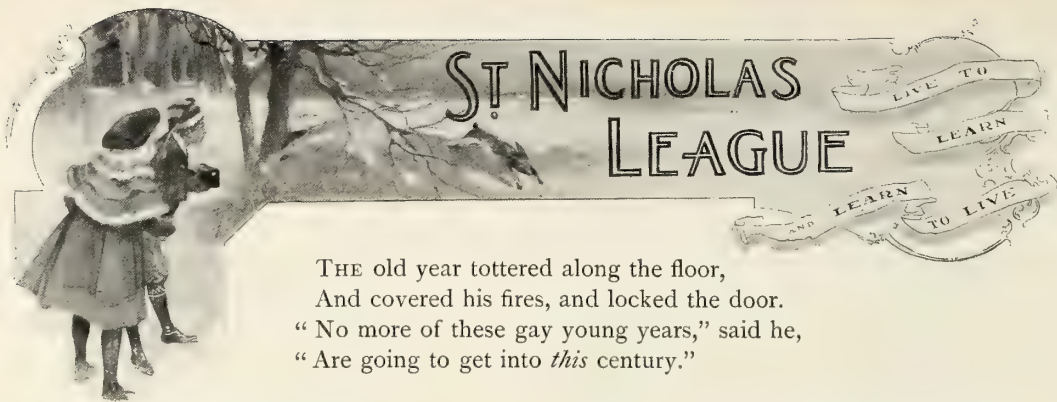
THE DAY-FLY OR MAY-FLY.

name of the insect that I send to you in a little box to-day. I found it on the porch railing during a shower.

DUDLEY T. FISHER, JR.

It is a May-fly. In its nymph form the May-fly lives a year or two in the water, feeding on mud, water-plants, or small insects. In late spring or summer the flies leave the water and transform to the complete insect. With their delicate, pale wings they seem more like phantoms than like real insects. In this form they live only about a day. Look for May- or day-fly in any book of insects, and the word "ephemeral" in any dictionary.

This fly has no mouth-parts, and in the adult state does not eat. Unlike other insects, it changes its coat (or molts) once after it has acquired wings for flight.



THE old year tottered along the floor,
And covered his fires, and locked the door.
"No more of these gay young years," said he,
"Are going to get into *this* century."

OUR great-grandmothers were children the last time the new year and the new century came in together. They were prim-looking little people, and read queer little books which make us smile now when we happen to come across them. Within doors they were more quiet in their deportment and more precise in their speech; but when out at play it was quite certain that they were not widely different from the children of the St. Nicholas League. Then

so long as the centuries come and go with new generations of little men and women.

We of the St. Nicholas League are proud to begin the century with our splendid new organization so well and widely established, and with such marked progress in the various branches of the work we began a little more than a year ago. Almost without exception, the active League members have improved in their efforts. In fact, we cannot recall a single member, who has persevered faithfully, whose work has not shown improvement, and who, if he or she has not already been rewarded with roll of honor, publication, or a prize, will most certainly obtain such reward, soon or late. Many, in fact, have progressed so rapidly that, from the poorest efforts in the beginning, they have become the most promising of League contributors. *No one should be discouraged. Faithful and continued effort is never lost.* Slow progress is disheartening sometimes, but it is sure, and in the end it means firm and enduring growth.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 13.

In making the awards contributors' ages are taken into consideration.

POEM. Gold badges, Tina Gray (age 16), Carisburgh, Helensburgh, Scotland; Harriet A. Ives (age 12), East Townsend, Ohio, and Grace Reynolds Douglas (age 10), 240 South River Street, Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania.

Silver badges, Leslie Leigh DuCros (age 14), 4731 Laurel Street, New Orleans, Louisiana, and Mildred M. Whitney (age 10), 1920 Franklin Street, San Francisco, California.

PROSE. Gold badges, Maude L. Hamilton (age 13), 65 Pleasant Street, Meriden, Connecticut; Virginia Evans Bartlett (age 15), 1083 Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, New York, and Frances Renée Despard (age 12), 168 West Ninety-fifth Street, New York City.

Silver badges, Martha E. Sutherland (age 16), Pierre, South Dakota, and Mary Fitch Watkins (age 11), 103 South Fullerton Avenue, Montclair, New Jersey.

DRAWING. Gold badge, C. Alfred Klinker (age 14), 1147 Park Avenue, New York City.



"OCTOBER DAYS," BY JENNIE DOUGLAS, AGE 15.
(GOLD-BADGE PHOTOGRAPH.)

they romped and raced and shouted, and revelled in the joy of youth and health, just as we do to-day, and just as young life will always do

Silver badges, F. Miles Greenleaf (age 14), 132 North Thirty-eighth Avenue, Omaha, Nebraska, and Edward Gilbert, Jr. (age 10), Santa Barbara, California.

PHOTOGRAPH. Gold badges, Jennie Douglas (age 15), 627 West Thirteenth Street, New York City, and Edward Squibb Munro (age 8), 173 Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

Silver badges, Gerome Ogden (age 13), Penn Yan, New York; F. B. Rives (age 10), Swanhurst, Newport, Rhode Island, and John D. Matz (age 10), 606 East Division Street, Chicago, Illinois.

WILD-ANIMAL AND BIRD PHOTOGRAPH. First prize (gold badge and five dollars), "Bears," by A. M. Whitney (age 13), 186 Gardner Road, Brookline, Massachusetts. Second prize (gold badge and three dollars), "Wild Young Sea-gulls," by Marion C. Woodworth (age 14), 15 Buena Vista Park, North Cambridge, Massachusetts. Third prize (gold badge), "Coon," by Frances J. Seckles (age 13), Box 600, Liberty, New York.

PUZZLES. Gold badges, Addison Blake (age 14), Box 103, Williamstown, Massachusetts, and Ruth Allaire (age 13), Thirty-fourth Street, near Twenty-third Avenue, Bensonhurst, Long Island.

Silver badge. Gretchen Franke (age 11), Bound Brook, New Jersey.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Gold badge, Tessie McMechan (age 17), 368 King Street, London, Ontario, Canada.

Silver badges, Walter E. Roberts (age 15), Glen Ridge, New Jersey, and Frances Hunter (age 9), 8 Hanscom Avenue, Poughkeepsie, New York.

GOOD-BY TO NINETEEN HUNDRED.

BY TINA GRAY (AGE 16).

(Gold Badge.)

THE night wind down from the mountains
Had ceased her crooning call;
The air, with hushed expectance,
Waited the sounds to fall.

The waves on the ocean's bosom
Were still, the bells to hear.
The darkness stayed in her progress
To wait the passing year.

When softly a whispered murmur;
In the air, the saddest sigh;
With the ceaseless cadence of weeping
One hundred years swept by.

Those shadowy forms so slowly
Were passing out of sight,
When a glad, sweet note of triumph
Rang through the silent night.



"OCTOBER DAYS." BY EDWARD SQUIBB MUNRO, AGE 8.
(GOLD-BADGE PHOTOGRAPH.)

Then a stir through the world was waking;
The bells rang out their song;
The waves and the clouds in wonder
Sang as they passed along.

For o'er that wide horizon
A rosy light had spread.
Two thousand years beginning,
And nineteen hundred dead.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

BY VIRGINIA EVANS BARTLETT (AGE 15).

(Gold Badge.)

I AM an old bachelor. I live in an old house at the end of Sunshine Lane in the little old village of X—, and I have an old horse named "Shakspeare." Shakspeare is one of my best friends, and I never do anything until I have first asked his advice.

One Christmas Eve, about nine o'clock, I was sitting before my great wood fire, thinking how nice it would be if I were not there all alone. Every Christmas Eve I take a sleigh-ride with Shakspeare. It had been snowing hard but a short time before; the wind was blowing, and it seemed very cold, and I had my doubts as to whether Shakspeare would want to go. However, I wrapped myself up well and went to the barn.

As I opened the door, Shakspeare greeted me with a joyful whinny. He would not hear of staying at home on Christmas Eve! So I soon had him harnessed, and in no time we were "over the hills and far away."

Even if Shakspeare is old, like his master, he can go at a pretty trot when he feels like it.

It was very clear and cold, and as Shakspeare



"OCTOBER DAYS." BY GEROME OGDEN, AGE 13.
(SILVER-BADGE PHOTOGRAPH.)

trotted onward the sleigh-bells rang out merrily across the snow.

It was growing late, and I was about to turn back when I heard a faint sound, and Shakspeare suddenly shied away from a dark object that lay in the snow by the roadside. I discovered that it was a little girl of about nine or ten, wrapped in an old gray shawl, lying in the snow, and sobbing piteously.

I gathered her in my arms and, with Shakspeare's consent, placed her in the sleigh, and getting in myself turned Shakspeare's head homeward.

I learned, by asking countless questions, that her name was Mary,—she said she had no other,—and that she had run away from the poorhouse, where she had been badly treated. Poor little orphan girl!

We were driving merrily along homeward. The wind had sunk, and millions of stars peeped down on the earth, robed in her spotless white. Then, far away, could be heard the church bells joyfully ringing out the midnight hour, telling that Christmas Day had come.

Since that time Mary has been my little daughter. She calls me "father," but I call her "my Christmas gift."

JACK FROST'S CHRISTMAS.

BY MARY FITCH WATKINS (AGE 11).

(*Silver Badge.*)

THE children were all packed up warm and snug in the sleigh. Oh, how cold it was! They were going to grandma's for Christmas.

"I wonder," said little Paul, sleepily, "I wonder if



"OCTOBER DAYS." BY JOHN D. MATZ, AGE 10. (SILVER-BADGE PHOTOGRAPH.)

he murmured. "I think he must be dreadfully cold out there in the snow. I wonder if Santa Claus will bring him anything. I don't believe he will. I know what I'll do! I know! I know!"

Paul got out of bed very softly and crept over to where his stocking hung. Yes, it was full. He took it down and glided noiselessly down the stairs. He then opened the cupboard and took out a loaf of gingerbread and a pumpkin-pie that his grandma had baked for the morrow. With these and the stocking he went to the window, opened it, and laid them outside, together with a piece of paper upon which was printed, in very straggly letters: "FOR JACK FROST."

The next morning they were gone, and Paul still believes that the little snow elf got them; but we know that a poor, tired, and hungry little waif passed that way and saw the things on the window-sill. Strangely enough his name was Jack Frost. He sold the contents of the stocking to buy wood enough to keep himself and his old "granny" warm; but one thing he would not sell for any amount of money; that was the seemingly magic inscription, "FOR JACK FROST."

GOOD-BY TO NINETEEN HUNDRED.

BY HARRIET A. IVES (AGE 12).

(*Gold Badge.*)

"GOOD-BY to Nineteen Hundred,"

Say the winter winds that blow;

"Good-by to Nineteen Hundred,"

Is called forth o'er the snow.

On the hills the echoes waking,
To the snow-clad forests taking,
In a saddened chorus breaking,
Ah! a century lies low.

"Good-by to Nineteen Hundred,"

The shrill winds seem to say;

"Good-by to Nineteen Hundred."

'T is the century's last day.



"OCTOBER DAYS." BY F. E. RIVES, AGE 10. (SILVER-BADGE PHOTOGRAPH.)

Jack Frost will have any Christmas. Do you think he will, mother?"

"I do not know," answered Mrs. Simons.

While the New Year bells are pealing,
And the night to morn is stealing,
Come the sounds the news revealing
That the years have rolled away.



"YELLOWSTONE BEARS." BY A. M. WHITNEY, AGE 13. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD ANIMALS AND BIRDS.")

CHRISTMAS WITH THE BIRDS.

BY MARTHA E. SUTHERLAND
(AGE 16).

(*Silver Badge.*)

"TWITTER, twitter, twitter! Merry Christmas, babies!" called Mother Snow Bird. "Twitter, twitter," came the sound of joyous bird laughter, as the baby birds flew from their nest to see what Santa had brought them. "Where did he put our Christmas tree, mama?" cried the eldest of the children.

"Right here, dear. Come and see it."

"Twitter, twitter! Oh, how perfectly lovely!" exclaimed the birds in unison.

Indeed, it was a beautiful sight. In a glistening snow garden stood a shapely hemlock, its graceful branches bending with the weight of crystal icicles and snowy wreaths. Many of the tiny twigs were incrustated with ice, and some of the boughs were bent almost to breaking by the fleecy snowflakes heaped upon them.

But the birds spent little time in admiring nature's handiwork, for did not one branch almost touch the nursery window? And had not the children scattered crumbs upon it in generous profusion? With much twittering and soft bird laughter, they did ample justice to their delicious Christmas breakfast.

Then they flew away to wish their bird friends as merry a Christmas as they were enjoying.

As the sun was giving a last lingering look at the beautiful garden, some very sleepy birdlings were being tucked into their cozy nest.

"Twitter, twitter, mama bird," they were saying, "such a merry Christmas we have never had before."

"Twitter, twitter, twitter," she whispered. "Good night, baby birds."

League members whose badges have been lost or destroyed may obtain new ones on application.

FAREWELL TO NINETEEN HUNDRED.

BY GRACE REYNOLDS DOUGLAS (AGE 10).

(*Gold Badge.*)

FAREWELL, dear Nineteenth Century!

The wintry winds are sighing,
While with needles from the pine-tree
The snowflakes weave a shroud;
All your friends in field and forest
Are sorry you are dying,
And the elm-tree and the willow
With grief their heads have bowed.

Farewell, dear Nineteenth Century!

I grieve that you are dying,
For 't is only joy and gladness
That you have given me.
But while I wait with sorrow,
Old Time is swiftly flying,
The new century to welcome,
With laughter and with glee.

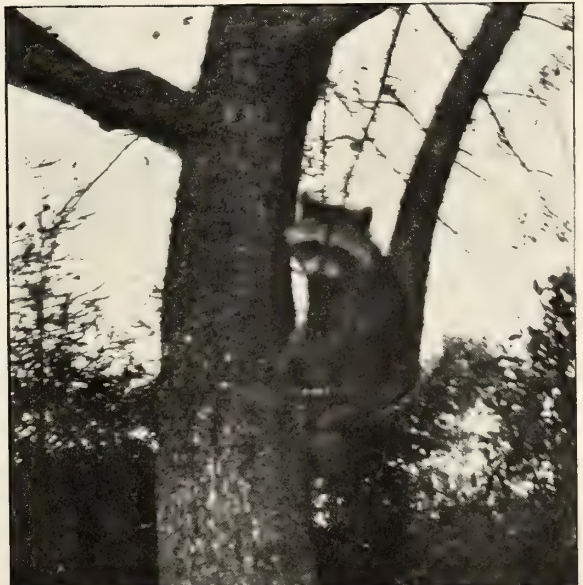
LITTLE FOLKS IN HOLLAND.

BY DOROTHEA HARTUNG
(AGE 11).

GRETEL is a little Dutch girl who lives in Holland. When Gretel was born a pink silk ball covered with lace was hung at the front door; then all the neighbors knew there was a girl baby in the house. When her brother Peter was born a red silk ball covered with lace was hung at the front door; then everybody who passed the house knew there was a boy baby. Peter and Gretel had a little sister named Hilda. Hilda is now beginning to walk. Peter and Gretel and Hilda live in a

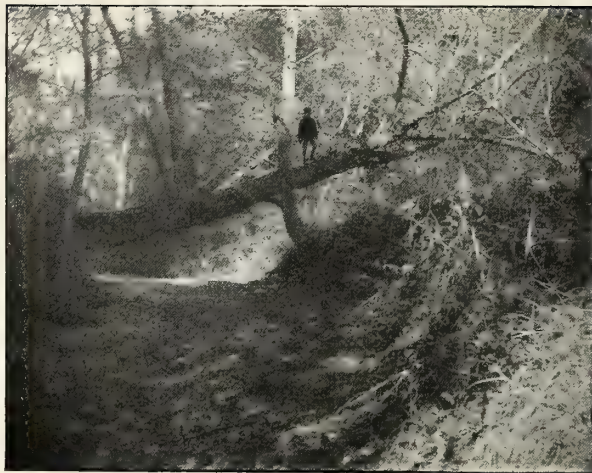


"YOUNG SEA-GULLS." BY MARION C. WOODWORTH, AGE 14. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD ANIMALS AND BIRDS.")



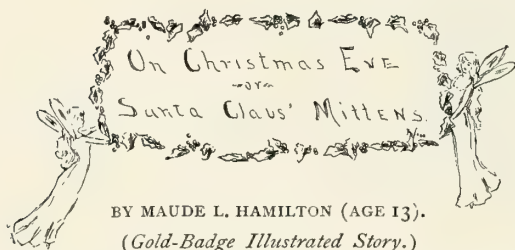
"COON." BY FRANCES J. SECKLES, AGE 13. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD ANIMALS AND BIRDS.")

queer little house. It is painted blue, and a stork's nest is on the roof; the floors are made of tiles, which shine like china plates. There is not a speck of dirt anywhere. The handsome old furniture is trimmed with brass, which is scoured so bright that you can see your face in it. The Dutchwomen scour the outside of the house as well as the inside. If you should visit Gretel you would wonder where the beds were; but when night comes Gretel's mama opens a sliding door in the wall. There the beds are, like shelves. Peter sleeps in the top one, and Gretel sleeps in the lower one. Peter and Gretel wear wooden shoes. They leave their shoes outside the door when they go in; they must not bring any



"OCTOBER DAYS." BY MILDRED B. JEFFERSON, AGE 13.

nals are frozen. Everybody in Holland skates; the women go to market skating, the doctors visit their patients on skates, and the children skate to school.



"OH, my!" exclaimed Santa Claus, as he bounded down a chimney on Christmas Eve. "My poor old hands fairly ache with the cold. My mittens are all ragged, having to hold the reins so tightly. They were whole when I started."

"Can't I mend them for you?" asked a voice at his ear.

"Bless me! If this is n't little Eunice Brown. You ought to be in bed by this time." With this Santa pulled off his ragged mittens and warmed his hands at the register; for, of course, there would be no fire in the fireplace, nor andirons either, on Christmas Eve.

While his back was turned Eunice took up the torn mittens, and sat down to mend them.

Santa Claus went to filling Eunice's stocking, in which he put the pretty things which little girls of ten years like. On the very top he put a blue envelope. Over her stocking he tacked a card on which was a beautiful picture of the "First Christmas" in delicate colors, with the words, "Suffer little children to come unto me," painted in gold letters underneath.

Then Eunice turned around. "Your mittens are all mended now, so that they cannot come apart, I think, before you get home."

"Yes, my dear, I know that they will last. I thank you very much. Good night, and merry Christmas, my little girl."

"Merry Christmas, dear Santa Claus, and I thank you for all my presents. I promise not to look at them until morning."

Mr. Santa Claus slipped a gold ring with a tiny pearl in it on Eunice's finger, and said: "This is to thank you, my dear, for your kindness," and the jolly old man bounced up the chimney.

As Eunice jumped into her white bed, she saw through the window, flying past in his little sleigh, Santa Claus.

When Eunice woke up in the morning, she jumped up and got her stocking. She opened the tiny blue envelope and looked inside, and what do you think she found? There was a picture of Eunice sewing up Santa Claus's mittens and Santa looking on well pleased. The pretty little photograph was taken with a small camera, that worked by magic, that Santa Claus always had with him.



"SANTA CLAUS FILLED EUNICE'S STOCKING."

A CHRISTMAS IN SEVENTEEN HUNDRED.

BY FRANCES RENÉE DESPARD (AGE 12).

(Gold-Badge Illustrated Story.)

PRUDENCE.

"HARK thee, Prudence, what is that I hear yonder? Run, child, and see if 't is thy father." So quoth Mistress Bradford, as she stood in the doorway of her home, near Hadley, two hundred years ago. Prudence, a miniature of her mother, in prim gray gown, white kerchief and cap, sprang from the door-step to the stockade gate. She vainly tried to tug it open.

"Oh, Goodlove," she called to a man-servant, "come hither and open for me." This done, she darted out and saw her father. Colonel Bradford stooped from the saddle and lifted her to the pommel before him.

"When thou art older," he said, "thou shalt ride on a pillion, as doth thy mother."

Arrived at the house, Mistress Bradford greeted him demurely.

"I am glad thou art come; the Indians are on the war-path, and we feared greatly for thee."

"I heard as much, and hasted homeward. Are our friends warned?"

"Yea, and ere nightfall will be within our stockade."

As Colonel Bradford seated himself Prudence climbed to his knee and said:

"Tell me of thy journey, father."

He told of the customs of the Dutch in New York, of their Santa Claus, of the children's eagerness for the morrow, Christmas Eve, that they might hang their stockings.

Prudence's eyes sparkled as she heard of the gifts they expected. She begged to be allowed to hang up her stocking also.

"Maybe," he answered.

Mistress Bradford interposed: "For shame, Philip, to put foolish notions into the child's head!"

"Be not harsh, Patience; she shall have her way."

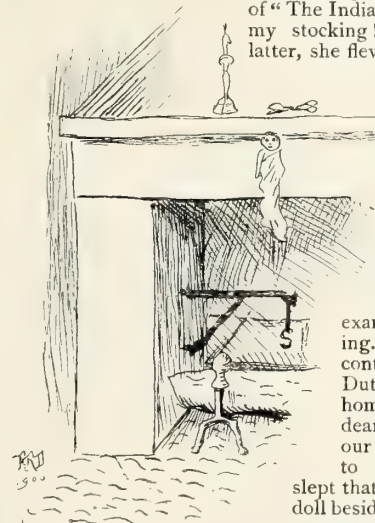
Prudence told the settlers of her hopes, but her confidences were received with many head-shakes and remarks that the colonel was getting worldly.

The stocking was hung up Christmas Eve. At dawn all were aroused by war-whoops.

Prudence sprang up with a cry of "The Indians! They'll get my stocking!" Seizing the latter, she flew to her mother, too frightened to look at her treasures, but determined to protect them at any cost.

The Indians were soon overpowered, and Prudence dropped on the floor to examine her stocking. Best of all its contents was a funny Dutch dolly. That homely doll was as dear to her as are our French beauties to us. Prudence

slept that night with her doll beside her, its painted eyes staring vacantly at the ceiling.



PRUDENCE'S STOCKING.

GOOD-BY TO NINETEEN HUNDRED.

BY LESLIE LEIGH DU CROS (AGE 14).

(Silver Badge.)

SHE stole away from the chattering group, And sought the tower-room.

The moonbeams fell in shadows tall

From the window high in the western wall, And chased away the gloom.

Her silken gown of texture rare, And her slippered feet with their noiseless tread,

As she paced the hall

With its pictured wall, Awakened the echoes of the dead.

As the old clock rang with a silver chime, There arose from below a shout of fun:

"The year is dead;

Its soul hath sped.

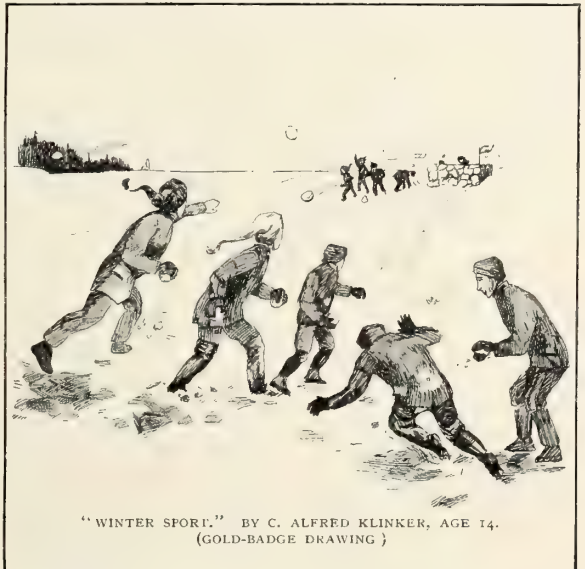
Oh, hurrah for Nineteen Hundred and One!"

The maiden cried with a fluttering sigh, Her eyes like violets wet with dew:

"With thy smiles and tears,

With thy joy and fears,

Adieu, old year, adieu."



"WINTER SPORT." BY C. ALFRED KLINKER, AGE 14.
(GOLD-BADGE DRAWING)



"WINTER POLO IN CALIFORNIA." BY EDWARD GILBERT, JR., AGE 10. (SILVER BADGE.)

NO MORE THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY MILDRED M. WHITNEY (AGE 10).

(*Silver Badge.*)

THE children laugh, the children shout,
The years roll in, the years roll out.
Be as it may, no more 't will be,
No more the nineteenth century.

Anon the baby's eyes so blue,
Contrasted with the poppy's hue,
Will robe this State in garments fair,
And with sweet fragrance fill the air.

And then from every hill and dale,
From lofty mount and shadowy vale,
Come forth the flowers with which is blest
This fair State of the golden West.

These things fair spring brings back to me,
But not the nineteenth century;
For to do this she's lost her power,
Though she doth bring the sweet wild flower.

The children laugh, the children shout,
The years roll in, the years roll out;
But no more can they bring to me,
No more the nineteenth century.

THE CHRISTMAS OF A SAILOR-BOY.

BY MARGARETE MÜNSTERBERG (AGE 11).

CHRISTMAS was everywhere, even in the midst of the ocean. A great steamer was rocking on the huge billows, and on its mast sat a little rosy sailor-boy. It was hard for him to direct his thoughts only to the dreadful waves, the cloudy sky, and the falling rain. He thought of his parents and his home, which he had left only two weeks ago. The poor boy led a hard life. Homesickness followed him everywhere, and to-day, on Christmas Eve, it was worse than ever.

This was his first storm, and a hard trial for him. The boat was tossed about violently, the wind blew fiercely, when splash! a great wave struck against the mast. The little sailor thought that now his end had come, when he beheld upon the foam of the wave a pretty little mermaid; on her golden locks was a wreath of shells, and she said smilingly:

"I know you well, and if you will follow my advice,

you may be cheered. Harken! before you lie down to sleep this night, throw into the sea some remembrance which you have taken with you from your home; with that I shall swim to the fisherman's cottage by the sea, and your parents will know it is from you, and in the morning you will find a message from home."

With that she vanished, and before he went to sleep the astonished sailor-lad threw a little rose into the sea.

The next morning the sailors were roused early, for the captain feared the ship would sink. By his bedside the young sailor found a small lighted Christmas tree, with a "merry Christmas" from his mother beneath it. Tears in his eyes, he kissed the little treasure, when he received a slap on his shoulder.



"WINTER SPORT." BY F. MILES GREENLEAF, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

"Rise, sleeper! we are drowning!" cried an officer; and crash, crash! the ship was breaking to pieces. The waves were roaring, but he found himself in the arms of the little mermaid. Steadily she swam through the wild waves until she reached the distant shore. Bright lights were burning in a little fisherman's cottage, and a tender voice cried from within:

"My son! you are safe!" and soon the little sailor-boy was welcomed by two loving hearts; but the one he loved best, the little mermaid, he never saw again!

GOOD-BY TO NINETEEN HUNDRED.

BY DORIS WEBB (AGE 15).

(*Winner of Gold Badge in August.*)

ALTHOUGH we must leave you, we
will not forget

The year that will quickly be gone,
But still hold your hand as we're
turning away

To greet Nineteen Hundred and
One.



But though in our hearts you will
still hold a place,

And will not from memory die,
Yet out of the present you go to the
past.

Good-by, Nineteen Hundred, good-
by!

MY VISIT TO A VOLCANO.

BY FRANCES HAWORTH (AGE 11).

SEVEN or eight miles from Karnizawa, where we are spending the summer, there is an active volcano called Asama-yama, which I climbed last week with a party of eight people. We went twenty miles by train to the town of Komoro, where the packhorses were in waiting to take us to the base of the crater. My brother and I rode in panniers on the side of one small pack-horse. The others all had pack-saddles, and we also had guides to lead the horses. The night was so dark that we went by lantern-light; but the light not being strong enough, we could not see what dangers we went through. In some places the path was only a foot wide, and was on the edge of a very steep and dangerous precipice. In one place the road was washed away, and the horses not being able to go across with us on their backs, we dismounted and walked.

At two o'clock we arrived at a small shelter, where our horses were left for the night. Here we had breakfast; then at three we took four of the five guides with us to carry the wraps, and began the steep climb.

We reached the top at half-past four, in time for the glorious sunrise. Looking down into the crater, we saw the bottom aglow with fire, like an immense furnace.

No one has ever been able to measure the depth of the crater, but it looks to be at least five hundred feet. We walked all around the crater, which is nearly a mile in circumference. As we came down by daylight, we were able to see the lava-beds spread out on the plain below. When we again reached the shelter we had a



"ASAMA-YAMA." BY FRANCES HAWORTH.

little lunch, which tasted very good after such a long walk.

The ride home was hot, and we were glad to get to the hotel in Komoro and have a drink of shaved ice and lemonade.

After we had come back to Karnizawa we heard that that day steam had been seen to come out of as many as twenty places at one time along the slope of the mountain facing Karnizawa.

Many fear there will be a great eruption soon. This volcano is over eight thousand feet high.



"WINTER SPORT." BY RUTH JULIEN BEST, AGE 15.

GOOD-BY TO NINETEEN HUNDRED.

BY WILLIAM A. KEMPER (AGE 15).

FAREWELL, farewell. Once more farewell to thee.
 Pass out, old year. Old century, pass out.
 As all things die, so thou must pass away
 And be a phantom of dim, bygone days.
 Take with thee all the bitter sighs, the tears,
 The joys of thy own bringing, take thou on.
 Take on all memory of the faded past;
 Leave but the happy knowledge of to-day.
 And as we greet the new with happy song,
 We 'll tarry for a moment at the bier
 Of the old year, there to heave a sigh,
 Mayhap, and shed a tear for days gone by.
 But time rolls on. To-morrow is to-day,
 To-day — yesterday. Thence into eternity.
 So with thee. Forever dost thou go
 To the dead past. For time, once come and gone,
 Is never to return! With snow and ice
 And night thou camest — pass now into the night,
 Amid the snow and ice, while joyous bells
 Ring in the new year o'er a sleeping land.

GOOD-BY TO NINETEEN HUNDRED.

BY MARGUERITE M. HILLERY (AGE 13).

AH! Father Time and his wife were there,
 With her sweet old face and her snow-white hair;
 They came to bid the old year good-by
 Before it should fade away and die.
 Poor Nineteen Hundred! the year was done —
 The course that so many years had run;
 And that night when the clocks a twelve would chime,
 He would float away on the wings of time,
 No more to return, for gone was he;
 And the new year (a babe) in his place would be.
 So the old year passed at the midnight chime,
 And the new year came; and old Father Time,
 A-leaning over the babe, said he:
 "I name it the Twentieth Century."

VOL. XXVIII.—36.



BY HELEN LEE CAMP, AGE 12.



"WINTER SPORT." BY C. W. HIBBARD, AGE 10.

GOOD-BY TO NINETEEN HUNDRED WHILE THE BELLS TOLL TWELVE.

BY DOROTHEA POSEGATE (AGE 16).

HARKEN! the bells are tolling
The knell of the dying year,
And a death-song low is rolling
O'er the earth all white and scar.

I look from the face of the tall hall clock
To the face of the lady moon,
And hear in the silence of the night:
"The year is going soon."

Good-by, old Nineteen Hundred.
Thou hast done thy work full well;
Now listen unto the praises
That the bells so sweetly tell.

And I hear a wonderful shout of joy
Mingled with a faint, faint sigh,
And the new year's glad "good morrow"
Blends with the old year's last "good-by."

GOOD-BY TO NINETEEN HUNDRED.

BY ALICE BARBER POTTER (AGE 12).

As Nineteen Hundred nears its close
I look around to see
What parts of it I do not like,
And which seem best to me.

The covers of St. NICHOLAS
Were best of all this year.
I think that that fact is alone
Enough to make it dear.

And then a member of the League
I have this year become;
I moved this year—a host of things
All through my memory hum.

The best vacation in my life
This summer's been for me;
I learned to row—a better year
I don't think there could be.

And so as Christmas comes and goes
I draw a little sigh;
Dear Nineteen Hundred, it's too bad
To have to say good-by.

GOOD-BY TO THE NINE- TEENTH CENTURY.

BY ALICE MOORE (AGE 9).

GOOD-BY to the nineteenth century;
The twentieth has begun;
Nineteen hundred is over—
Over, with all its fun.

Let us make this new year better.
Better in its work and joy.
Let it be a brighter year
To every girl and boy.

GOOD-BY TO NINETEEN HUNDRED.

BY MARGUERITE KNOPF (AGE 17).

GOOD-BY to Nineteen Hundred,
And to everything it brought;
And the gladness and the sadness,
May they teach us as they ought.

And let us not regret it
That another year is past,
But rejoice that we have met it,
That its memories will last.

Good-by, old Nineteen Hundred;
We are sorry you must go;
But we would not wish to stay you,
For we know Time wills it so.

Good-by, old dying century;
We welcome in the new;
And in the next one hundred years
Let's see what man can do.

The generation coming —
And that is you and I —
Will be the men and women
To whom the nations cry.



"WINTER SPORT." BY NORMAN SHEPARD, AGE 15.



BY PAUL K. MAYS, AGE 12.

Oh, welcome to the century!
The chances that it brings
For you and me to fill the world
With grand and joyous things!

CHAPTERS.

MUCH pleasant entertainment and mutual benefit result from chapter organization. Weekly meetings, at which recreation and mental culture are pleasantly and about equally divided, must in time result in great good to those who take part willingly and in the proper spirit.

Members and others forming chapters may have their buttons all come together in one large envelope, postage paid, and as many buttons will be sent as desired for actual use.

It has been suggested that the members of different chapters correspond, and certainly this would result in benefit as well as pleasure to such as cared to participate in the exchange of letters. From back numbers of the magazine may be obtained the members' names and the secretaries' addresses.

No. 159. Lily Taylor, President; Preble Kasey, Secretary; seven members. Address, Pritchell College, Glasgow, Missouri. No. 159 has been formed to do work connected with school exercises.

No. 160. "Sea View." Ambrose Donahue, President; William J. Quinn, Secretary; four members. Address, St. Andrews, New Brunswick. No. 160 meets three times a week, and has a regular business meeting on the first Saturday of each month.

No. 161. Anna Dutton, President; Nina Craven, Secretary; five members. Address, 53 Highland Avenue, Yonkers, New York. No. 161 has a meeting once a week, and once a month will take a walk or ride on wheels and discuss nature.

No. 162. Charles Ramsey, President; Orrick Johns, Secretary; ten members. Address, 5655 Maple Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri. Secretary asks, "Is it necessary to report the resignation of a member?" No; but changes of officers should be reported.

No. 163. "Black Cat." Arthur Blackburn, President; Eleanor Janney, Secretary; six members. Address, 837 Hamilton Terrace, Baltimore, Maryland.

No. 164. "The Banderlogs." J. W. Loveland, President; G. P. Seely, Secretary; eight members. Address, Englewood, New Jersey. The "Banderlogs" have no definite object, but mean to turn from one thing to another; hence the name. They have sent this month an envelope of assorted work, all promising, but none quite up to the publication mark this time.

No. 165. Frederick Eliot, Pres-



BY J. ELMER BURWASH, AGE 17.

ident; Ernestine Howard, Secretary; six members. Address, Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston, Massachusetts.

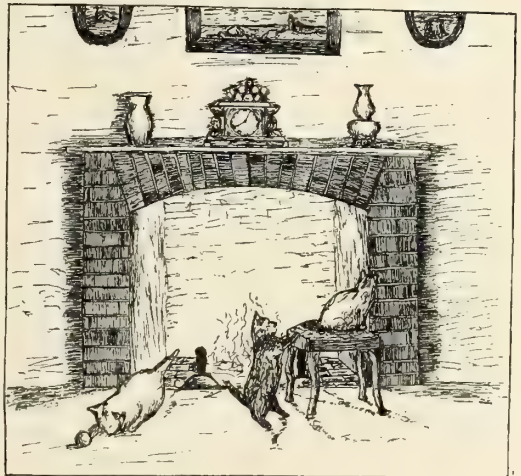
No. 166. "Forget-me-not." Dorothea Hartung, President; Nanon Johnston, Secretary; seven members. Address, 221 East Broad Street, Richmond, Virginia. No. 166 has monthly dues of five cents, with which they buy ST. NICHOLAS magazines.

No. 167. Harriet Peters, President; Mabel Hyde, Secretary; five members. Address, 31 North Broadway, Shelby, Ohio.

No. 168. Bruno H. Ahlers, President; Mortimer Lindsey, Secretary; six members. Address, 5 West One Hundred and Seventeenth Street, New York City. No. 168 meets on Mondays, sure.

No. 169. "Liberty Chapter." Seven members. Address, 429 North Locust Street, Hagerstown, Maryland.

No. 170. "Happy-Go-Lucky." Genevieve Baker, President; Elsie Flower, Secretary; twelve members. Address, Copperopolis, California.



BY ARNOLD LAHAE, AGE 12.

No. 171. "The Illium." Sara Raymond, President; Margaret Francis, Secretary; nine members. Address, Washington Park, Troy, New York.

No. 172. Pauline Gaether, President; Helen Van Nostrand, Secretary; twenty-nine members. Address, 14 Taylor Avenue, Flushing, Long Island.

No. 173. Maurice Strayer, President; William Pixley, Secretary; twelve members. Address, 22 East Nine Street, Portsmouth, Ohio.

No. 174. May Spivey, President; Lois Glenn, Secretary; five members. Address, Jamesport, Missouri.

The members of 174 will study Longfellow's works during the winter.

Chapter 28 reports that its members are doing nicely, and have fine times at the meetings. They are going to give a play for Christmas.

Chapter 78 meets every Saturday at three o'clock, and has adopted the name of the "Scholar's Delight"; also a small constitution. Each member pays five cents at the meetings for the purchase of paper, stamps, etc.

Chapter 91 has adopted the rule that at each meeting the president appoints two members to write essays on a given subject, to be ready at the next meeting.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

A LIST of those whose work, though not used, has been found well worthy of honorable mention.

POEMS.

Arthur Edward Weld	Harry A. Miller, Jr.
Margaret Doane Gardner	George W. C. McCarter
Helen B. Maxey	Caroline Clinton Everett
Laura Alleine Langford	Minnie A. De Boer
Arthur W. Kennedy	Ruth Blackwell
Marie Ortmeyer	Gladys Gaylord
Denison H. Clift	J. A. Atwood, Jr.
George Elliston	Ruth Darden
Raglan Glascock	Florence Short
Risa Lowie	Marguerite Reed
Viola H. Scheil	Margaret Thomas
Francis C. Nickerson	Alison Janeway
Ethel I. Snow	Reginald C. Foster
William Carey Hood	Billy Blodgett
Marguerite Stuart	Mamie H. Woodhull
Harry Uswald	Grace Eaton Hollick
	Mae F. Keith

PROSE.

Mary R. Bannister	Ellen H. Skinner
Irwin G. Priest	Sara R. Shaw
Doris Francklyn	A. Maude Fulmore
Ellen Dunwoody	Hazelton Brittingham
Martha Cameron	Pauline E. Turner
David M. Cheney	Ruth S. Walker
Lesley M. Story	Frances Marie Thomson
Marjory Seeley	Helen L. White
Roy J. Clappitt	Florence Beatrice Thaw
Mary Ellen Derr	Lois P. Lehman
Elizabeth M. Niles	Margaret Ellen Barrow
James Morgan Harding	Clara Stutz
Dorothy Garnett Beanlands	Ethel L. Paddock
Alice May Spaulding	Marguerite Child
Margaret Armstrong	Gussie Schwartz
Beatrice T. Langstroth	Susan Ertz
Elsa Eschbach	Zenobia Camprubi Aymar
Doris C. Linton	Ethel L. Cooke
Almira Arms	Goldie Coots
Margarette Daniels	Rosalie Aylett Sampson
Julian Tiemann	Virginia Glasscocke
Genivieve Cipperly	Emily Soles Cohen
Helen Ditton Bogart	Katherine C. Gurney
Edith Romaine	Helen E. Graves
Ruth Sorague	Lillian Silbernagel
Gertrude Helen Schirmer	Agatha E. Gruber
Marion L. Weld	Lucy R. Cowles
Julia Bliss Chapin	Paul H. Prausnitz
Lincoln Paddock	Mollie C. Finegan
Virginia Graves	Florence Flint
Grace Bradley	Emabel Strong
Anna Dutton	Thomas A. Cox, Jr.
Shirley Willis	Charlotte N. McKinney
Helen Madeleine Hogg	Harland Hudson
Josephine Pinyon	Margaret Kingman
Elizabeth Hallowell	Beatrice M. Lewis
Ilse Bloede	Nancy E. Tomlinson
Ethel Bayarda Rispin	C. L. Watkins
Isobel Rogers	Frances M. Sriver
	Grace Vary

DRAWINGS.

Thomas Porter Miller	Richard de Charms, Jr.
Katie Miller	Edith Lally

William Campbell	C. E. Saward
J. Christina Whitehouse	Katherine Knowlton
Arthur D. Fuller	Catherine Lee Carter
J. Spencer Lucas	Lester Hibbard
Katherine Newell	Grace R. Jones
Horace Wagner Ferguson	Louise Robbins
Ronald S. Crane	Ella Münsterberg
Arthur S. Little	Lloyd Bierhaus
Carol H. Bradley	Margaret Worden
Kate Colquhoun	Sidney Dickenson
Helen Russell	Donald Prather
C. E. Risque	Harriet Crawford Cheney
Henry S. Malinka	Marion O. Chapin
Lucy Phillips	Leonora Denniston
Sanford Tousey	Roger Norton
Norman Ferguson	Jane Lynet
Gertrude Monaghan	Annette Bettelheim
Mark Smith, Jr.	Helen Morgan
Donald Gilbert	Bert Bellis

PHOTOGRAPHS.

E. Ridgely Simpson	David Bonner, Jr.
Annie B. Shaffer	Giles Hughes
Morris Pratt	Albert Schrader
Rosamond Sergeant	Paul B. Camp
Floyd Godfrey	Millie A. Hibbard
Paul Moore	George L. Harrison
J. Donald Cassels	E. Harry Gilman
S. Elliot Morison	Percival B. Hustis
Ruth Auxter	Edna M. Duane
Richard Newhall	S. Butler Murray, Jr.
Mary Josselyn McKey	Philip T. Hartt
C. L. Whitman	Ralph A. Crumb
Mary Dexter	Joseph Turner
Carl Dusenbury	Lydia Bartlett Gerrard
Sandy A. Bryson	J. C. Wister
Marie Hamkens	Ruth Johnson
Lilla A. Greene	Douglas Allan
Ruth Perkins Vickery	Francis L. Johnson
Jeanne Bartow	Edward F. Johnston
Kitino Lang	Helen Ogden
Bernice A. Chapman	Heermance M. Howard
J. Stuart Freeman	Tandy Arnold Bryson

PUZZLES.

Edna Heller	Ethel S. Kingman
Emily Sibley	Mayhew Baldwin
Katharine P. Warner	J. Humphreys Storer
Josephine H. Howes	Emily Storer
Harold Arthur Lynch	William C. Engle
Helene M. Boas	Vashti Kaye
J. Earnshaw Murdoch	Audrey Bullock
James Neill	W. W. De Renne

The prize puzzles and others selected for publication, as well as the list of puzzle-answerers, will be found in the regular Riddle-box.

LEAGUE CORRESPONDENCE.

From a little girl who was in the Galveston storm :

GALVESTON, TEXAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking ST. NICHOLAS ever since January, and like it very much. I want to become a member of the St. Nicholas League. I think it is splendid; so please send me a leaflet and badge.

I am a little girl eight years old, and live in Galveston, where a great storm came on September 8. The Gal-

veston Bay and the gulf came in, and it was awful. Our house was rocking to and fro, and the water was over seven feet deep in our yard; and down the island the water was up to the top story, and people floated on roofs all night, out at sea. I lost my pretty toys and books that I would not have lost for anything; and among them were all my ST. NICHOLASES. I have the last number, but that is all. I was going to have them bound, and I am so sorry, because I like them so much.

Yours truly,

DOROTHY RUSSELL.

Other interesting and encouraging letters have been received from Ethel L. Rourke, Genivieve Bertolacci, Hilda Rose Carson, Josephine O'Brien, Loula Van Neman, Arthur Barrett, Sara Lawrence Kellogg, Viola H. Scheil, Harriet A. Ives, Mildred Otis, Henry Gustin, Edna M. Bliss, Susan B. Minor, Thomas S. McAllister, Jack Wiolets, Mary B. Hazard, Clarence Dunham; and, with pictures, which for one reason or another are not quite available for use, Mignon Otis, Waldo E. Clements, J. F. Prendergast, Isabel A. Guilbert, Earle K. Hallock, Kenneth Underwood, Jo. B. Dnelfo, Thomas MacIver, Eunice D. Hussey, Elijah Bellinger, W. W. De Renne, Minnie Simmons, and Elizabeth Train. (See rules.)

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 16.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers.

A SPECIAL CASH PRIZE. To any League member who during the first year has won a gold badge for any of the above-named achievements, and shall again win first place, a cash prize of five dollars will be awarded, instead of another gold badge.

Competition No. 16 will close January 20. The award will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for April.

VERSE. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author. Subject, "The Twentieth Century's First Springtime."

PROSE. Story or article of not more than four hundred words. It may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author, and must relate in some manner to April.

PHOTOGRAPH. Any size, mounted or unmounted, but no blue prints. Subject, "A Winter Day." May be interior or exterior, with or without figures.

DRAWING. India ink, very black writing ink, or wash (not color). Subject, "A Study from Life." May be interior or exterior, with children, birds, or animals.

PUZZLE. Any sort, the answer to contain some word relating to happiness.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

WILD-ANIMAL OR BIRD PHOTOGRAPH. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird, taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

Every contribution of whatever kind *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work of the sender.*

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*.

ADVERTISING CONTEST No. 3.

THE St. Nicholas Advertising Contest has been so successful in its results that members of the St. Nicholas League are for the third time offered the opportunity to prepare advertising features for any one of the list of firms named on advertising page 13, and to submit them in competition for the following cash prizes:

Five Dollars each for the twenty most attractive advertisements for the firms named on page 13.

Three Dollars each for any other features accepted for use by any one of these firms.

The rules controlling this competition are the same as those governing the other regular League contests. Writings and drawings for this special contest, however, must not bear the author's or artist's name and address. These must be given on a separate slip accompanying each contribution—not for publication, but for the proper filing and reference by the editor of the League. Any member of the St. Nicholas League may compete (and any reader of ST. NICHOLAS, not over eighteen years of age, may become a member of the League upon application for a League badge and instruction leaflet). These are sent upon application accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope.

Any feature may be introduced—drawings, poems, puzzles, photographs, reading matter—anything that will attract and hold the reader's attention and help the sale of wares offered by any firm named on the list.

PRIZE WINNERS, ADVERTISING CONTEST No. 1.

CASH PRIZES OF FIVE DOLLARS EACH.

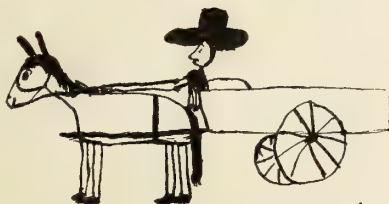
Leo Kraft (age 14), Cleveland, Ohio.
 Pauline C. Shepard (age 17), Fort Wayne, Indiana.
 Graham Hawley (age 14), Tarrytown, New York.
 Juanita Demorest (age 16), Hackensack, New Jersey.
 Bernice A. Chapman (age 9), Chicago, Illinois.
 Elsie Fisher Steinheimer (age 15), Roxbury, Mass.
 Elinor Burleigh (age 14), La Grange, Illinois.
 Bessie H. Brown (age 16), Youngstown, Ohio.
 Dudley D. Fisher (age 10), Columbus, Ohio.
 Katherine M. Schmucker (age 16), Reading, Penn.
 George Merritt (age 10), Indianapolis, Indiana.
 Irene B. Chubb (age 14), Cleveland, Ohio.
 C. A. Klinker (age 14), New York City.
 W. Gilbert Sherman (age 16), Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
 Dorothy G. Beanlands (age 14), Victoria, B. C.
 Cora B. Skinkle (age 17), Chicago, Illinois.
 Jeannette Simon (age 14), New York City.
 Elsie Deane (age 15), Mount Vernon, New York.
 Florence S. Guggenheim (age 15), San Francisco, Cal.
 Sanford Tousey (age 17), Anderson, Indiana.

The features received in the October competition were remarkably good, and in addition to the work of the above named a number have been selected for future use by the advertisers, and will be paid for at the rate of three dollars each, as agreed.

Contributions for this competition must be marked

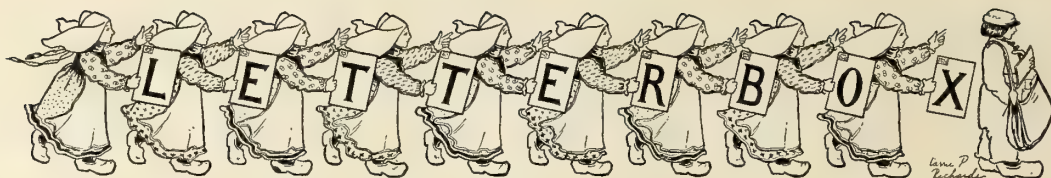
"Advertising Contest"

The St. Nicholas League,
 Union Square,
 New York City.



Winter's sport

BY NELLIE B. FISCHER, AGE 9.



PROUT'S NECK, ME.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Prout's Neck is where we spent the summer, and where the great painter Mr. Winslow Homer lives the year round.

One day we were on the high rocks, hunting for caves, when Mr. Homer called us. We went to a pool in the rocks, and saw a big jellyfish that had been washed up by the tide. Mr. Homer said he never saw one like it. He thought it was a foot and a half across, and he called us because he thought we would like to see it.

There are also a few finback whales here, and porpoises, and lots of seals. Good-bye, from

HALLOWELL V. MORGAN.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I suppose many of your readers are interested in the great Galveston storm, as I have been, and have read and talked a great deal about it; though I think most children are very much afraid of storms. I am very fond of watching them. One reason is, perhaps, that I am a grand-niece of Professor James P. Espy, the "Storm King," as he was called. He was a great philosopher, and found out a great deal about storms. He also invented the wonderful signal service, which is of so much value to mariners, warning them of the approaching storm.

Not long ago I went with my great-aunt to the Smithsonian, to see the celebrated picture of my Uncle Espy (by Sully), it being the only one saved from the great fire that destroyed so many beautiful and valuable paintings and curios. My uncle was one of the trustees and professors of the Smithsonian. The custodian very kindly had the picture taken from the wall and brought down to the reception-hall for us to see.

To look at his sweet face one would know that little children loved him. Though he never had any children of his own, he was devoted to his nephews and nieces, and told my grandmother, when she was correcting my mother and little uncles, "Don't bother them, Ellie; they are little philosophers, and must work out their own salvation."

His theories were not accepted for a long time in this country; though he always said, "I can afford to wait; it will come in time." In France all his theories were accepted, and he received many honors and many distinctions, medals, and beautiful souvenirs. The late General Myers, chief signal officer, told my grandmother that all the charts used to-day are Professor Espy's. We are all very proud of the dear old man, our ancestor, and I am very glad my middle name is Espy.

ELEANOR ESPY WRIGHT (age 14).

SIoux FALLS, S. D.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for nearly a year now, and am as enthusiastic over the magazine as at first. I waited a whole year, so my opinion is not formed by having read only one of your numbers.

I think your magazine the finest magazine for children in the world. I have never found one number which was not full of fun and, at the same time, instruction. I am going to take you again for the year 1901, and shall try to be able always to take you. My mama

is deaf; she teaches in the school for the deaf here. There are about fifty pupils in school here. I have formed a chapter of girls, and we enjoy it.

I wish my letter could be published to show what I think of you. I remain,

Your interested reader,
HARRIETT SIMPSON.

OWING to the great popularity of the new departments, the Letter-box has recently been cramped for lack of space. Consequently we have received many delightful letters for which we have not been able to find room. We wish here to say a word of thanks to the young writers whose names we print below:

Margaret Fabian describes her travels in Holland, Belgium, and France; *Margaret T. J.* and *Barbara K.* describe trips in our own land; *Marjorie Shinn* writes from Indiana; *Helen L. White* signs herself "your everlasting reader," and says, "If you look at the cover of ST. NICHOLAS you are sure to find" stories as pretty as the covers; *Gertrude Macdona* sends an amusing anecdote about a dog that fell out of a hammock; *Robert A. McLean* tells of his home in California, where the temperature seldom goes above 100°; *Charles Coffin* says kindly, "Long live ST. NICHOLAS!" and we bow our thanks; *Margaret D. Gentle* sends a clever letter from Australia; *Dorothy Rogers* is one of a family of eleven children—the six oldest are taller than their mother; *Helen W. Gardner* is the daughter of an army officer now in Cuba; *Margaret W. Rogers* tells which stories she likes best; *Chester C. Graham* prefers the Chicago World's Fair to the Paris Exposition; *Elizabeth K. Stokes* describes the Colorado cliff-dwellings; *Eva McKinney* suggests a camp for girls like that for boys described in the "Junior Cup"; *Hanford Macnider* has an ant-eater for a pet; *Carrie McGee* tells how she had a present of a pony; *Mary Gerster Potter* writes from Cooperstown, the home of James Fenimore Cooper; *Airlie Leslie Lindsay* writes charmingly from New South Wales about her life in the country; *Audrey De Renne*, an American boy, tells of a European trip; *W. W. De Renne* wishes to know "if monkeys can swim," and we referred his letter to the editor of our "Nature and Science" department; *Margaret L. Fishburne* describes a picnic; *J. M. Johnson* writes a very pleasant note from Melbourne, Victoria, saying that she has only a brother to play with, and that he is five—"too young to make a friend of," but certainly he's not too young to make a little brother of, and she can learn much even from a little five-year-old; *Mary B. Camp* tells of her vacation on a farm; *Donald Harper* writes that he knows John Bennett, author of "Barnaby Lee," and was born in the same city; *Adelaide Utter* tells much that is interesting about Newark, N. J.; "A Friend" sends from Newton, Massachusetts, some statistics about the stars; *Geoffrey Dale* gives a very cordial greeting from Ashfield, New South Wales; *Margaret Hatfield* incloses a puzzle and a drawing which are not available; and we have delightful letters also from: *Lydia Richardson*, *Ethel Bolton*, *Evelyn Smith*, *Emily Noyes Richardson*, *Antoinette Louise Fuller*, *Bettine S. Paddock*, *Arthur Carr*, *Norma Bidwell*, *Macye Underwood*, and *Mrs. Flora E. Burnham*.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

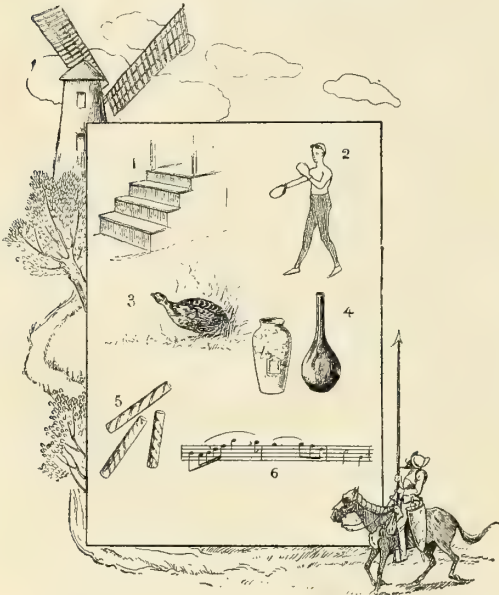
(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

I AM composed of fifty letters, and form a quotation by Philip James Bailey.

My 9-17-4-28-48-39 is a modest spring flower. My 50-12-8-33-36-2-4-25 is the Jeffersonia. My 25-40-7-11-37 5-22-30-34-3-22-18-49-20-27-40-7 belongs to the lily family, and the name suggests a very wise man. My 12-31-8-24-26 40-9-32-18-29 is a kind of herb-bennet. My 1-10-21-36-14-41-19 is always associated with the death of a great philosopher. My 42-13-8-15-36-48 is Scotland's national flower. My 47-34-18-32-23 46-44 was made into a tea by our grandmothers. My 6-10-40 is a kind of rose. My 43-37-7-25-16-2-40-36 is the heal-all. My 35-40-20-8-28 is an aromatic herb. My 41-22-3-21-4-33 9 48-30-41-45 is a leguminous plant.

GRETCHEN FRANKE.

ILLUSTRATED LETTER PUZZLE.



9 7 5 15 3
 . 17 16 2 .
 13 14 . .
 4 . . 8 .
 1 . 6 10 .
 12 11 18 19 .

EACH of the above six pictures may be described by a word of five letters. When these six words are rightly guessed and written one below another, read the letters from 1 to 19 as shown in the accompanying diagram, and spell the name of a famous book and its author.

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

1. BEHEAD and curtail goods sunk in the sea and leave a Turkish commander or chief officer. 2. Behead and curtail an old word meaning "uncle" and leave a part of the verb to be. 3. Behead and curtail afresh and leave an old word meaning "nor." 4. Behead and curtail a fay and leave the fluid which surrounds the earth. 5. Behead and curtail crippled and leave part of the verb to be. 6. Behead and curtail the religious book of the old Scandinavians and leave two letters that often follow a distinguished name. 7. Behead and curtail one

who makes saddles and leave to muddle. 8. Behead and curtail rogues and leave a temporary shelter.

The beheaded letters will spell the present condition of the trees; the curtailed letters will spell a certain time of the year.

RUTH ALLAIRE.

WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. A VICTORY gained by the French under Napoleon over the Austrians under Beaulieu, in 1796. 2. The ancient name for the principal river of central Asia. 3. A low hill of sand. 4. An Austrian river.

II. 1. A support. 2. Direction. 3. A mixture. 4. A day-laborer. G. B. DYER.

DOUBLE CURTAILINGS.

WHEN the following words have been rightly guessed, each word may be doubly curtailed and a word will remain.

EXAMPLE: sin-ce. When the following double curtailings have been rightly guessed, a four-line verse will remain.

1. Doubly curtail a portal and leave a verb. 2. Doubly curtail in that place and leave a common article. 3. Doubly curtail to give and leave most excellent. 4. Doubly curtail juvenility and leave yourself. 5. Doubly curtail a watercourse and leave to be able. 6. Doubly curtail tried by a standard and leave a trial. 7. Doubly curtail to perplex and leave the two. 8. Doubly curtail a sorceress and leave sense. 9. Doubly curtail the name of a mountain range and leave a conjunction. 10. Doubly curtail a kitchen utensil and leave dexterity. 11. Doubly curtail ideas and leave however. 12. Doubly curtail youthful and leave a pronoun. 13. Doubly curtail frequently and leave not rarely. 14. Doubly curtail part of the body and leave ought. 15. Doubly curtail declined and leave to fall short. 16. Doubly curtail a workman and leave to labor. 17. Doubly curtail to fade and leave among. 18. Doubly curtail purpose and leave a letter. 19. Doubly curtail a certain tree and leave to decree. ADDIE S. COLLOM.

A LABYRINTH OF NUMBERS.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

7	8	7	6	4	4	8	3	11	4	2
6	4	5	7	2	8	4	9	7	2	5
5	2	3	6	8	6	3	5	5	6	5
6	6	3	4	7	4	5	3	6	5	2
3	2	6	4	3	6	4	6	3	2	4
3	7	5	2	3		5	5	4	6	7
3	5	5	7	5	4	3	7	5	4	3
7	3	9	2	3	4	5	8	4	6	2
7	6	6	4	6	2	8	2	6	8	10
5	8	10	7	8	3	2	5	5	8	4
2	8	11	2	6	5	10	7	7	4	10

BEGINNING at any one of the corners of the large square, jump the number of small squares indicated by the number of the small square you started on — counting in the square you are on and the square you jump to, jumping in a vertical or a horizontal direction, and doing the same as before with the square you land on. The problem is to land on the empty square in the middle.

For example: suppose we start at the upper left-hand corner of the large square. The number of that square is 7. As we can count downward or across (but never diagonally), we may jump to either square 3 or square 8. Suppose we go to square 8. To jump from that square it is evident that the only place we can go to is square 5; and so you keep on in this way until you land on the empty square in the middle. ADDISON BLAKE.



"THE ENGLISH BOY HAD FALLEN FACE DOWN UPON THE SAND." (SEE "THE STORY OF BARNABY LEE," PAGE 359.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

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No. 4.

THE DEER-STAR.

(A Paiute Legend.)

BY MARY AUSTIN.

The Paiute Indians in the desert hills have this story of the bright star that may be seen low down in the eastern sky about sunrise of summer mornings—the star we know as Sirius, in the constellation *Canis Major*, commonly called the “dog-star.”

Very long ago one of their young men attempted to run down a deer. All the village watched them as they ran across the desert, away over the rim of the world into the sky. There they were changed, the deer and the runner, to a star. Since that time the Indians say that the best deer-hunting is to be had when the “deer-star” is in the sky; and this is really true.

HEAR now a tale of the deer-star,
Tale of the days ago,
When a youth rose up for the hunting
In the bluish light of dawn—
Rose up for the red deer hunting,
And what should a hunter do
Who has never an arrow feathered,
Nor a bow strung taut and true?
The women laughed from the doorways,
The maidens mocked at the spring;
For thus to be slack at the hunting is ever
A shameful thing.
The old men nodded and muttered, but the
youth spoke up with a frown:
“If I have no gear for the hunting, I will
run the red deer down.”

He is off by the hills of the morning,
By the dim, untrodden ways;
In the clean, wet, windy marshes
He has startled the deer agaze;



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And a buck of the branching antlers
 Streams out from the fleeing herd,
 And the youth is apt to the running
 As the tongue to the spoken word.
 They have gone by the broken ridges, by
 mesa and hill and swale,
 Nor once did the red deer falter, nor the
 feet of the runner fail;
 So lightly they trod on the lupines that
 scarce were the flower-stalks bent,
 And over the tops of the dusky sage the
 wind of their running went.

They have gone by the painted desert,
 Where the dawn mists lie uncurled,
 And over the purple barrows
 On the outer rim of the world.
 The people shout from the village,
 And the sun gets up to spy
 The royal deer and the runner,
 Clear shining in the sky.
 And ever the hunter watches for the rising
 of that star
 When he comes by the summer mountains
 where the haunts of the red deer are,
 When he comes by the morning meadows
 where the young of the red deer hide ;
 He fares him forth to the hunting while
 the deer and the runner bide.



CAREERS OF DANGER AND DARING.

SECOND ARTICLE: THE STEEPLE-CLIMBER.

HIS TRAINING—A DIFFICULT CLIMB TO TRINITY'S CROSS—HOW STEEPLES ROCK TO AND FRO—GYMNASTIC FEATS IN MID-AIR—A STEEPLE BLOWN DOWN WITH DYNAMITE.

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

DURING the summer months of 1900 — what blazing hot months, to be sure! — men and boys on lower Broadway were constantly coming upon other people with their chins in the air, staring up and exclaiming: "Dear me, is n't it wonderful!" or "There 's that fellow again; I 'm sure he 'll break his neck!" Then they would pass on and give place to other wonderers.

The cause of this general surprise and apprehension was a tall man dressed entirely in white, who appeared day after day swinging on a little seat far up the side of this or that church steeple, or right at the top, hugging the gold cross or weather-vane, or, higher still, working his way, with a queer, kicking, hitching movement, up various hundred-foot flagpoles that rise from the heaven-challenging office buildings down near Wall Street. At these perilous altitudes he would hang for hours, shifting his ropes occasionally, raising his swing or lowering it, but not doing anything that his sidewalk audience could see very well or clearly understand. Yet thousands watched him with fascination, and a kodak army descended upon neighboring housetops, and newspapers followed the movements of "Steeple Bob" in thrilling chronicle.

That is what he was called in large black letters at the head of columns—"Steeple Bob"; but I came to know him at his modest quarters on Lexington Avenue, where he was plain Mr. Merrill, a serious-mannered and an unpretentious young man, very fond of his wife and his dog, very fond of spending evenings over books of adventure, and quite indifferent to his day-time notoriety. I call him a young man, yet in years of service, not in age, he is the oldest

steeple-climber in the business, ever since his teacher, "Steeple Charlie," fell from his swing some years ago in New Bedford, Connecticut, and died the steeple-climber's death.

I often saw books of the sea on Merrill's table, and accounts of whaling voyages; and he told me, one evening (while through an open door came the snores of his weary partner), about his own adventurous boyhood, with three years' cruising in Uncle Sam's navy on the school-ships "Minnesota" and "Yantic" (he shipped at the age of twelve) and two years at whale-fishing in the North Sea. Quite ideal training, this, for a steeple-climber; he learned to handle ropes and make them fast so they would stay fast; he learned to climb and keep his head at the top of a swaying masthead; he learned to bear exposure as lads must who are washed on deck every morning with a hose, and stand for inspection, winter and summer, bare to the waist. And he gained strength of arm and back swinging at the oar while whale-lines strained on the sunk harpoon; and patience in long stern-chases; and nerve when some stricken monster lashed the waters in agony and the boat danced on a reddened sea.

Merrill laughed about the climb up old Trinity's spire, the first climb when he carried up the hauling-rope and worked his way clear to the cross, with nothing to help him but the hands and feet he was born with, and did it coolly, while men on the street below turned away sickened with fear for him.

"I 'm telling you the truth," said Steeple Bob, "when I say it was an easy climb; any fairly active man could do it if he 'd forget the height. I 'm not talking about all steeples—some are hard and dangerous; but the one on

Trinity, in spite of its three hundred-odd feet, has knobs of stone for ornament all the way up



"I HAD TO CRAWL AROUND AND OVER THAT STONE, WHICH WAS FOUR FEET OR SO ACROSS."

(they call them corbels), and all you have to do is to step from one to another."

"How much of a step?"

"Oh, when I stood on one the next one came to my breast, and then I could just touch the one above that."

He called this easy climbing!

"The only ticklish bit was just at the top, where two great stones, weighing about a ton

apiece, swell out like an apple on a stick, and I had to crawl around and over that apple, which was four feet or so across. If it had n't been for grooves and scrollwork in the stone I could n't have done it, and even as it was I had two or three minutes of hard wriggling after I kicked off with my feet and began pulling myself up."

"You mean you hung by your hands from this big ball of stone?"

"I hung mostly by my fingers; the scrolls were n't deep enough for my hands to go in."

"And you drew yourself slowly up and around and over that ball?"

"Certainly; that was the only way."

"And it was at the very top?"

"Yes, just under the cross. It was n't much, though; you could do it yourself."

I really think Merrill believed this. He honestly saw no particular danger in that climb, nor could I discover that he ever saw any particular danger in anything he had done. He always made the point that if he had really thought the thing dangerous he would n't have done it. And I conclude from this that being a steeple-climber depends quite as much upon how a man thinks as upon what he can do.

"A funny thing happened!" he added. "After I got over this hard place, I slid into a V-shaped space between the bulging stone and the steeple-shaft, and I lay there on my back for a minute or so, resting. But when I started to raise myself I found my weight had worked me down in the crotch and jammed me fast, and it was quite a bit of time before I could get free."

"How much time? A minute?"

"Yes, five minutes; and it seemed a good deal longer."

Five minutes struggling in a sort of stone trap, five minutes stretched out helpless at the very top of a steeple where one false move would mean destruction—that is what Merrill spoke of as a funny thing! Thanks, I thought, I will take my fun some other way.

"You would be surprised," he went on, "to feel the movement of a steeple. It trembles all the time, and answers every jar on the street below. I guess old Trinity's steeple sways eighteen inches every time an elevated train passes. And St. Paul's is even worse. Why,

she rocks like a beautifully balanced cradle; it would make some people seasick. Perhaps you don't know it, but the better a steeple is built the more she sways. You want to look out for the ones that stand rigid; there's something wrong with them—most likely they're out of plumb."

"Is n't there danger," I asked, "that a steeple may get swaying too much, say in a gale, and go clear over?"

"Gale or not," said Merrill, "a well-made steeple must rock in the wind, the same as a tree rocks. That is the way it takes the storm, by yielding to it. If it did n't yield it would probably break. Why, the great shaft of the Washington Monument sways four or five feet when the wind blows hard."

Then he explained that modern steeples are built with a steel backbone (if I may so call it) running down from the top for many feet inside the stonework. At Trinity, for instance, this backbone (known as a dowel) is four inches thick and forty-five feet long, a great steel mast stretching down through the cross, down inside the heavy stones and ornaments, and ending in massive beams and braces where the steeple's greater width gives full security.

"What sort of work did you do on these steeples?" I asked.

"All kinds; stone-mason's work, painter's work, blacksmith's work, carpenter's work—why, a good steeple-climber has to know something about 'most every trade. It's painting flagpoles, and scraping off shale from a steeple's sides, and

repairing loose stones and ornaments, and putting up lightning-rods, and gilding crosses, and cleaning smoke-stacks so high that it makes you dizzy to look up, let alone looking down, and a dozen other things. Sometimes we have to take a whole steeple down, beginning at the top, stone by stone—unless it's a wooden steeple, and then



"A BOLT SHOT DOWN AND SPLINTERED A BIG FLAGPOLE." (SEE PAGE 297.)

we burn her down five or six feet at a time, with creosote painted around where you want the fire to stop; the creosote puts it out. Once I blew off the whole top of a steeple with dyna-



HOW THE STEEPLE-CLIMBER GOES UP A FLAGPOLE.

STRANGE EXPERIENCES WITH
LIGHTNING.

"Did you ever have any experiences with lightning?" I asked Merrill, one day.

"Oh, a few," he said. "A thunderbolt struck the Trinity steeple the very day we finished our work. We had just taken down our tackle and staging after gilding the cross when — by the way, they say there's a hundred dollars in gold under that cross."

"Really?" I exclaimed. "How did it get there?"

"Somebody ordered it put there when the steeple was built. People often do queer things like that. I painted a flagpole on a barn up in Massachusetts where there was four hundred dollars in gold hidden under the weather-vane. Everybody knew it was there, because the farmer who put it there told everybody, and my partner was crazy to saw off the end of that pole some night and fool 'em, but of course I would n't have it."

Here was I quite off my thunderbolt trail, and although curious about that farmer, I came back to it resolutely.

mite; and, by the way, I'll tell you about that sometime."

Conversing with a steeple-climber (when he feels like telling things) is like breathing oxygen; you find it over-stimulating. In ten minutes' matter-of-fact talking he opens so many vistas of thrilling interest that you stand before them bewildered. He starts to answer one question, and you burn to interrupt him with ten others, each of which will lead you hopelessly away from the remaining nine. You are something like an eager hunter who is trying to chase a dozen running rabbits at once.

"Well," resumed Merrill, "this lightning stroke came down the new rod all right until it reached the bell-deck, and there it circled round and round the steeple four or five times, wrapping my assistant in bluish-white flame. Then it took a long jump straight down Wall Street, smashed a flagpole to slivers, and vanished. Say, there are things about lightning I've never heard explained. I know of a steeple-climber, for instance, who was killed by lightning — it must have been lightning, although no one saw it strike. There were two of them working on a scaffolding when a thunder-storm came up, and this man's partner

started for the ground, as climbers with any sense always do. But this fellow was lazy or out of sorts or something, and said he would n't go down, he 'd stay on the steeple until the storm was over. And he did stay there, without getting any harm, so far as anybody on the ground could see, except a wetting. Just the same, when his partner went up again, he found him stretched out on the scaffolding, dead."

"Frightened to death?" I suggested.

Merrill shook his head. "No, they said it was lightning; but it 's queer how lightning could kill a man without being seen, is n't it?"

Then Merrill gave an experience of his own with a thunder-bolt. It was during this same busy summer of 1900, while he and his partner were scraping the great steel smoke-stack that rises from ground to roof along one side of the American Tract Society Building, that towering structure which looks down with contempt, no doubt, upon ordinary church steeples.

"We were in our saddles," Merrill explained, "swung down about two thirds of the smoke-stack's length, when some black clouds warned us of danger, and we hauled ourselves up to the roof. My partner, Walter Tyghe, got off his saddle and stood there where my wife was waiting (she often goes to climbing-jobs with me—she 's less anxious when she can watch me); but I thought the storm was passing over, and kept on scraping, sort of half resting on the cornice, half on my saddle. Suddenly a bolt shot down from a little pink cloud just overhead, and splintered a big flagpole I had just put half-yards on, and then jumped past us all and right between me and the smoke-stack. It knocked Walter over, and made me so sick and giddy that

I fell back limp on my saddle-board, and swung there until my wife pulled the trip-rope that opens the lock-block and lowered me down to the roof, where I was safe. That 's not the first time she 's been on deck at the right minute. Once she came up a steeple to tell me something, and found the hauling-line smoldering from my helper's cigarette. If that line had burned through it would have dropped me to the ground from



GILDING A CHURCH CROSS, ABOVE NEW YORK CITY.

the steeple-top, saddle, lock-block, and all. The man with the cigarette was so scared he quit smoking for good and all."

Here, in reply to my question, Merrill ex-

plained the working of a lock-block, which is simply a pulley that allows a rope to pass through it, but will not let it go back. With this block the steeple-climber can be hauled up easily, but cannot fall, even if the man hauling should let go the rope. When it is necessary to descend, a pull on the trip-rope releases a safety-catch and the saddle goes down.

"Do steeple-climbers always work in pairs?" I asked him.

"Usually. It would be hard for one man to do a steeple alone. There are lots of places where you must have some one to fasten a rope or hold the end of a plank or pass you something. Besides, it would n't be good for a man's mind to be spending days and days upon steeples all alone. It 's bad enough with a partner to talk to. That makes me think of poor old Dan O'Brien. If I had n't been up with him one day —" Merrill checked himself and went into something else.

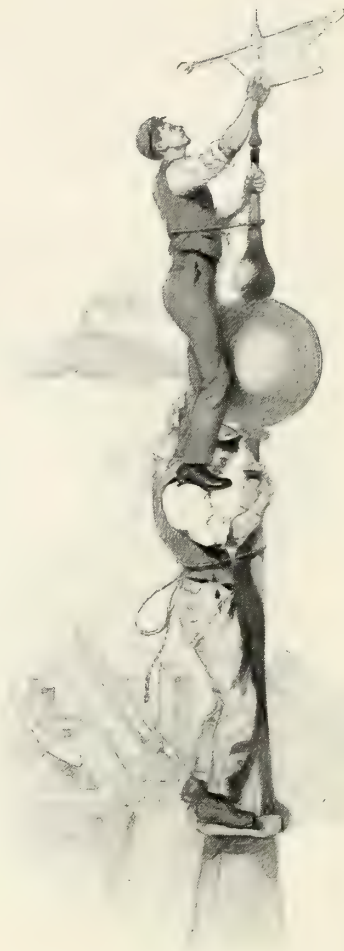
"I 'll give you a case where a man alone could never have done the thing, I don't care how clever a steeple-climber he might be. It was on St. Paul's, New York, after we had finished the job and taken everything down. Then somebody noticed that the weather-vane on top of the ball was n't turning properly. I knew in a minute what the matter was; it was easy enough to fix it, but the thing was to reach the weather-vane. I don't mean that the climb up the steeple was anything; we had done that before; but if I tried to climb around that big ball again (it was the same sort of a wriggling busi-

ness as that over the bulging stones at Trinity) I would be sure to scrape off a lot of the fine gilding we had just put on. And yet I could n't get at the weather-vane without getting over the ball. I studied quite a while on this little problem, and solved it with my partner's help. We both climbed the steeple as far as the ball; we went up the lighting-rod; then we roped ourselves to the steeple-shaft by life-lines, and then my partner, that was Joe Lawlor, stood on my shoulders and did the job. You see it was easy enough that way."

"Easy enough!" Think of it! Two men clinging to the point of a steeple. One of them braces himself with the toes of his rubber shoes in crannies of the stone, and the other, balancing on his shoulders like a circus performer, does a piece of work, no matter what, with a reeling abyss all around (what is looking over a precipice compared to this?), and all the time the spire swaying back and forth like a forest tree. And then you hear that, instead of getting a

large sum for such an achievement, these men, taking it through the year, get scarcely more than ordinary workmen's wages.

"'THEN MY PARTNER STOOD ON MY SHOULDERS.'"



HOW THEY BLEW OFF THE TOP OF A CONNECTICUT STEEPLE.

Known over all Connecticut was the Congregational Church in Hartford, that stood for years on Pearl Street, and was famous alike for the burning words spoken beneath its roof, and the tall, straight spire that reached above it;

two hundred and thirty-eight feet measured the drop from cross to pavement. But churches pass like other things, and near the century-end came the decision by landowners and lease interpreters that this graceful length of brownstone and the pile beneath it must move off the premises, which meant, of course, that the steeple must come down, the time appointed for this demolition being August, 1899.

Now, the taking down of a steeple two hundred and thirty-eight feet high, that rises on a closely built city street, is not so simple a proceeding as might at first appear. If you suggest pulling the steeple over, all the neighbors cry out. They wish to know where it is going to strike. Are you sure it won't smash down on their housetops? Can you make a steeple fall this way or that way, as woodmen make trees fall? How do you know you can? Besides, how are you going to hitch fast the rope that will pull it over? And who will climb with such a rope to the steeple-top? It must be said that there is usually some young man at hand, some dare-devil character of the vicinity, who is ready to try the thing and is positive he can succeed at it. But, luckily, he seldom gets a chance to try.

"It 's queer," said Merrill, telling me the story, "how people ever built a steeple like this one without a window in it, or an air-passage, or anything for ventilation. Between the bell-deck and the cross there was n't a single opening from the inside out, so I had to break my way through up near the top. What a place for a man to work, squeezed in the point of a stifling funnel, with no swing for his hammer, and no air to breathe, and the scorch of an August sun! After fifteen minutes of it, my wrists and tem-

ples would be pounding so I'd have to come down and rest.

"Of course the purpose of this hole that I knocked through the steeple-top was to make fast ropes and pulleys, so my partner and I could hoist ourselves along the outside, and not have to climb up the inside cross-beams, which, I can tell you, is a lively bit of athletics. Well, we got our ropes fixed all right, about twenty-five feet below the top, and the 'bosun's saddle' swung below for us to travel up and down in, and then we made fast another set of ropes and pulleys about fifteen feet higher up; this was for hoisting timber and stuff that we needed."

"How did you get up that fifteen feet?" I inquired.

"Worked up on the stirrups—that is, two nooses around the steeple, each ending in a loop, one for the right foot, one for the left. You stand in the right stirrup and work the left loop up, then you stand in the left stirrup and work the right loop up. Sometimes in hard places you have to throw your nooses around the shaft as a cowboy casts a rope. Come down

some day and watch us work; you'll see the whole thing."

To this invitation I gave glad acceptance; I certainly wished to see this stirrup-climbing process.

"The next thing," continued Mr. Merrill, "was to make another hole in the steeple through a keystone a little below our first hole. In this hole we set a block of Norway pine resting on an iron jack. The block was about a foot square and twenty-two inches high, a big tough piece, you see, and

by screwing up the jack we could make that part as solid as the keystone was. We made this hole on the east side of the steeple, which was the side we wanted her to fall on, the only



LOOKING FROM THE GROUND UPWARD AT ST. PAUL'S SPIRE, BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

side she could fall on without injuring something; and we had it figured out so close that we dug a trench on that side straight out from the steeple's base, ten feet wide and four feet deep, and told people we intended to have the

stretched around. Then we wedged the eight timbers fast so that they formed a sixteen-foot half-collar on the west side of the steeple just opposite our hole where the jack was. In other words, we had the steeple shored in so that when we let her go no loose stones could fall on the west side; everything must fall to the east.

"Last of all, we widened our hole on the east side, stripping away stones until that whole side lay open in a half-circular mouth about four feet high. And in this mouth were two teeth, one might say, that held the stone jaws apart, the iron jack biting into the block of Norway pine. On those two now came the steeple's weight, or, anyhow, one half of it. To knock out one of these teeth would be to leave the east side of the steeple unsupported, with the result that it must topple over in that direction and fall to the ground. Anyway, that was our reasoning, and it seemed sound enough; the only question was how we were going to knock out that block of Norway pine.

"Well, the day of the test came, and I guess five thousand people were there to see what would happen. Everybody was discussing it, and farmers had driven in for miles just as they do for a hanging. You understand I was under the orders of the contractor, and he had his own plan about getting the block out. He proposed to hitch a rope to it, drop this rope to a donkey-engine in the yard, and set the engine winding up the rope. He said the block would have to come out then and the steeple fall. I agreed that the block might come out, but was afraid it would tip up with the strain coming at an angle, and throw the steeple over to the west, just the way we did n't want it to go. And if that steeple ever fell to the west, there was no telling how many people it would kill in the crowd, without counting the damage to houses.

"However, the contractor was boss, and he stuck to it his way was right, so we hitched the engine to the block and set her going. She puffed and tugged a little, and then snapped the rope. We got another rope, and she broke that too. Then we got a stronger rope, and the engine just kicked herself around the yard and had lots of fun, but the block never budged. All that morning we tried one scheme after another to make that engine pull the block out,

whole top of that steeple, say a length of thirty-five feet and a weight of thirty-five tons, come off at one time and land right square in that trench and nowhere else. That 's what we intended to do when it came down.

"Now began the hoisting of materials; first a lot of half-inch

"SOMETIMES IN HARD PLACES
YOU HAVE TO THROW YOUR
NOOSES AROUND THE SHAFT."

wire cable, enough for four turns around the steeple, then eight sixteen-foot timbers, two inches thick and a foot wide, then a lot of maple wedges. We bandaged the steeple with the cable and drew it tight with tackle. Then we lowered the timbers lengthwise inside the cable, which we could do because the steeple was an octagon with ornamented corners, and these left spaces where the wire rope was



but we might as well have hitched the rope to the church; the steeple's weight was too much for us. And all the time the crowd was getting bigger and bigger, until the police could hardly manage it.

"Finally the contractor, being very mad and quite anxious, said he'd be hanged if he could get the block out, and for me to try my scheme, and do it quick, for some men were going about saying the thing was dangerous and ought to be stopped. He did n't have to speak twice before I was on my way up that steeple carrying an inch auger, a fifty-foot fuse, and a stick of dynamite—I'd had them ready for hours. It's queer how people get wind of a thing; the crowd seemed to know in a minute that I was going to use dynamite, and before I was twenty feet up the ladder a police officer was after me, ordering me down. I went right ahead, pretending not to hear, and when I got to the bell-deck he was puffing along ten yards below me. I swung into my 'bosun's saddle' and began pulling myself up outside the steeple, and I guess the whole five thousand people around the church bent back their heads to watch me.

"As soon as I began to rise in the saddle I knew I was all right, for I coiled up the hauling-line on my arm so the officer could n't follow me. All he could do was stand on the bell-deck and gape after me like the rest and growl.

"When I reached the block I bored a six-inch hole into her at a downward slant, and in this I put some crumbs of dynamite,—not much, only about half a teaspoonful,—and then I stuck in the fuse and tamped her solid with sand. Then I lit the other end, dropped it down inside the steeple, and slid down the rope as fast as I could, yelling to the officer that I'd touched her

off. You ought to have seen him get out of that steeple! He never waited to arrest me or anything; he had pressing business on the ground!

"By the time I got down you could see a little trail of bluish smoke drifting away from the hole, and there was a hush over the crowd, except for the police trying to make them stand back behind the ropes. I don't know as I ever saw a bigger crowd; the street was jammed for blocks either way. Well, sir, that was a queer-acting fuse. It smoked and smoked for about ten minutes, and then the smoke stopped. The people began to laugh—they said it had gone out; and the contractor was nearly crazy: he was sure I had made another failure. I did n't know what to think; I just waited. We waited ten minutes, twelve minutes; it seemed like an hour, but nobody dared go up to see what the matter was. Then suddenly the explosion came—no louder than a pistol-crack, for dynamite does n't make much noise, but it stirred me more than a cannon.

"'Start your engine!' I shouted, and the little dummy had just time to wind up half a turn of the hitch-line when the old steeple-top

swayed and broke clean in two, right where the block was, and the whole upper length fell like one piece, fell to the east just as we had planned it, and landed in the trench, every stone of it; there was n't a piece as big as your fingernail, sir, outside that trench. And while she was falling I don't know how many kodaks were snapped in the hope of getting a picture; men and women with cameras had been waiting for hours

on the roofs of high buildings, and two or three of them actually caught a picture of the steeple-top as it hung in the air for a fraction of a second at right angles to the base."



PICTURE OF THE FALLING STEEPLE, PHOTOGRAPHED JUST AFTER THE DYNAMITE EXPLODED. THE FALLING SECTION WAS 35 FEET IN LENGTH AND WEIGHED 35 TONS.

JOHNNY'S MISTAKE.

BY HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS.



JOHNNY'S VISITOR IS HORRIFIED.
(SEE PAGE 304.)

As it was, he had the grammar in his hand, and occasionally his eye fell on the book, but his mind was full of bitter regret at being obliged to stay there, when everything pointed to a fishing excursion.

"It's just nonsense, that's what it is!" cried Johnny, as he slapped the grammar on the ground. "I don't want to talk any better than I do now! Everybody understands what I say. When I say 'It's me,' they know just as well who I mean as if I said 'It's I'—better, when you come to that, for if I said 'It's I,' they would n't believe it was me at all. Now, there's Uncle Fred; he writes books, so he ought to know what he's talking about—and he says that originality is the great thing. There you are! That's what I want. I don't want to talk English, or United States, or French—I want to talk plain John Tapperton. That would be original. Huh! they don't want a boy to show any sense of his own. Every time I try to speak in class, Miss Derwent says: 'Now, I don't wish for any argument, Johnny; there it is in the book, and if you learn it that way it will be perfectly satisfactory to me. You need n't take the trouble to improve it,'—when, if she'd just listen to me, I could show her where the book is wrong in a

minute. Well, I suppose I've got to get that lesson, so here goes."

He sighed deeply, and opened the grammar, reading: "The objective case is governed by—" Johnny stopped there.

"Ho!" said he, "so you're governed, too, are you? Well, I feel sorry for you. I feel sorry for anybody that's governed. They've just governed and civilized all the fun out of everything. Wish I was an Indian. I just wonder what an Indian boy would say if they stuck this old thing in his hands and said: 'Here! learn this rule and the five hundred exceptions.' He'd give it to them!" Johnny lost himself in wondering what form the proud red boy's answer would take. He found some satisfaction in making it very warm. Then he returned to his own affairs. "Or I wish I had a bicycle. Then I could fix a sort of book-rack on the handle-bars, and learn my lesson as I went along. There'd be some fun in that. I could say, 'I'll learn this rule before I get to Mr. French's house'; it would make a sort of game of it—although I don't know that that would work just right, either," he continued thoughtfully. "That's how I came to break Willy Smith's wheel—figuring how I could feed and water the horse without going out to the barn in the morning. I just had it right when I ran into that old baby-carriage. Gracious! what a fuss they made! And it never hurt the baby a single bit. You'd have thought I'd done it on purpose. The nurse had no business to leave the baby in the road that way. As long as they have so many laws, they ought to have one against leaving baby-carriages out in the road for people to run into. Wish I had a million dollars. I'd hire a detective to go after the man who wrote this book, and if he'd ever done anything wrong, I'd send him to jail for the rest of his life." This was such a pleasant fancy that he spent some time in working it out in different ways, lingering over the picture of the author dragged weeping to a dungeon cell. "But I have n't

any million dollars, and I can't do it!" groaned Johnny. "Bother take the grammar! There is n't a bit of sense in it from one cover to the other!"

He leaned back against the tree and shut his eyes, whistling a random tune through his teeth, to which he beat an accompanying tattoo with his fingers on the despised grammar. The tune ran along without Johnny's thinking about it, until at last, to his surprise, a little old gentleman popped out of the ground before him.

Johnny sat up in a hurry and stared at his visitor. He was the most peculiar-looking person that Johnny had ever seen—not over a foot high, very stout, carefully dressed in black clothes, with a shiny beaver hat on his head. He wore large gold-rimmed spectacles, and his expression was dignified and severe.

"H'm!" said the old gentleman, clearing his throat. "Well, my young friend, what can I do for you?"

"Do for me?" replied Johnny, too astonished to have his usual ready wits about him. "Why, I don't know; who are you, sir?"

"I am the one to whom you called but a second ago!"

"Beg your pardon, sir—some mistake here; I did n't call you!" said Johnny.

"You surely did," returned the old gentleman. "You gave the signal on the book which I must obey—I and all other slaves of the book."

Johnny's heart beat quickly. He knew Aladdin as well as anybody.

"Are you a genie?" he asked anxiously.

"Sir," returned the old gentleman, circling his shiny hat in a profound bow, "I am!"

"Well, hooray for you!" cried Johnny. "You're just the man I'm looking for. I want a bicycle, and a million dollars, and a shot-gun, and a dog, and a set of carpenter's tools, and boxing-gloves, and a pound of caramels."

"I'm sorry," said the old gentleman.

"What makes you sorry?" demanded Johnny. He felt chilled by the old gentleman's manner.

"Because those things are not in my regular line at all."

"Well, but can't you get them for me?"

"Oh, I suppose I could; but I'm not interested in those things, and they do not fall in the line of my duties. I, sir, am the Genius of Language."

Johnny's face changed in a manner wonderful to behold.

"If that is n't just my luck!" he groaned. "I can always get slathers of the things I don't want! Well, sir," he continued, speaking to the Genius, "don't let me keep you from anything you've got to do. I don't care for your goods—there's too much language around as it is."

"My dear young friend, that would be impossible! There cannot be too much language. Every word represents an idea, and to say that there could be too many ideas is ridiculous."

"Well, I don't know about that; I seem to have too many ideas," answered Johnny. "They only get me into trouble; so you need n't wait."

"Pooh! Nonsense!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "I must wait. You have summoned me, and I must do my duty. I shall have to attend you from day to day until you have an appreciation of the beauties of language."

"What!" screamed Johnny. "Do you mean to say that you're going to tag around after me all the time?"

"I do not mean to say—I did say," returned the Genius. "It's past tense now."

"I wish you'd passed hence along with it!" sighed Johnny.

The old gentleman took off his spectacles and rubbed them with his handkerchief; then he put them on and looked earnestly at Johnny. "That's not a bad joke for a boy," said he.

"Huh! there you are again—'for a boy,'" said Johnny. "I'm sick of those words. If it is n't a bad joke for a boy, it is n't a bad joke for anybody. I ain't going to stand that 'boy' business forever."

The Genius made an awful face, and shuddered as if he had taken a dose of quinine. "Don't say 'ain't'—to oblige me, please don't say it," he begged.

Johnny looked at him in wonder. It seemed like a great fuss over a trifle. Then a thought came to him that set his heart beating. "He

said he could get them for me," Johnny said to himself, "and I believe I can make him." He

The effect of this awful speech on the old gentleman was greater than Johnny had even hoped. He turned pale and trembled; he had to take hold of a bush to support himself. "Oh, my young friend, this is terrible!" he moaned. "I simply cannot stand it! Such language! My dear child, if you will only desist, I shall see about those trifles for which you asked at first, but let me entreat you to adopt some manner of speaking which is n't quite so underbred!"

Now here, of course, is where Johnny should have stopped. He had his heart's desires in his reach; the bicycle, the million dollars, the shot-gun, the dog, and all the rest of the things were his for the asking. But his great fault was not to know when to stop. He was carried away with the success of his plan, and the feeling of power it gave him, so he said:

"Why, I don't believe I've got no way of speaking which ain't no underbredder."



"A LITTLE OLD GENTLEMAN POPPED OUT OF THE GROUND BEFORE HIM."

continued aloud: "What 's the matter with 'ain't'? It did n't ought to be such a poor word."

The old gentleman staggered back, gasping for breath. "Oh, mercy!" he cried.

"I hope there ain't—I mean, is n't—nothing the matter with you?" inquired Johnny, politely. "I was just going to say that I used to could make out without saying 'ain't,' but lately—very lately—it seems to get brung into everything I 'm a-goin' to say."

The old gentleman gave a feeble bleat, and dropped to the ground with a sound like a large apple falling. His little high hat rolled away over the grass.

Johnny stood stupefied for a second at this result. Then he ran to the old gentleman. "Pshaw!" he said. "He 's only fainted." But when he came to look at his victim closely, there was no concealing the truth. The Genius was undergoing some mysterious change.

"Can't I get you a drink of water?" asked Johnny, frightened at the other's appearance.

"Let me alone, young man," answered the Genius, in a sad, weak voice. "Leave me to my troubles—it is too late for succor. I am a cleft infinitive, a verb without a subject!"

These remarks were all grammar to Johnny, but the tone convinced him that the old gentleman took a serious view of the situation, so he said encouragingly, "Oh, I hope the case is n't so bad as that!" Still, while he tried to be brave about it, his heart swelled with disappointment. The old gentleman *was* vanishing, and with him would go all hopes of bicycles, millions of dollars, and the rest of it. It was a bitter, bitter disappointment. As usual, he first cast around for some one else to lay the blame upon, but not with success. It was Johnny's fault,—every bit of it,—and for once in his life he admitted the truth. "I have been altogether too smart this time," he whispered to himself. Meanwhile the Genius was repeating Johnny's words.

"The case!" he murmured. "Circum-

stances alter cases! A moment ago," he continued, tapping himself on the chest with one pudgy finger, "I could proudly and grammatically say that this corporeal entity was mine; now all my feeble strength can compass is to shout, without regard for truth, grammar, rhetoric, or the rights of man—to shout, I say: 'It's ME - - - - E-E-E-EA—OWOOO!'"

At this startling and unexpected ending, which seemed to roar in his ears with a stunning clamor, the boy sprang up, knocking a furry something full twenty feet away in one frightened, vigorous sweep of his arm.

"Why!" he cried, in complete astonishment, the stately old gentleman of the moment before blending confusedly with a very real and offended black cat, which stood glaring at him from a distance. "Huh! was it you, Captain, old boy? Well, you nearly scared the life out of me!" Then he thought recent events over soberly. "It was only a dream," he said to himself; "but there's no doubt about it—I *was* too smart. I'll turn over a new leaf tomorrow; but just now I think I'll go fishing."





Abigail's Sampler.

BY ELSIE HILL.

ROSES rioting everywhere
On the yellowing canvas square,
Sweet forget-me-nots bright between
Sheltering leaves of tender green,
Pansy-flower and violet
And many a blossom nameless yet
(Stranger blossom than ever grows
Safe in grandmother's garden rows),
Pink and purple and crimson-red—
Nearly a hundred years have fled,
Yet never a color deigns to fade
In the sampler Abigail made.

Framed in pillars of gold and blue,
Peaceful the scene that meets the view:
A fair road leading an inch or more
Upward straight to a farm-house door;
Patches of greensward smooth and wide,
Sentinel poplars either side
(Done in a style that warrants pride);
And in the foreground, woolly, white,
Twin lambs grazing with all their might—
Lambs whose like was ne'er seen before,
Twice the size of the farm-house door!

Little demure-eyed Quaker witch,
Where did you learn that ancient stitch?
Far away in the cunning East,
Dark-browed girls with stitches like these
Wreathe in sumptuous broideries
Robes that gleam at the Sultan's feast.
But you sat in a straight-backed chair,
Skirt and bodice of sober gray,
Stiff cap hiding your shining hair,
Thinking, no doubt, 't were sin to wear
Garments gayer in tint than they;
A little wishing, perhaps,—who knows?—
For a kerchief bordered in green and rose!

Patiently toiled she, day by day,
In the dame-school over the way,
Till in the cross-stitch, primly set,
Slanted her thrice-told alphabet:
Large square letters, distinct and fine;
Tiny letters that twist and twine
In curious curves; then straight, to show
How use with beauty must ever go.
Read the verse that she put below:

**As thus my hand with artful aim
Confirms the useful needle's fame
So may my actions every part
Be aim'd alone to mend my heart.**

And lastly, for all the world to scan:
We read 't was

Wrought by Abigail Ann.

The date then follows in figures fine:

1829.

Throned in state on the entry wall,
Not a neighbor who chanced to call
But must linger awhile to see
All the splendor of flower and tree.
Modestly then the household heard,
Checking each over-glowing word;
Not *too* lavish the praise must be,
Not *too* frequent, lest vanity
Lurk in the heart of Abigail P.

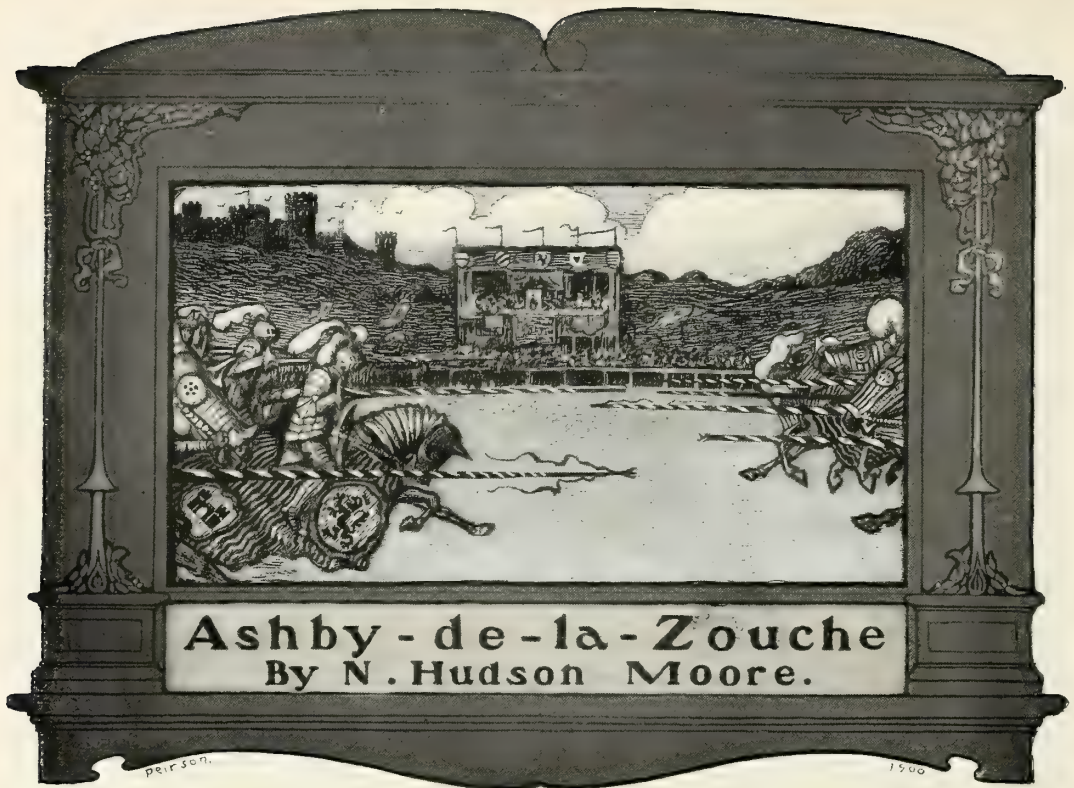
Side by side on my wall to-day
Many a spoil of work and play,
Many a trophy quaint or rare,
Drifted from lands beyond the sea,
Tells its story serenely there;
But, unshadowed by print or shelf,
Hangs the sampler, all by itself.

Newer treasures may deck my wall,
Somehow I like this best of all!

And when a childish hand is bold
Gently to part and draw aside

Curtains behind whose silken fold
Abigail's roses and lilies hide,
Somehow I feel a thrill of pride—
Such a thrill as *you* used to know,
Little Abigail, long ago!





A VISIT TO ASHBY CASTLE, AND TO THE FIELD WHERE, SIR WALTER SCOTT TELLS US,
IVANHOE JOUSTED MORE THAN SEVEN HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

THERE were three of us in the party: Dorian, who knew history, and Helena, and I.

We had made many quaint and delightful trips to out-of-the-way places that had once been famous. We had ridden in strange vehicles, or walked or wheeled, but our excursions had always been successful.

When Dorian told us we were going to Ashby-de-la-Zouche I prepared for something nice, and looked it out on the map. Such a tiny pin-prick as it looks on the map! and yet some hundreds of years ago all the greatest knights in Europe strove to be there.

Where now the farmer and the weaver ply their trades, there once the armorer blew his hand-forge to weld or rivet or repair armor, or at a pinch to forge a spear-head or set a sword.

The town preserves many of its old customs. It has four fairs each year for the sale of cattle or grain, and still another, the last Monday in September, for the hiring of servants for the ensuing year. They assemble in a meadow, and

are chosen by their would-be masters. There are two schools for boys, one founded in the sixteenth century, one in the seventeenth. In the oldest school the boys wear green coats; in the later, blue coats; and whenever a blue coat and a green coat meet there is likely to be trouble!

In the old Church of St. Helen's there is a "finger pillory,"—two boards which may be locked together, leaving holes in which fingers may be pinched if their owner has whispered or giggled in service-time.

The town of Ashby is only fourteen miles from Leicester, a busy, bustling city where they make thousands of pairs of shoes and stockings.

When we stepped out of the station at Ashby and looked up the long, straggling street, it seemed as if it had not changed since the days of Prince John and his tourney, in 1194, except to grow a little older. We walked a few steps across the street and put up at "The Royal," a little old inn where they seemed much flustered over the sudden arrival of three guests.

"Did we come to take the baths?"

"No; we came to see the castle and the tournament-field. Could they give us a carriage?"

"Well," answered the landlady, after a long pause, "we have no carriage, but I think you can have the bounce."

As I said, we were quite hardened by this time as to what we rode in, so when the bounce drove up, we got in, and it turned out to be something like a small stage or a T-cart.

"Take us first to the castle," said Dorian, and as we drove up the village street we saw a large sign telling the merit of the "Ivanhoe Salt Baths."

We turned from the main street, and the beautiful ruin rose before us as you see it in the upper picture. This castle, famous alike in history and romance, is one of those described by Sir Walter Scott in "Ivanhoe."

floated through the window a cheerful shout, "Love, thirty!"

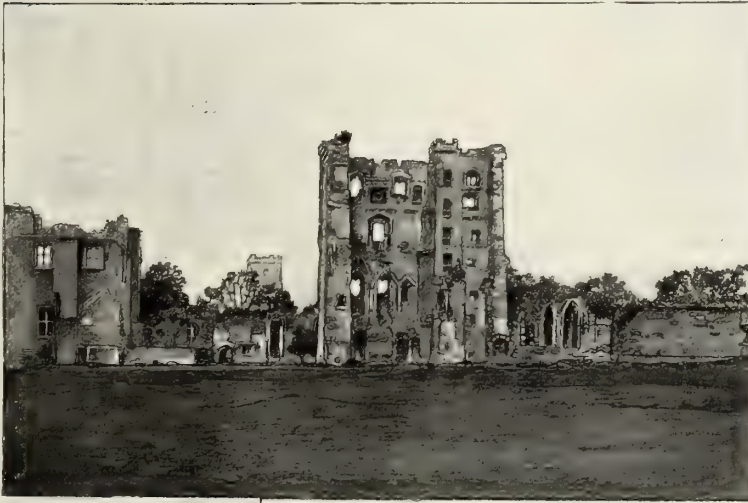
It came from the tennis-court belonging to the bishop of the diocese, whose gardens include the ruins of the castle.

This very modern voice broke the spell of romance but at least there remained the scenes of more authentic history. Dorian said: "Besides the spell woven about this castle by Sir Walter, it has a true historic interest all its own. It was built about 1480 by Baron Hastings, who was beheaded here by Richard III."

I noticed that Dorian seemed very anxious to find a particular room, and at last we came to one with a beautiful carved fire-place, and with carving about the door. "This is the room where Mary Queen of Scots was imprisoned for some years under the charge of the Earl of Huntingdon, before she was taken to

gloomy Fotheringay," said Dorian; and we wondered if Mary had looked often from the window where we stood.

"In 1603 the castle was visited by Anne, Queen of James I., and in 1617



With that fascinating volume of the Waverley Novels in my hand, I entered the old ruin.

I had just begun to read aloud some of the most thrilling and romantic scenes from the delightful story when there



TWO VIEWS OF THE RUINS OF THE CASTLE AT ASHBY.

by King James himself. The Earl of Huntingdon gave such feasts, such hunts, and the king had so many in his retinue, that after the visit was over the earl was forced to sell twenty-four manors and thirty-two lordships to pay for it."

"I should think he could have stayed a year at that rate," said I. But Dorian told us the visit lasted just seventeen days.

The cheerful voices from the tennis-court kept bringing us back forcibly to the present day, until we went back to the bounce.

Dorian bade the driver take us to "the field."

"What field, sir?"

"Why, the tournament-field."

"I don't just know where it might be, sir."

"I mean the field where they used to fight — have battles in olden days!" exclaimed Dorian.

A gleam of intelligence came over the driver's face. "Oh, yes, I know now"; and away we went, bouncing over every stone we met, for the vehicle had no springs.

We wondered, as we looked about, if the knights cantered up this road on the way to the tourney, when the driver, with a flourish, drove us into a field, exclaiming: "Here we are, sir."

Imagine how we felt when we found he had brought us to the summer encampment of the local militia! There they were, with their red coats, and a neat row of tents in the back-ground. This was the only "field" he knew.

"No, he 'd never heard of any battles or 'jests' in his day — no, never."

We bounced back to The Royal, but the landlady was equally ignorant; so we repeated our often-tested plan, and went to see the book-seller of the town.

"Yes, he knew all about it; it was about two miles from town along the Smeasby road, on Hall's farm." So, after dinner, we started to walk there, having had quite enough of the bounce; and a lovely walk it was, just at sunset.

We found the Halls, and Mrs. Hall herself showed us a book inscribed with the names of many notable men who had been there. As Dorian added "America" to our names, Mrs. Hall said, in her sweet English voice:

"I never saw but one American before. He

came to see the field when I was quite a child. I remember it well."

As the dew was falling she sent her granddaughter to show us the way, saying:

"Gerty, take the gentleman to see the great mowing-field, but don't trample the grass."

A short walk, and it lay before us — a long flat field, with the ground on either side slightly rising, forming a vantage-ground for the tiers of seats where the spectators had sat.

At the ends were built the lists, in the days of the last great tournament, inclosing a level space about a quarter of a mile long and half as broad. At the two ends were stout wooden gates for entrance, wide enough to admit two horsemen riding abreast. At these gates stood the heralds, to announce the knights, trumpeters, and attendants, to keep order, and to see to the rank of those who wished to take part. The Queen of Love and Beauty sat on an elevated platform about the middle of the field, so as to see the full shock of the combat.

Besides the single combat, where only two knights engaged, in the second day there was generally a *mêlée*, where all who applied, provided their credentials were sufficient, might engage.

Here at Ashby, at this last "gentle and joyous joust," sixty knights on each side, arranged in double tiers, rushed forward to encounter their sixty rivals, while their ladies looked on, and applauded or wept as the fortunes of their champions rose or fell.

It was a peaceful scene now — a new moon in the sky, the sounds of the day all hushed, and the long grass waving over that once bloody field.

We trudged home through the mellow dusk, and as we went heard that silvery herald, the nightingale, singing in a copse by the roadside, a very different strain from the wild, barbaric music which accompanied the knights as they rode into the lists.

The old chronicles mention this tournament as the "Gentle and Joyous Passage of Arms at Ashby," because only four men were killed outright, one smothered by his armor, sixty so injured they either died or were crippled for life — few who took part escaping unscathed.



DRAWN BY ROSE MUELLER SPRAGUE.

WAITING FOR FATHER.



"WHAT WAS IT? IN THE TWILIGHT IT LOOMED AS BIG AS AN OX." (SEE STORY, "THE MONARCH OF ST. ELIAS.")

THE MONARCH OF ST. ELIAS.

BY FRANK LILLIE POLLOCK.

A MINER'S MEETING WITH AN ENORMOUS ANIMAL—HE THINKS HE SLAYS THE BIG CREATURE, BUT LOSES HIM, IN SPITE OF SKILL AND BRAVERY—WHAT WAS IT?

It is not often remembered by most people that there were about three hundred miners in the Yukon territory for years previous to the big finds, laboriously panning out gold at the rate of about four dollars a day. They are now quite unable to account for their missing the present rich mines, and the fact that they had been missing them for years made these veterans somewhat suspicious of the rush in '96; for, like a prophet, a gold boom is often least honored in its own country. Now some of them are thinking regretfully of millions just overlooked. I know, for I was one of them.

There were three of us in '94—Lowden from Seattle, Eustache the French-Canadian, and myself. We were not exactly in the Klondike region that season, but in the southwestern portion—the Mount St. Elias district. We had prospected all that section in July and August, and finding the richest signs on an unnamed creek between the head of the Chittyna River and Lake Kluahne, we built a dug-out cabin and applied ourselves to "burning out" our claim. Snow flew in October, but we kept it out of the diggings, and exhumed large quantities of dirt from the "pay streak," in readiness for the spring wash-up. We were not too abundantly supplied with provisions, and as our stock diminished we became more dependent upon what game we could shoot in the hills. This method of provisioning took time, and we disliked it on that account, for hunting weather is mining weather; but it was on these expeditions that we heard of the "Monarch of St. Elias."

The Indians told us of it, and nobody knew exactly what it was. Their accounts seemed to indicate a sort of bear, but of a weird and novel species. They described the animal as of gigantic size and terrible ferocity, exceeding in these particulars even the northern grizzly.

More than that, it was able to climb trees with facility, and did not sleep through the winter, but continued its awful career regardless of season. Few of them had ever seen the beast, and those few had not stayed to examine its peculiarities. Their fear of it was extreme, and not a savage of them would hunt in the region which it had taken for its own.

We white men did not devote much consideration to these legends, being miners and not hunters. We believed the animal, if not merely a superstition of the aborigines, to be some old grizzly of unusual size, and temper-sharpened by age. As to his tree-climbing and other strange abilities, we took them for pure fiction. One detail which made us regard the whole thing as mythical was the firm asseverations of the Indians that the animal had *always* inhabited the Mount St. Elias—ever since the coming of their race.

We had intended going out for supplies to the trading-post of the Alaska Company, eighty miles south, at New Year's, but a blizzard intervened. On the day after Christmas a terrific snow-storm set in from the west, and for nearly a week there was no going outside the cabin. In fact, the cabin itself was so completely buried that when we at last got out it showed merely as a smoking snowdrift—a sort of arctic volcano.

On January 9 the weather was fine and clear, but cold—so cold! We had a little tin thermometer at the cabin, and the mercury stayed in the bulb all day long—which was not so long, after all, for the sun did not rise until half-past ten, and disappeared again at half-past two. But the question of food was an increasingly serious one. We were short already, and in Alaska a man simply cannot *live* without plenty of fat meat, sugar, and hot tea. I was the only one who knew the way to the trading-post, so they gave me an allow-

ance of the scanty "grub," and bundled me off upon my snowshoes several hours before day-break on the morning of the 10th.

The snowshoeing was good, though somewhat soft, and I expected to be back within eight days. It was quite dark in the creek bottom when I started, but away to the south Mount St. Elias held up a perfect white cone, touched at the peak with a crimson flush, like a finger-tip. Toward this gigantic landmark I went all through the protracted morning twilight, at the long snowshoe trot of the voyageur. I traveled light. The narrow toboggan I dragged behind me held merely my rifle, ax, sleeping outfit, camp-kettle, and a few pounds of provisions.

By degrees the ruddy tinge crept down the snowy cone, and at its appointed time the sun came up, cold and white, in the southeast. It described its brief arc behind the mountain's shoulder, and sank out of sight again in about five hours, when St. Elias again colored brilliantly, fading gradually till he at last stood up clearly white in the early moonlight. It was long after dark when I camped in a sheltered gorge, and it was long before dawn when I set out again. I crossed the western spur of the mountain and, as there is no temptation to dawdle with the mercury at -30° , I arrived on the third day at the company's little settlement.

I remained there about thirty hours, and bought bacon, flour, sugar, and beans, giving raw gold-dust in payment. It snowed heavily on the second day, so that when I set out on the return journey I found the traveling very heavy, snowshoes and toboggan sinking deep into the fleecy covering. It was about 7 A.M. when I started, for daylight is too small a subject for consideration at that season, and there was a moon.

I quickly foresaw that I would be able to return by no means as rapidly as I had come. Perhaps the difficulties of the road made me careless as to my direction. At any rate, after about eight hours of hard tugging and tramping uphill, I suddenly came out upon the face of a precipice, upon which the trail shelved away into nothingness. I looked about me. The place was perfectly unfamiliar to me.

Above, the mountain sloped gently up a fire-grown slope; but, beneath, the cliff dropped sheer to a depth that made me dizzy to think of. I retreated a few rods, and tried to think where I had missed my way. But I was tired enough to sleep without taking off my snowshoes, and I presently decided to camp where I was till dawn, and then to retrace my steps.

I was close under the central peak of Mount St. Elias. The great cone seemed to hang threateningly right over my head; I had to look almost straight up to see the summit. A perpendicular face of rock offered an excellent wind-break, and I camped in a clump of spruces that grew against it. Half a dozen of these I cut down, transformed the trunks and limbs into fire-wood and the twigs into a mattress, and lighted a blaze close against the cliff-side.

The bitterly cold east wind did not reach me in my shelter, but from time to time a great cloud of dry snow would be blown from some heights above and come sifting in a powdery shower through the tree-tops. It was long after sunset, but a semi-moon shone brilliantly, if now and then, through driving cloud-rack, and lighted the somber wilderness. It was going to be a bitterly cold night, and after supper I laid in a stock of fire-wood, heaped on a dozen logs, and proceeded to *dress* for bed. An extra pair of caribou-skin socks I put on, three extra pairs of moccasins, a woolen cap under my fur one, and two pairs of gloves, and, thus fortified, I wrapped myself in three pairs of blankets, and crawled into my sleeping-bag, which I buttoned up over my head.

I was awakened sharply by a nervous sensation—that nightmare feeling of peril that becomes an instinct with frontiersmen accustomed to sleep in danger. The bag was close around my head and I could see nothing; but I felt cold. I had an impression that the fire had become low; then I heard a faint underground rumble, and I unfastened the flap of the bag and looked out.

The fire had burned very low, and had sunk almost out of sight in a hollow of its own making. The heat had laid bare a portion of the neighboring rock wall, and for the first

time I observed what appeared to be the upper end of a large crack or crevice in the rock. It seemed about three feet wide, and the lower part was still concealed by the snow, and from this opening came again the deadened rumble I had heard.

Vague ideas of an earthquake entered my drowsy mind, but I had no time given me for speculation. A huge dark mass seemed to project itself from the cave. There was a snarl, a powerful wild-beast odor, and the faint light gave me a horrible glimpse of cavernous jaws, gleaming tusks, and a wrinkled, hairy face, about three feet from my own.

With a startled shout, I executed a wild roll and somersault backward, sleeping-bag and all, into the deep snow behind me. I went completely out of sight, I suppose, into the fluffy drifts, and continued to wallow, panic-stricken, to get as far as possible from that frightful apparition.

After several moments of frenzied endeavor to efface myself, I became conscious that I was not pursued, and paused to look cautiously back. My visitant still stood in the camp, gazing fixedly in my direction. But what was it? In the twilight it loomed as big as an ox—a long, thin-flanked, tailless body, with almost the shape of a panther, and the attitude of a bear. I could not clearly make out its color, which was probably a dark gray or brown.

Up to this moment I had not thought of the mysterious beast of the Indians, but at sight of this gigantic unknown creature I recalled the savage stories with a thrill of superstitious horror. Its appearance had been so sudden that my nerves were badly shaken. I endeavored to collect myself, and lay breathing heavily, with my eyes fixed upon the strange animal, that stood still, swinging its head with a sinuous and yet bear-like movement.

I was so involved in the drifts that I suppose I was almost invisible, and after a few curious snorts the beast turned away and walked slowly around my camp. In this promenade it came upon something which it investigated with loud sniffs, and which I afterward ascertained to have been the flour-sack. In a moment more I heard the strong

cloth go *r-r-r-p*. Next it lighted upon the sugar-bag, and I immediately heard a piggish sound of feeding.

This action of the beast affected me with an amazing sense of relief; it was so very natural, so very bearish. The gloom and impressiveness of the surroundings, and the dramatic effect and mystery of the animal's appearance, had strangely worked upon me; but this awe began to be replaced by the hunter's instinct; besides, I was enraged at the destruction of our priceless supplies. But presently both these emotions were blotted out by the intense cold. I cannot even attempt to convey to a southerner how cold it was. The air seemed fairly to crackle with the frost. The wind had gone down; so had the moon; and the silence in that ghastly desert was like death itself, and death I knew it would be if I remained long motionless in that temperature without a fire.

But my fire was in the possession of the adversary, and so were my matches, and, worst of all, my rifle. In spite of my numerous wrappings, I began to shiver, partly with cold and partly with excitement, as I tried to think of some plan for circumventing the beast, which was still guzzling its—or rather our—sweets.

If I could only get the brute away from the camp long enough for me to get my Winchester and put on my snowshoes, I would have it at a disadvantage in the deep snow. But at present I had little doubt that it could move with much more facility than I could. Thus I felt a natural reluctance to attract its attention, and at the same time I had no idea that it would return to its cave. I did not wish it to do this, in fact, for I became determined to solve the mystery while I had the opportunity, since I had no doubt that this creature was the Indians' legendary terror.

Several minutes passed while I considered the situation and grew numb. Finally I disengaged myself from sleeping-bag and blankets, and waded up close to the edge of the trampled camp-space. The animal ceased its operations at my approach, and bristled up, standing tensely on guard and snarling viciously. In desperate resolution, I packed a large snowball as well as I could from the

dry snow, and threw it at the animal. The snow hit the animal on the ear.

With a savage roar it rushed at me. The moment it left the camp it plunged over its back, and I floundered aside from its charge. In the instant thus gained I struggled into the camp, and had time to seize the gun and to draw it from its buckskin cover before the beast turned. The plunge into the light snow seemed to bewilder it for a second. It wheeled, however, and made at me, coming through the drifts like a snow-plow; and as it came I shot full at its breast.

There was a long streak of dazzling flame, and a crashing report that mingled with a coughing roar. Through the smoke I hazily perceived the brute still plunging toward me, blood streaming down its chest and shoulders, and its little wicked eyes fairly blazing in the gloom. I fired again as it came on, and leaped aside to avoid the rush. It went blindly past me for a few feet, and then dropped, bleeding profusely, upon the snow.

It lay quite still for a few moments, and I approached the possible corpse with considerable circumspection. At a range of ten feet I fired again, aiming at the fatal spot at the base of the ear; but my hand shook as I pulled.

The shot acted like magic. At the report, the animal sprang bodily into the air, horrible with extended claws and wide, gory jaws. Blood and snow flew in every direction. Without knowing how it happened, I found myself plunging into the snow again with huge strides, frantically wrenching at the lever of my rifle, which had for a moment jammed. But when I looked back the foe had not followed. It had started, as if dazed, in the opposite direction, and was plowing through the snow, leaving a trail as if a team of horses had passed.

I hastened to put on my snowshoes and follow; but in the few moments thus lost the beast gained several rods, and was already out of sight in the gloom. I had some idea

of what was going to happen, and shuffled over the snow at a run. When I had the animal in view again, it was near the precipice, and still charging blindly forward. I fired twice without stopping it or making it turn, and in another instant over it went. I heard a dull thump as its body struck some projecting crag, and then there was silence. I might listen long before I would hear the sound of its fall from the bottom of that deep abyss.

The mystery had eluded me to the last. But I investigated the hole from which it proceeded, and found it the mouth of a cavern, running down for some distance among the rocks. It had been masked by the drifts before my fire had melted them away. Whether the animal was hibernating there or was merely snowed up by the great storm, I cannot guess. According to the Indians' story, the latter would be most probable.

I picked up the correct trail without difficulty on the morrow, with the firm resolve to return as soon as possible, seek out some means of access to the bottom of the chasm, and search for the body of my strange antagonist. But ill fortune again intervened, for I arrived at our cabin in the midst of a blinding snow-storm which effectually obliterated my old trail, and I could form no definite notion of the course I had taken when I went astray.

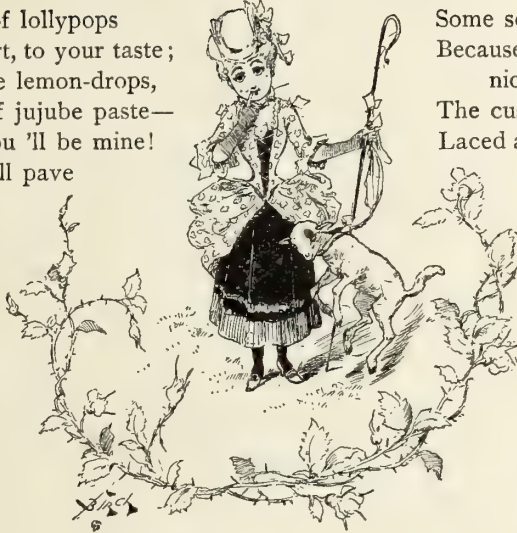
Neither can I offer any reasonable theory as to the nature of the beast I slew. Of course, it is not impossible that there are actually new species in the unexplored Alaskan wilderness, but this is a somewhat desperate hypothesis.* Eustache argued that it might have been a "cinnamon" bear strayed up from the south and grown thin with the increased rigor of the struggle for existence. At any rate, we never encountered another specimen, though we observed that the death of the beast had not put an end to the Indians' fears. According to them, it continued to rule savagely over its icy St. Elias domain.

* The recent Harriman expedition to Alaska reports the discovery of a species of bear as big as an ox. Possibly the Monarch of St. Elias was one of these "Kadiak bears."

A VALENTINE.

BY ANNA M. PRATT.

I 'LL build a house of lollypops
Just suited, Sweetheart, to your taste;
The windows shall be lemon-drops,
The doors shall be of jujube paste—
 Heigh-o, if you 'll be mine!
With peppermints I 'll pave
 the walks;
A little garden, too,
 I 'll sow
With seeds that send
up sweetened
stalks
On which bright
candied violets
grow—
 Heigh-o, my
 Valentine!



Some seats of sassafras I 'll make
Because I know you think it 's
 nice;
The cushions shall be jelly-cake
Laced all around with lemon-ice—
 Heigh-o, if you 'll
 be mine!
We 'll have a party every
day,
And feast on cream and
honeydew;
And though you 're only
six, we 'll play
That I am just as young
as you—
 Heigh-o, sweet
 Valentine!

A FRIGATE'S NAMESAKE.

BY ALICE BALCH ABBOT.

[This story was begun in the November number.]

CHAPTER VIII.

THE Boston Express, due in New York at four o'clock, was already fifteen minutes late.

For the last half-hour Mr. Henry Bruce had been pacing the platform of the Grand Central Station, and more than once he had glanced from the open watch in his hand to the far-away entrance of the great car-shed.

At length the watch-cover was shut with a click, and, feeling its snake-like way along the shining rails, the expected train crept slowly to its place. With a final harsh twist of the brakes, it came to a standstill, and the crowd of passengers poured forth. More than half the number had passed before Mr. Bruce caught sight of the sailor-cap for which he was watching.

The heartiest of greetings followed. Then Essex thanked Mrs. Carson for her care, bade her good-by, and turned quickly to Mr. Bruce.

"This is the check for my satchel, and this

for Alert, Mr. Bruce. *Do* you think we could go to him right away?"

"Certainly. Jenkins," handing the first check to a waiting footman, "have this taken to the carriage. Now for the collie; I fear his feelings will be wrought up by this time."

As they approached the three baggage-cars that had come with the train, a sharp bark rang through the station, and from the farthest of the cars there bounded out upon the platform a wriggling mass of tan and white, which, circling wildly about a station official, caused him to whirl as rapidly in order to keep his hold upon the chain connecting him with his lively charge.

"Let him go," Mr. Bruce called out.

With a bound that nearly knocked the official over, Alert dashed forward to where Essex stood. Then, standing erect on his hind legs, he placed his paws on her shoulders, and snuggled his handsome head close against hers.

"He has never done that but once before," said Essex, as they walked toward the station

entrance, "and that was when mother and I came back after three days in Boston."

"Does the gentleman object to driving?" asked Mr. Bruce, pausing before the brougham awaiting them at the curb outside the station.

"Not at all. But do you think he ought to be allowed in such a nice carriage? Could n't he run alongside?"

There was evidently to be no question of allowing or not, for as Mr. Bruce handed Essex to her seat, Alert took matters into his own hands,—or rather feet,—sprang in after her, and having settled himself close against her knees, laid his nose on the window-sill and, with eyes and ears at sharpest attention, prepared himself for all the new sights and sounds.

"Did Mrs. Carson prove an entertaining traveling companion?" asked Mr. Bruce, as the carriage drove off.

"She slept most of the time."

"And did you keep her company?"

"Oh, no; I had too much to think about."

Mr. Bruce's next question apparently changed the subject:

"Miss Essex, how good a hand are you at the business of early rising?"

The eyes under the sailor-cap twinkled.

"Uncle says a very fine one if there is anything to rise for."

"Would you call a before-breakfast drive to Trinity Churchyard anything?"

The delight in the upturned face made any other answer unnecessary.

"I thought you would want to go there as soon as possible. If you had not made so long a journey, and if Aunt Nancy were not so eager to see you, we might have done it this afternoon. But in the morning it will be quieter. I should not set such an early hour, only we shall be obliged to be aboard the yacht by ten in order to be sure of meeting the ships in the bay."

The delightful hints in Mr. Bruce's remarks quite took Essex's breath away, and the greater part of the drive was spent in a happy dream of the pleasures in store.

At length the carriage turned out of the broad avenue into a large square, and stopped before an old-fashioned red-brick house.

The footman opened the door. Mr. Bruce helped his little guest to alight, and, side by

side, with Alert a close third, they went up the wide stone steps.

The stately butler and high-ceiled hall had somewhat of a depressing effect upon Essex. Had it not been for the pressure of Alert's head under her hand, she might almost have wished herself at home again.

And then, in the curtained doorway at the left, appeared the dearest little old lady that she had ever seen—such a *picture* of an old lady, with puffs of white hair and soft pink cheeks, and brown eyes as bright and merry as those of a girl in her teens.

Essex gave one glance into the lovely face lit by the sweetest smile of welcome, then, taking a hasty step forward, found herself held close with a clasp more like her mother's than any other she had ever known.

For a moment she was held so in silence; then a voice matching the face in sweetness said softly:

"There is simply no question at all as to the form of salute proper for this member of the United States navy!" And Essex, lifting her face for the lady's kiss, knew instinctively that she and Mr. Bruce's Aunt Nancy were to be dear friends for always.

At this juncture, guest number two decided that some attention was certainly due a dog who wore a brand-new collar and had just successfully accomplished a first drive in a brougham. Therefore a mildly insistent paw was laid upon one of the arms clasped about his little mistress.

Miss Bruce immediately accepted the hint, and shook the offered member with such cordiality that Alert, falling back upon his hind legs, proceeded to offer both paws at once. The greetings being finished, Miss Bruce summoned a bright-faced maid from the rear of the hall.

"Here is Mary," she said, "who will show you to your room and unpack your belongings, and do anything else you may require. Only, remember, there is to be no changing of gowns, or anything that is not strictly necessary. There is hardly an hour before dinner, and I want every moment to-night, so that we may start in as the best of old friends on the enjoyment of to-morrow."

It was a very pretty chintz-decked little room

to which Mary led the way, with an open doorway connecting it with a larger one.

"You see, you are to be right next to Miss Bruce," the maid explained, as she opened the satchel and laid the toilet articles on the dainty dressing-table.

In the shortest possible time Essex was on her way downstairs. Miss Bruce was awaiting her by the library fire.

"Sit here, dear," she said, pointing to a little rocker close beside her. "You have been delightfully quick and—" She suddenly stopped. "I am sure I smell arbutus."

"Yes, ma'am; here they are," and Essex laid a little cluster of pink-and-white blossoms in the lady's lap. "I picked them yesterday, and most people think that the ones growing on our marsh islands are sweeter than any others."

Miss Nancy laid the dainty posy against her face, taking a long breath of its fragrance.

"I am quite ready to agree with 'most people.' I wonder if we have any dish pretty enough for them."

"I thought perhaps you would wear them," said Essex, shyly.

"Why, that would be best, would n't it; and will you fasten them in? Only save out two of the prettiest sprays for Henry's buttonhole."

As Essex laid the bunch of May-flowers against the mass of white tulle that ornamented the neck and front of the lady's dress, she caught sight of the pin holding the soft folds in place.

It was only a plain daguerreotype, set in a single row of pearls; but the face—that of a boy about sixteen—was of such unusual charm that she speedily forgot all else as she looked at the bright, dancing eyes and merry curved mouth apparently just ready to broaden into a ringing laugh.

Miss Nancy's "Well, dear, is there any trouble?" brought her back to the moment's duty.

"Oh, no; I was looking—" Before finishing her sentence Essex gave a quick glance upward. "It *must* be your brother!" she exclaimed.

"It is, dear; my brother Dick, who died out in China when he was only nineteen."

"Was he the one whom Admiral Farragut knew?"

"Then Henry has told you his story?"

"No, ma'am; only that one thing, and that he was a midshipman." As she spoke, Essex gave a finishing touch to the flowers, taking, at the same time, another long look at the pictured face. "I do wish—" she began, then suddenly realized that she was about to indulge in her dangerous habit of thinking aloud.

Miss Bruce took both little hands in hers.

"Wish what, dear?"

There was no resisting the coaxing tone.

"I was only thinking that if I were not quite such a stranger, perhaps you would be willing to tell me about him."

"Stranger!" exclaimed Miss Bruce. "My dear little girl, do you think that when two people have thought the same thoughts and cherished the same desires and admired the same heroes, that such a word ought ever to be applied to one of them?"

Essex looked mystified. "I am afraid I do not quite understand," she said. An expression of amazement came into Miss Nancy's face.

"Can it be true that Henry never told you that I have loved navy ships and people and their doings, just as you have, all my life, and that my dearest wish was to name a war-ship? Oh, that boy!" And Miss Bruce shook a threatening knitting-needle at her nephew as he came into the room at that moment.

"Aunt Nancy, I verily believe that you have let the cat out of the bag!"

"Henry Bruce, to think of this child's having no idea what sort of an old lady she was about to visit!"

"But she came," was Mr. Bruce's quiet rejoinder.

"And I had your letter," added Essex.

"It should have been a very different one had I not been sure that Henry had told you all the necessary facts." Then, turning to her nephew, "How did you happen not to do it?"

"No one will ever know what a piece of self-denial it was. But, somehow, I fancied that it might be rather a pleasant experience for you yourself to make known your navy-blueness to Miss Essex, and," with a smiling glance at the radiantly satisfied expression of the little guest's face, "you will never be able to convince me that I made the slightest mistake."

"Miss Essex," said Mr. Bruce, as they re-

turned to the library after dinner, "I am sorry to say that I shall be obliged to be away this evening. What *will* you and Aunt Nancy find to talk about?"

The only answer given to this question was the happiest of laughs from the occupant of the little rocking-chair, which, it is needless to say, was drawn as close to that of Miss Bruce as could be managed with comfort.

"Very well," said the gentleman, holding out his hand. "Good night; my turn will come in the morning."

For the few moments after he had gone, the two rocking-chairs traveled diligently back and forth to the sole accompaniment of Miss Bruce's knitting-needles.

The silence was broken by the lady's asking:

"How would you like to have the story now?"

There was no need of a spoken answer. The gray-blue eyes, lifted first to the pearl-encircled miniature and thence to Miss Nancy's face, gave more than sufficient assent.

CHAPTER IX.

"My brother Dick," began Miss Nancy, "was a year and a half younger than I; but as I had always been rather frail, and for that reason somewhat backward in my size and doings, we were generally treated as if of the same age.

"Our home, in those days, was down near the Battery, and from the time we were babies we were generally taken there for our daily exercise. Probably it was the sights that we saw from the lovely old park that gave us our first great interest in nautical belongings. At any rate, by the time we were six and seven our knowledge of such subjects was decidedly out of proportion to that of school-books. Perhaps such a state of affairs was hardly to be wondered at when you consider that we had the beautiful bay with its varied craft for a lesson-book, and the finest specimen of an old Yankee sailor that ever trod a merchantman's deck for teacher. We had made his acquaintance one lovely spring morning when we were playing the 'guessing game,' a brilliant invention of our own. Whenever an incoming ves-

sel was spied far down toward the Narrows, whoever first guessed her kind scored one; that is, if the guess proved to be correct, a mark was set to his or her credit by a very stumpy pencil on a very wrinkled piece of paper carried in Dick's pocket; if not correct, one point was subtracted from the former score. Of course, the excitement lay in delaying as long as possible before risking the guess, and, after that, in the waiting-time till the vessel came into plain view, the latter interval being rarely twice the same, owing to the variety of wind and tide.

"Childlike, we had kept our precious interest to ourselves, and had special terms of our own for describing the different sorts of vessels. We called masts 'sticks,' and sails 'wings,' and talked about 'fronts' and 'backs' in a way that was enough to drive a seafaring man crazy.

"On the morning in question I had risked the guess,—'A two-sticked one with cross-wings,'—when a kind, gruff voice behind us said gently, 'I think you'll find she is a brig, little lady.'

"Turning, we found ourselves face to face, for the first time, with 'Sailor Bob.' That first meeting saw a most rapid advance in our acquaintance, for it happened that our nurse was at the time deeply engaged in conversation with a gardener.

"We first learned the general facts of our new friend's history—how for the greater part of thirty years he had been 'before the mast,' having made four whaling-voyages and sailed four times around the world.

"Unfortunately, before we could gain any particulars, Bridget and the gardener separated; whereupon we were led forcibly away, and, during the whole walk home, compelled to listen to a lecture on the evils of talking with strange men, delivered in the most lively of Irish brogues.

"But in a solemn council held in the nursery window-seat we decided that our new friend was not an evil to be shunned, and that the case was one worthy of appeal to the highest authority. So that night we waylaid our father on his way to his dressing-room, and laid the facts before him. The next morning, when we

reached the Battery, we found him talking with Sailor Bob in the most friendly fashion, and with that hour began a happiness that was to last through our childhood. There was no further talk of 'sticks' and of 'back-and-forth wings.' "I have always found that the things young folks like to learn they generally manage to acquire in the shortest possible time. It was but a matter of days, or weeks at the utmost, before we were quite at home in the distinctions between ships, barks, sloops, and brigs, and, furthermore, had entered with greatest enthusiasm upon the higher mysteries of their canvas setting. We did not rely upon the city's commerce for lessons in the latter subject. Sailor Bob constructed the most beautiful little models, which, having served to illustrate his lessons, were handed over to become our most cherished possessions.

"It was not strange that Dick soon decided that following the sea was to be his future career. The only question seemed to be whether the deck he was to walk as commanding officer would be that of a brig or a ship. And then, one bright October day, the question was settled forever. We were standing at our teacher's side listening to some favorite

tale, when he started to his feet and looked eagerly down the bay. Then, suddenly lifting Dick and myself to our feet upon the bench

where he had been sitting, he raised his cap, and pointing toward a vessel which, with all sails set, was slowly making her way past Governor's Island, he exclaimed, 'There, my hearties, take a good look at her, for if you live to be a hundred you'll never see any frigate better worth your seeing.' So we did as we were told, Dick lifting his little cap in imitation of our friend, thereby winning Bob's kindly nod of approbation. When the ship, which, to be



"THERE IS NO QUESTION AS TO THE FORM OF SALUTE PROPER FOR THIS MEMBER OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY!"

sure, did not look like any other we had ever seen, had passed on her way up the East River, we were lifted down to gain our first knowledge of the United States Navy, with 'Old Ironsides' to serve as an introduction. For it was none other than the grand old queen-frigate herself which we had just watched out of sight. The next day, when we went to the Battery, we found two sailor friends instead of one. Bob proudly introduced to us his old messmate Jake Thomson, who had sailed two voyages with him in a merchantman and then transferred to the navy. Jake, he said, would gladly tell us all we wished about that interesting subject.

And, indeed, the new-comer well redeemed his messmate's promise, and we started homie that day with our little heads in such a jumble of sloops of war, frigates, and ships of the line that it was only with the greatest difficulty that we were guided to the house and into our afternoon clothes in time to appear at dessert. When our father asked us what we had been about, as usual, I answered first, 'Hearing about Navy.' I can repeat the conversation exactly, because years afterward I found it recorded word for word in my father's diary. 'What is that?' he asked. 'Ships that belong to the President and do his fighting,' was my answer. But Dick corrected: 'Not really to him, but to the country, because that lasts always, and Presidents don't; and it is n't only the ships—it's the men on them, too; and I think I am making up my mind very fast indeed that I shall belong to it when I grow up.'

"A few more talks with Jake Thomson, and the mind was quite made up. Then the question arose whether I could belong to 'it' too. We questioned our friends most earnestly whether 'navy' included sisters, only to meet with the unsatisfactory information that fine dances were given for the ladies when the ships came into port. This made no appeal whatever to my fancy. My dancing-lessons had just begun, and I was deep in the miseries of the first and second positions. But kind old Jake Thomson, seeing my disappointment, drew me to his side, saying that perhaps the little lady would some day have a chance to give the name to a navy ship. Then he proceeded to describe, in his vivid sailor style, a launch and christening he had once seen, and the pretty part the builder's daughter had played in the scene; and when he had finished, my decision as to what one act of my life was to be was entirely made."

"Did you ever do it?" questioned Essex, eagerly.

"No, dear; but I came very near to it once." Miss Nancy paused, and for several moments sat silently gazing into the glowing fire. Then, taking one of Essex's hands in hers, she said quietly:

"The rest of the story is sad, little girl. I wonder if you would rather not hear it."

"Will it trouble you to tell it?" asked Essex, anxiously.

A gleam that was not from the firelight shone in Miss Nancy's dark eyes as she answered, with a new thrill in her soft voice:

"Trouble! No, indeed; I am only too proud to tell such a story."

"Then—please," said Essex; and the story was continued.

CHAPTER X.

"WHEN Dick was eighteen and I twenty, it did seem as if our desires were really coming true. Dick had begged hard to be appointed midshipman when he was sixteen, but father had insisted upon his finishing a certain amount of his studies before he would give his consent. You know, in those days there was no Annapolis, and the midshipmen were appointed directly to the ships.

"Dick's first cruise was to be aboard the 'Yellowstone,' the frigate which was under orders to take out the new commander for the squadron, then in Chinese waters, and to return directly with the officer relieved.

"The only drawback to my brother's happiness was that there seemed no chance of my wish being fulfilled. But, one week before he was to sail, something happened in real story-book fashion. A letter came to my father from a friend who, it seemed, had once, as a guest in our house, occupied the room next to the nursery. He had chanced to overhear Dick and me at one of our navy-plays, wherein I was naming the ship. This play, I remember, was possible only twice a year, when our nurse went to visit her family in Jersey City. Her eagle eye being removed for the space of a day and two nights, there was just time for the drying of the wet spot on the nursery floor caused by the breaking of the bottle of water used in the naming.

"Mr. Dixon's visit must have been made at one of those rare and delightful seasons. He had never forgotten it, and now wrote to ask if I would care to try the play in earnest and name one of the new frigates just authorized by Congress. A near relative of his had been recently appointed Secretary of the Navy, and

in that way he had secured the right to give the invitation.

"Then arose the question whether Dick would be back in time to witness the ceremony. We anxiously studied the records of previous voyages to China, and, as the Yellowstone was considered an unusually fast sailer, finally decided that we had a right to hope that things would be as we wished.

"I remember so well how that last week ashore flew by. The frigate was to sail on Monday, and Sunday afternoon he and I went to service at Trinity. Coming out, we stopped beside Lawrence's monument, as we had often done before. Dick lifted his cap and read the inscription through in silence, though I think he had known it by heart long before that day. As we turned away, he said:

"'Even if one never made but a single voyage, it would be worth a man's life only to have belonged to the same service with Lawrence and Ludlow.' Then he opened the gate and we went out; and I have never been there since that day."

For the second time Miss Nancy paused; but it was only a moment before she began again:

"Six months from the day when we watched the Yellowstone out of sight, she dropped anchor once more in the bay, bringing the first news of her own arrival out.

"The report of the remarkable voyage spread rapidly through the city; but there was other news for us. One of the frigate's officers, Lieutenant Farragut, came immediately to the house to tell us that in the far harbor of Hong-kong Dick's bright young life had come to an end.

"One of the crew, a fourteen-year-old ward-room boy, while aloft in the rigging, had been seized with a sudden dizziness. My brother had gone to his rescue, and, after waiting till the attack had apparently passed off, had succeeded in helping him part of the way down, when the boy fainted, and the two fell to the deck. The latter, being above, had escaped with a broken arm and some bruises, but when they lifted Dick he had gone.

"There was much more that the lieutenant told: how my brother had won the love and

respect of the whole crew—things good to know and to think of afterward. But that day, as I sat and listened, with my mother's hand holding mine, I felt as if nothing would ever matter to me again.

"When Lieutenant Farragut was ready to go, he handed me a small package. Pinned on the outside of it was a little memorandum in Dick's writing: 'Hurry up Nancy's ribbons, if not aboard by Tuesday.' They had found the slip in my brother's pocket, and had been at a loss for an explanation, until James Caxton, the ward-room boy, hearing of it, remembered that when ashore the day after the frigate's arrival, he had seen Dick coming out of a silk-weaver's shop. In spite of his invalid condition, he had begged so hard to be allowed to investigate that the captain had finally given him permission, and he had returned to the ship with the little package which was now passed into my hands. They had allowed the poor boy to take charge of it during the voyage, and he had given it up only when the officer left the ship that morning. I remember feeling as if in a dream as I unfolded the wrappings of thin Chinese paper. There lay my ribbons, made to Dick's order for the occasion to which we had so long looked forward. I gave one glance at the silken lengths of navy-blue dotted with tiny white stars; and then everything faded away.

"They said it was the shock of the sorrow.

"The day of the launching had come and gone before I was able to sit up, and it was many months later before I had quite recovered.

"For the rest of her life my mother could never bear to hear of the navy or of anything belonging to it. But it was quite otherwise with my father and myself. We used to spend hours over in Brooklyn at the navy-yard, and kept a record of our vessels and their officers, and when the Civil War came, it seemed as if they were all our especial protégées."

Miss Nancy stopped, looked at the clock, and in one moment was her sprightly self again.

"My dear, my dear! what am I thinking of?—after your long journey, too. You must be off to bed this minute. Where is that doggy?"

A muffled yawn came from the rug, and Alert slowly unfolded himself and stood erect, gazing at his mistress with sleepily reproachful eyes.

Although Essex's head and heart were filled with the story she had just heard, seeing that Miss Bruce evidently wished to change the subject, she said quietly:

"If you will tell me where Alert is to sleep, perhaps it would be best for me to see him safely there before I go to bed."

"Where does he sleep at home?"

Essex hesitated.

"Shall I guess?" said Miss Bruce. "I am sure it is in your own room, and why should it be any different here?"

Alert's mistress looked greatly relieved.

"Would n't you really mind? He is a pretty well-behaved dog generally; still, if he was very sleepy, he might forget and try to find me in the night."

"Then that is settled," said Miss Bruce; "and if you will ring the bell Mary will answer; and when I come up to my room, I will look in to see if you have both been good and gone to sleep."

Having pulled the bell-cord, Essex returned to Miss Bruce's side. It did seem as if something must be said, but no words would come. "Shall we say good night, dear?" And then, as Miss Bruce's soft hand turned the downcast face toward her own, the quivering lips and tear-dimmed blue eyes had said it all.

"My darling," exclaimed Miss Nancy, "I ought not to have told you!"

"Oh, I am so glad you did!" said Essex, with a catch in her voice. "It was such a brave story; only he was—your—brother."

"And for just that reason you must not feel sorry any more. You must only remember, as I try to do, that he had his wish in belonging to the service he thought the finest in the world, and that he left that service in the noblest way a man ever can—giving his life for that of another. And the pride of it all is mine forever, and I am only too glad to share it with you."

Half an hour later, when Mary had gone away with a cheerful "good night," Essex lay in her pretty canopied bed, watching the flick-

ering gleam of the soft-coal fire and dreamily listening to Alert's regular breathing and the dull, mysterious hum of the great city. She was thinking that it would be next to an impossibility for her ever to fall asleep. Well, if she did not, she should see Miss Nancy when she came up to her room; and then she wondered how her mother and Uncle Owen were getting along without her; and then— The next thing was Mary's bright voice saying:

"Good morning, Miss Thurston. It's a beautiful day, and Mr. Bruce says could you be ready to pour his coffee at half-past eight?"

There were but twenty minutes to spare; but with Mary's efficient help the task was accomplished.

So Mr. Bruce drank his coffee, and Essex ate her bread and milk, and Alert munched his roll; and by the time they had all finished, the hansom was at the door.

The few passers-by in the vicinity of Trinity, that April morning, must have looked with some curiosity at the party that alighted on the pavement before the church. First a pleasant-faced gentleman sprang out, then a huge collie launched himself on to the sidewalk, and last of all came a little figure in a blue sailor-suit, with a large pasteboard box clasped close to the brass buttons of her reefer-jacket.

Mr. Bruce ordered the cab to drive around the block, and the three passed inside the gates and over to the plain stone monument that stands at the left of the inclosure.

As they came up to the grim barricade of chain-linked guns, Mr. Bruce lifted his hat, then stood watching the earnest face of his little companion as she slowly read the stately inscription.

"Is there anything about Ludlow?" she asked presently. And they passed round to the opposite side, and read together, Mr. Bruce translating the Latin phrase, the record of the gallant young lieutenant who had fallen at the same volley with his beloved commander.

"Well, are you satisfied?" asked Essex's companion, as they finished.

"Yes, sir; only I cannot help wishing—"

"Hold hard to that wish; there is still something more," interrupted Mr. Bruce, leading the way to the eastern end.

A moment more, and Essex Thurston was reading the matchless tribute engraved there—those few short lines that breathe in every word the dauntless spirit of the man they commemorate:

The HEROICK Commander of the frigate "Chesapeake," whose remains are here deposited, expressed with his expiring breath his devotion to his country. Neither the fury of battle, the anguish of a mortal wound, nor the horror of approaching death could subdue his gallant spirit. His dying words were, "Don't give up the ship."

Although he knew Essex must have finished reading the inscription, Mr. Bruce waited in

silence till a slight movement caused him to glance down just in time to see the overturning of the mysterious box which up to that moment had been so carefully carried. There was a flash of pink-and-white blossoms, a whiff of delicious fragrance, and a great mass of rosy arbutus lay heaped against the monument's base.

"It was all that I could think of to do," said Essex, lifting a face whose expression Mr. Bruce never forgot. "You see, I have always loved the May-blossoms best of all, and I thought I would like to bring Massachusetts flowers, because it was from there they went out to die."

(To be continued.)



ESSEX AT THE GRAVE OF CAPTAIN JAMES LAWRENCE.



THE FAVORITE WINTER SPORT OF JAPAN.



THE FIRST TRIP OF THE LITTLE DUTCH MILKMAN.



THE TOOTS OF A WHISTLE.

BY I. W. TABER.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE SEA—HOW SHIPS AVOID COLLISIONS—
ODDITIES OF WHISTLE-SIGNALS.

STAND on the Brooklyn Bridge and watch the ever-passing procession of vessels. You will see craft of every description, from ocean steamer to tiny tug.

Stemming the tide or going with it, crossing in every direction, from short trips along the shore to a voyage around the world, you will see war-ships, steam-crafts, ferry-boats, coasters, ocean tramps, every species of craft. As you see them darting or gliding in and out, you wonder that there are not a thousand accidents to shipping every day.

Vessels make their way through all sorts of obstructions and every kind of weather—against head winds, through fogs, snow-storms, and ice, and among shoals, along intricate channels, each vessel taking its own path and crossing the courses of a hundred others. Yet despite the many chances the number of collisions is very small.

As you stand watching the shipping you will hear whistles in every direction—blasts and “toots” in all varieties, from the shrill soprano, like a fife, to the deepest rumbling bass.

The whistles are talking to one another in a simple language, by which each vessel can tell others where she means to go and what she means to do next.

If you would like

to know this language, here are a few of its meanings, taken from the rules fixed by law:

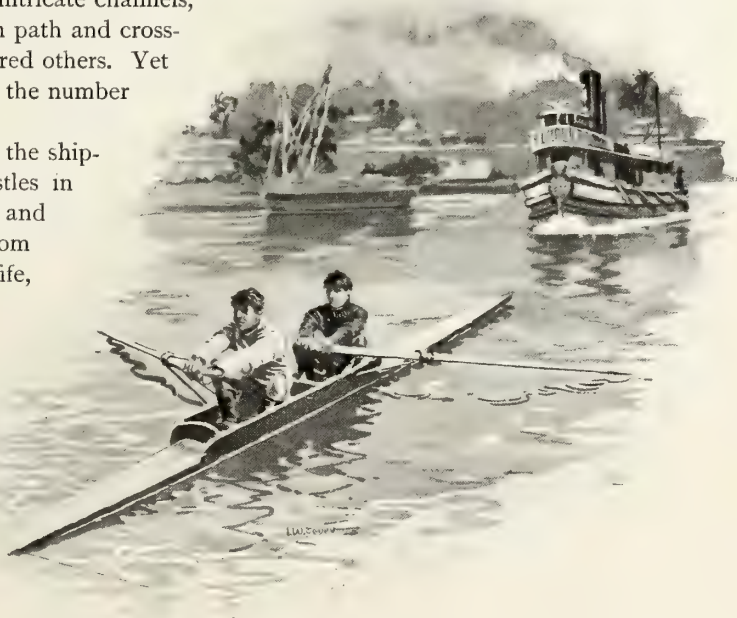
One short blast to mean, “I am directing my course to starboard.”

Two short blasts to mean, “I am directing my course to port.”

Three short blasts to mean, “My engines are going at full speed astern.”

Four or more short, rapid blasts, “I don’t understand you.”

In heavy fogs or thick weather vessels must sound their whistles in various ways. A moving vessel gives a long blast every two minutes; a



A TUG WHISTLING TO WARN THE OARSMEN IN A RACING-SHELL.



AFTER THE CUP-RACE. "AS THE VICTOR PASSES THE LINE, OH, WHAT A CHORUS OF TOOTS!"

steam-vessel, moving, but with engines still, gives two blasts every two minutes; a sailing-vessel gives one blast when on the starboard tack, two on the port tack, and when the wind is "abaft the beam" (that is, comes from nearly astern); a vessel in danger and needing assistance gives one continuous blast.

Besides the rules here given there are others, and there are also private signals made by the whistles of steamboats for their own men.

When there is a great race, such as those for the "America's" cup, the tooting of the whistles is almost continuous. There is a heaving multitude of steamboats, big and little, all jammed together, heaving, rolling, backing, and advancing on the long ocean swells; and they carry on a very animated conversation in their steam-voices—a medley from lowest G to very high C.

If we had been listening, we might have understood some of this noise.

"Toot!" says the whistle of a big excursion-boat, in a fog-horn tone. The blast is meant for a small white yacht bobbing up and down near by. The big boat means, "Look out now! I mean to pass on your port side."

"Too — too," answers the saucy little yacht in a very squeaky voice, as if to say: "You shall do nothing of the kind! How dare you speak to me!"

"Too — too — too — too — too!" from a torpedo-boat on police duty—which means, "If you do not get back into line I will arrest you!"

"Too — too — too!" says a tug to a fishing-boat, a menhaden-steamer. This is a salute, and possibly, put in words, it would be:

"How d' ye do, Cap? Whew-ew—rather fishy odor! Hope you 're all well?"

"Too—too—too—too!" says one steamer to another. "Look out, there; you are bumping into me!" "Too—too—too!" from the other, which means, "I am backing as hard as I can!"

BANG! goes the signal-gun. And the yachts are off, amid a general tooting of approval all along the line, and the whole vast flotilla of craft follow, and slowly work in the direction of Scotland Light. We will not follow the race, but let us, at least, see the finish. Here they come! Steamers, big and little, are with us again, and they gather in a vast semicircle around the stake-boat. And as the victor

passes the line, oh, what a chorus of toots! Thousands in one mad scream. The great volume of sound tingles in your ears, and causes an enthusiastic tremor to run through you.

This grand *to-o-o-o-o* is a signal for which you will not find a meaning in the printed code, but it means a great deal.

It is a way of saying, "Hurrah! the cup stays in America! Hurrah for the winning yacht!"

Another grand salute of whistles took place on Dewey's Day, at the naval parade. As our magnificent war-vessels, in their somber war-coats of gray, showing here and there the mark of the enemy's shot, passed in a long, stately line up the Hudson, toots of approval came from every direction—regular war-toots, that seemed to say: "Hurrah for our Uncle Sam and for our Admiral Dewey!"

There are times, however, when these same whistles sing a very different tune—a rather mournful one, in fact; that is when a vessel is lost in a heavy fog. Think of a tug coming in toward Sandy Hook with the mist so thick that, as sailors say, you could cut it with a knife. She is feeling her way in slowly, stopping every now and then and giving a prolonged "too—oo—oot!"—a toot of inquiry, danger, and alarm; and as she rolls helplessly from side to side, all hands listen intently.

Then, far in the distance, they hear a low blast so faint as hardly to be discernible, but to them a most

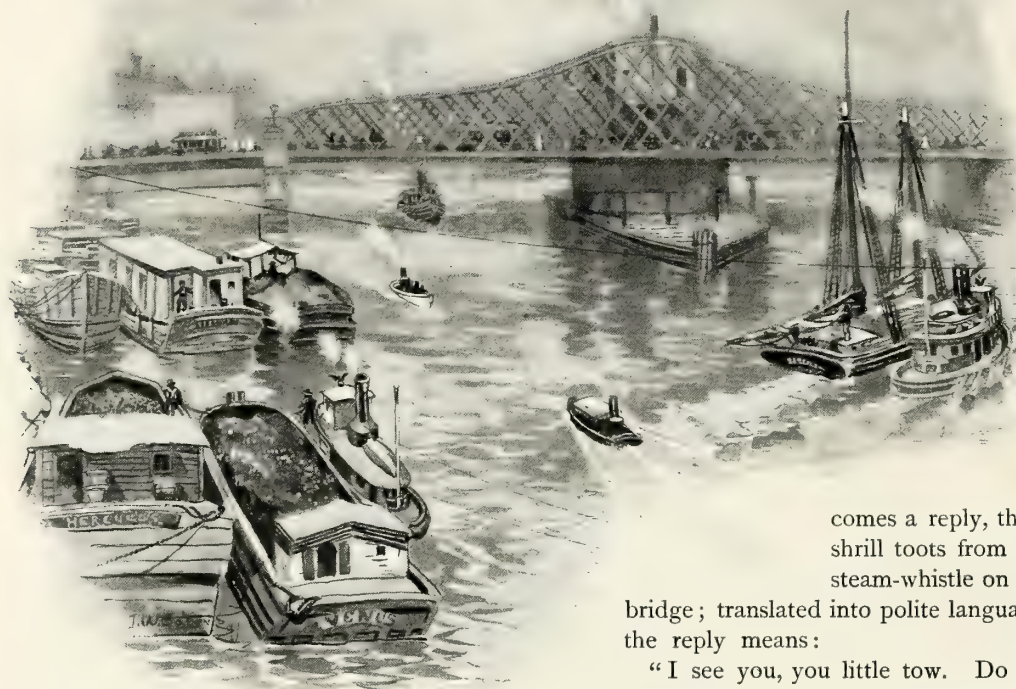
welcome sound—the Sandy Hook siren, or fog-whistle, that tells them where they are.

These fog-sirens are placed all along the coast, some on light-ships, others near light-houses. Each one gives its signal with a different interval between the blasts. The mariner understands these signals, recognizes which whistle is sounding, and so, knowing his location, can lay his course accordingly.

There are also many whistling-buoys anchored off dangerous reefs. They carry whistles that are sounded by the action of the waves alone. The buoys sometimes break away from their moorings, and take little independent trips of their own, covered with rust and barnacles, tooting all the way; their warning voices have startled many a skipper in his midnight watch.



"A GRAND SALUTE OF WHISTLES TOOK PLACE ON DEWEY'S DAY."



THE THIRD AVENUE BRIDGE, NEW YORK CITY.

Here is a picture of another bridge—the Third Avenue Bridge in New York City. There is lots of tooting going on. Let us stand here and see if we can tell what they are doing.

“Too—te-too-too-te.” This from a little tug moored near the bridge. Some private signal. Oh, yes! there comes cooky with his basket; evidently been out to buy something nice for dinner. How he does run! The captain has signaled that he must hurry, or the tug will start without him. There he goes, pell-mell over the side, and the tug starts at once.

Three solemn blasts in a low, basso-profundo tone, from a tug with schooner in tow. This is a polite request for the bridge to open. No answer from the bridge. After a few minutes another three blasts—this time in a very energetic way, as if to say, “What is the matter with you? Hurry up!” To this latter signal

comes a reply, three shrill toots from the steam-whistle on the bridge; translated into polite language, the reply means:

“I see you, you little tow. Do not be impatient; as soon as all these pedestrians, the electric cars, heavy trucks, and so on, are off the draw, then I will open.”

So the draw opens slowly, and after the tow has passed swings back; then its whistle gives one long blast meaning, “All is right again.”

But what a lot of trouble those three toots from the tow have caused! The approaches to the draw on both sides are black with people, and some make remarks, such as: “All tugs should have their smoke-stacks sawed off short.” “Schooners should go without masts.” There is a long line of trucks and wagons jammed together on each side. I saw one pair of horses with their heads stuck in the back of a grocery-cart, dining on choice fruits and vegetables. Oh, what a row there was when the grocer’s driver found it out!

Of course a tow going through the railroad-bridges delays all trains in both directions, and so a law has been passed that the draws will open only from 10 A.M. till 5 P.M.

Government boats and fire-boats, however, are exceptions, and have the right of way at all times. On approaching the bridge, the code requires these boats to give four blasts, and they are answered very quickly, I assure you.

Here come two steam-launches, head on to each other. One says, "Toot," which signifies, "I am going to pass on your port side." "Toot," replies the other; "I shall pass on your port side." So each keeps to the right.

One long and two short toots come from the tug alongside the coal-barges. This is a signal for the deck-hands to let go fore and aft lines. The lines are cast off, and the tug puffs away.

Suddenly there comes a long, despairing toot in the direction of the Hudson River. A sign of distress—a call for help. What can be the matter? Why, a little tug, through some accident to its steering-gear, has turned suddenly and is trying to climb up on the Speedway. Three or four crack trotting-horses are frightened out of their wits. All of the dishes are broken on board the tug, and her commander gives that long, dismal toot for assistance. The last I saw of this poor little tug, which was wrecked and sunk by this accident, there was nothing but her smoke-stack and the top of her whistle above water—a very cold and silent whistle, I assure you.

Anywhere in the vicinity of Hell Gate, either in the early morning or evening, you can hear for miles the long, solemn blasts of the Sound boats as they come near to the turnings.

Of course you all know

what this long blast means? And here comes an excursion-boat, approaching one of those



"A LITTLE TUG IS TRYING TO CLIMB UP ON THE SPEEDWAY."

enormous railway ferry-boats, loaded down with the long and heavy passenger-cars.

The excursion-boat gives one toot, and the railroad-boat replies with two.

Can you translate these signals?

There is another grand annual toot which

takes place at midnight—a universal toot, not in the code, but yet a very merry one.

Big and little blasts join for an hour or more in one grand chorus which means a thousand good wishes and "A Very Happy New Year to All!"



"HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

LOST IN THE FOG.

(*A Tale of Adventure.*)

BY IRVING BACHELLER.

(*Author of "Eben Holden."*)



MOTHER TIPTON'S BOAT TOWED BY A TEAM OF GESE. (SEE PAGE 334.)

IT'S odd how some people take to geese. As a boy I never could understand, for the life of me, how one could ever have any love of a goose in him. When I came out in the glory of my first trousers a whole flock of geese came after me, tweaking the sacred garment with their bills, and hissing me to shame of my new dignity, and screaming in derision as they pulled me down. After that and for long I treasured a most unrighteous hatred of the whole goose family. They were to me a low, waddling tribe with the evil spirit of envy in them. The worst thing about Mother Tipton was her geese, I used to think. She lived in a shanty all by herself,—a lonely man-hater,—and the

bit of land that climbed to the ridges on either side of it was known as Mother Tipton's Hollow. Every day skirmishers, sentinels, and reserves of geese covered the green slopes of the Hollow, and a white squadron of them was always sailing the black waters of the pond in its center. I came betimes, of a summer day, and peered over the circling ridge in a tremble of fear, whereupon a stir of white wings and a yell of defiance greeted me. Mother Tipton herself was a kindly creature, who rescued me whenever I was captured by that noisy rabble of boy-haters. She was an Englishwoman, the daughter of a rich man, I believe, in the city of Bristol, and turned out of her home for

some reason—we never knew why. I know she had in her shanty wonderful trinkets of gold and silver, the relics of a better day, and more than once I had the inestimable pleasure of holding them in my hands. The Hollow was half a mile from the shore of the broad Sound, and Mother Tipton took her geese and feathers to market in a rowboat. There was a big town across the bay, and she went always from the end of Shirley Point when the weather was fine, rowing as strong an oar as any man of all the many that made their living on those waters.

One morning—I was then a boy of eight years—I got permission to go with her in the boat. I remember she had a cargo of ten young geese, that were stowed away, their legs tied together, in the bow of the boat.

It was a mile and a half across the bay, and the water lay like a mill-pond, with scarcely a ripple showing. A thin mist hovered about the farther shore as we pulled away, but we could see the dock clearly and the building that lay beyond it.

“Land o’ Goshen!” Mother Tipton cried, after rowing a few minutes, “it ’s foggin’”; then she sat a long time, as it seemed to me, looking over the water at a misty wall that lay not far ahead of us. Of a sudden she began to pull vigorously on the right oar.

“It ’s the ebb-tide,” said she, “and we must get back as quick as we can or we ’ll be in trouble.”

Evidently she saw it coming, for she began to pull with redoubled energy. I could just see the dim outline of rocks on Shirley Point as we turned about.

“The tide has taken us half over,” she muttered. “It runs like a mill-race.”

Now I could see mist rising on the water under the side, as if it had turned hot suddenly. The fog thickened fast, and presently the boat had seemed to lengthen, and we to go far apart, so that I could see but dimly the face of Mother Tipton. Then I could hear her groan and breathe heavily as she put all her strength to the oars. She was lifting the bow from the water every stroke now, but suddenly I heard the snap of an oar, and the boat turned in the tide; then a splash of water hit my face.

Mother Tipton rose in the boat and shouted

a long halloo. We listened for some answer, but, hearing none, she called “Help!” a dozen times, at the top of her voice. Between her cries we could hear nothing but the tide rippling under the boat.

I felt a fine thrill then, having little sense at best, and none of our danger. I remember growing very manly and chivalrous when I saw Mother Tipton crying in her seat, and did my best to comfort her.

She was up shouting for help again presently, but not a sound came back to us. We drifted, of course, with the tide, and could see nothing. She kept calling all the time, and when my tongue was dry for the need of water, and the thought of cake and cookies kept crowding on me, I lost a bit of my bravery. It was time to be getting home—there was no longer any doubt of that.

“Mother Tipton,” I said, “where do you suppose we are?”

“The Lord only knows, child,” was her answer. “I ’m afraid we ’re out in the deep water half over to Long Island. But the tide has turned, and it may take us back before night comes. We ’ll just sit still and keep calling.”

I was lying on my back in the stern, resting my head on the seat behind me, and was feeling very miserable indeed, when I heard a great disturbance among the geese.

“Willie, come here,” said Mother Tipton. Two of the geese were lying in her lap, and she was unwinding a long fish-line.

“Tie it tightly,” said she, “just above the big joint of the leg. Wait—let ’s cut it first into even lengths. That ’s right—now cut it.”

She measured for me, and I cut the line, as she held it, into ten pieces, with probably as many feet in each. Then we tied them securely to the geese, above the big joint of the legs, and fastened the loose ends together, winding them with a bit of string. We tied another fish-line to this ten-stranded cable, cut the geese apart, and let them all go at once. They flew for a little distance, and, being not all of a mind, came down in a rather bad tangle. I had hold of the line, and if I had not paid it out quickly we would surely have lost them. They ducked their heads in the water, and shook their wings,

and screamed as if delighted with their liberty. Meanwhile they had begun to pull like a team of horses, and I could feel the stretch of the line. It had parted in a minute,—and a thick, strong line it was at that,—and I had gone overboard and was clutching for the loose end. There was a thunder of wings when they saw me coming upon them, and when I got my hand on the cord they began to pull me through the water at a great rate. I was a good swimmer, but was glad to lie over on my back and rest a little after the violence of my exertion. Then, suddenly, I heard the voice of Mother Tipton calling me, and it seemed far away. I looked in the direction it came from, and then I got a scare I hope never to have again. I could see nothing of the boat. The geese were swimming with the tide, and, over all, the fog lay on the sea as thick as darkness. I was breathing hard, and lay for a long time floating on my back, my fingers clutching the tight strings.

When I turned over and got a little of the water out of my ears, I could hear faintly in the distance the voice of Mother Tipton calling the geese just as I had heard her many a time over there in the Hollow. I could see them turn and listen, and then the whole flock veered about, cackling together as if they knew the meaning of it. The ten of them were now swimming comfortably. Every moment I could hear more distinctly the voice of Mother Tipton, and after a little I could hear the water on the boat. Suddenly its end broke through the wall of fog, and I saw my companion looming above me in the thick air, her head showing first. She answered with a cheery "Thank Heaven!" as I called to her, and the whole flock rose out of the water and tried to fly.

The geese came up to the boat-side, and she touched their beaks fondly with her hand as she came to help me in. The water had chilled me through, and I was glad enough to set my feet on the boat-bottom, and to take off my coat and wrap my shoulders in the warm shawl that Mother Tipton offered. You may be sure I kept a good hold of the strings, and before I sat down we made them fast to some ten feet of the small anchor-rope and tied it at the bow. Then those that had got their feet over the

traces were carefully attended to. They lay quietly under the gunwale as Mother Tipton fussed with them, sometimes lifting one above another. She shooed them off in a moment, and they made away, turning their heads knowingly as she began to paddle.

"I believe those creatures will have sense enough to go ashore. They know more than we do about a good many things," said she. "That old gray gander of mine goes a mile away sometimes, but he 'll get home, if it *is* foggy, every night of his life."

It was growing dark, and in five minutes we could n't see our team. I was kneeling in the bow, my hand on the rope, peering to get a view of the geese, when I heard a loud quacking and a big ripple in the water just ahead. I was about to speak, when I saw a drift of dark objects on either side of the boat. I made out what they were, and caught one of them by the neck just as Mother Tipton shouted, "Ducks!" Then there was a roar of wings that made me jump back, and that set the geese in a panic. I hung on to my captive, and brought him in flapping and drenching my sleeve with spray.

"Bring him here," said Mother Tipton, as I crept to the middle seat, the poor creature fighting me desperately all the way.

"We shall need him for our supper, my dear child," said she, as she took him. "I think we're coming to shore somewhere, and I know you're hungry."

It was not long before we heard our boat-bottom grinding on the sand, but it was very dark. Mother Tipton went to the bow of the boat, and I was near the middle seat.

"Thank Heaven, we're somewhere!" I heard her say; and then she stood up, and I heard her paddle strike in the sand, and felt the boat lift forward and go up on the dry beach. I was out pulling in a moment, and I tell you the firm earth had never so good a feeling. I felt my way up the beach, and Mother Tipton came after me. It was so dark and foggy we could see nothing. After a little I felt the grass under me, and my companion lit a match and touched it to a bit of paper she had taken off of a bundle in the boat.

"Make haste, now," she said, "and pick up all the bits of small wood you see around."

The dry drift lay all around us, and in half a minute a good bit of it was crackling on that flaming wad of paper. Then we brought sticks as thick as a man's leg, and fed the flames until they leaped higher than our heads and lit the misty reaches of the shore a good distance.

"Lawsy me!" said she, presently, "I think we're on Charles Island." Then she took a brand out of the fire, and walked away in the thick grass, waving it above her head. She was calling me in a moment.

"Bring the fish-line and the tin pail!" she shouted.

I went to the boat for them, and was shortly groping through the tall grass in the direction of that flickering torch. She was not nearly so far away as I thought, the fog had such a trick of deepening the perspective in every scene. I found her by an old ruin of a house, peering into a deep well, the cover of which had mostly rotted away. We were not long tying that line to the pail and dropping it down the well-hole. The line raced through my fingers, and the pail bounded as it struck, and rang like a bell on the splashing water. When I had hauled it up, we sat looking at the slopping cylinder of cold, clear water, the golden flare of the torch shining in it, each insisting that the other must drink first, until I was quite out of patience.

She took the pail at last, and buried her mouth at the rim, and nearly smothered herself with the water. I thanked her with a good heart when I got my hands on it, for I had a mighty fever of thirst in me. When my dry tongue was soaking in the sweet, pure water, I could feel my heart lighten, and soon it was floating off its rock of despair.

"Now let's take a pailful with us, and get supper," said Mother Tipton. "We're on Charles Island, five miles from home, but it is n't more than half a mile from Milford. We'd better stop here for the night, and maybe it'll be clear before morning."

I took the torch, and she dragged behind her a bit of the fallen roof that had once covered the old house. By the light of the fire we began to dig clams with the oar and paddle. In ten minutes we had enough for a fine bake, and laid them out on a rock, and raked the hot coals over them. Mother Tipton had killed

and dressed the duck, and while I tended the clams she was cutting turf and shaking the clay off it into a hollow she scooped out of the sand. She wet the clay then with salt water, and, when it was thick and sticky, rolled the duck in it until the bare skin was coated. Then she poked it into the ashes under the hot fire, and came to help me uncover the clams. We ate them with sharpened sticks, and, while some butter would have helped a bit, they went with a fine relish. The duck came out of the fire looking like a boulder of gray granite. Mother Tipton broke the hard clay with a stone, and the duck came out clean and smoking hot, leaving its skin in the shell. A more tender and delicious bit of fowl I have never eaten, the salt clay having given it the right savor.

After supper we untied the flock and set it free, and dragged the boat above tide-water. Then we drove two stakes in front of a rock near the fire, and set our strip of roofing over all. Under it we threw a good layer of hot sand from near the fire, and built high ridges on either side of our shelter. There were sacks of down for pillows, and my overcoat and the big woolen shawl as covering. Though it is so long ago,—I was, as I said, only eight years old,—I remember still when Mother Tipton told me to creep in and draw up the wraps around me. The warm sand gave me a grateful sense of comfort. I lay for a time and looked at the dying firelight, but before very long I fell asleep.

As I awoke, next day, I could hear the bellow of a great fog-siren, away in the distance, that sent its echoes crashing through the dungeon of mist. Next I noticed the sound of the noisy water on the rocks near by. It was growing light, and somebody was poking the fire. When I lifted my head I felt a warm breeze and saw that the fog had gone. A man with a wooden leg and a patch of gray whiskers on his chin was standing by the fire. I crept out and greeted him, rubbing my eyes with drowsiness.

"Ketched in the fog, I suppose," said he, kicking the fire.

"Yes, sir," I answered; "we were caught by the tide and lost, yesterday."

"Hum!" he muttered, as he glanced under the lean-to roof of our shanty and took a good look at Mother Tipton.

"Rather a tidy bit of a woman—stout as an ox an' a good-looker."

"I'd thank you not to disturb her," I said with indignation.

"Not for the world," he answered, returning and shying another bit of wood at the fire. "I like t' see 'em sleep—it's good for 'em. Got anything for breakfus'?"

"I'm going to dig some clams," I answered.

"You jes' wait," he said, winking at me, "an' I'll go off to the tug an' bring ye some coffee an' fish an' bread an' butter. Got loads of it aboard there. No trouble at all."

He made off for his boat, that lay on the beach near by, and rowed around the point. I walked down the shore a few rods, and from a high rock saw the tug lying at anchor a little way off the shore. He came back in a short time, bringing a basket of provisions. Mother Tipton

was up, and by that time I had a good fire going.

"Madam," he said, laying down the basket,

"may I be so bold as to offer you su'thin' for your breakfus'? Here's a snack o' coffee an' fish an' a tidy bit o' bread an' butter."

She thanked him politely, and while we were getting breakfast, he told us that he was a menhaden-fisherman—"as owned his own tug." Then we told him our story. Afterward he insisted on taking us home. We were glad to accept his kindness, and the sun was shining brightly when we put off for the tug, with all our geese in the boat; I made Mother Tipton promise me that not one of them would ever be sold. The captain brought a big arm-chair and made her very comfortable in the bow of the boat. We were home in an hour, and I was as glad to get there as all were to see me. The adventure resulted in great good, for it gave me some respect for geese, and gave Mother Tipton a greater regard for men. It was not long after that she added to her museum in the



"A MAN WITH A WOODEN LEG AND A PATCH OF GRAY WHISKERS ON HIS CHIN WAS STANDING BY THE FIRE."

Hollow a man with a wooden leg; and you may be sure I went to the wedding.

THE PUZZLE.

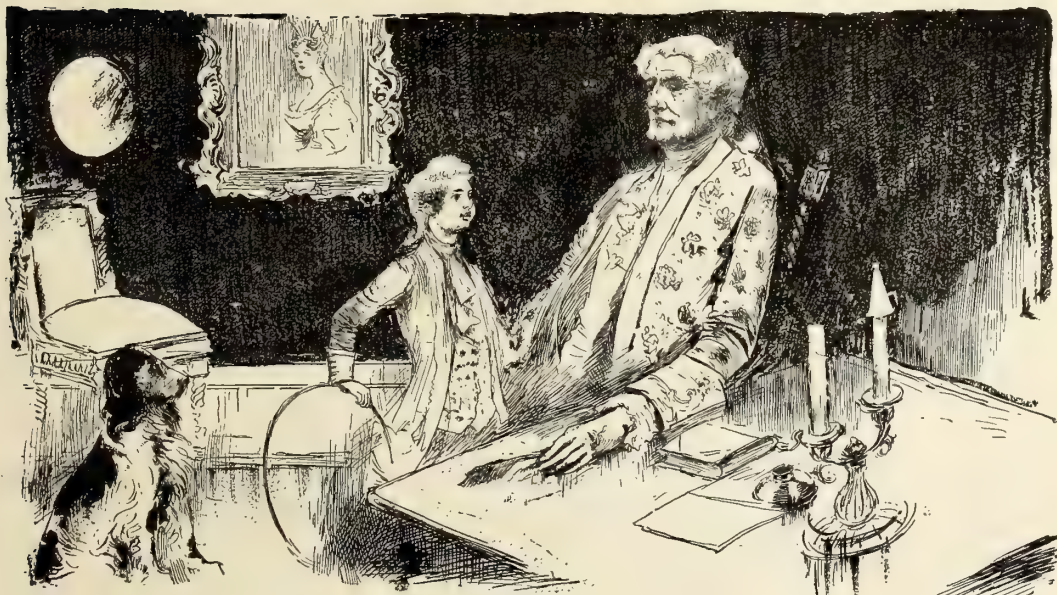
By C. E. S. Wood.



A LITTLE child said to a man :
“ Oh, say, sir—oh, say, sir,
What makes men’s faces grow so thin,
And lines and marks come creeping in?
I wish you ’d tell me if you can,
Oh, pray, sir!”

“ My little man, your chubby face
Is just an open battle-place.
Where every conflict leaves its trace.
You ask a very curious thing !
Perhaps men’s hearts forget to sing.
But I—I cannot tell you why ;
Perhaps you ’ll guess it by and by.”

“ Ah, well, I thought I ’d like to know.
Good day, sir—good day, sir.
I cannot stay, for I must go
To play, sir.”





THE WONDERFUL CENTURY.

BY JENNIE DAY HAINES.

"NECESSITY is the mother of invention"—so runs the old adage; with it, as especially applicable to the "wonderful" nineteenth century, we may aptly couple a new maxim: Time is the father of inventions.

In comparison with its predecessors, the last hundred years has produced more truly great inventions than *all* the preceding centuries put together.

From the dim twilight of prehistoric times there come to us but two great inventions, both of uncertain origin: the alphabet and Arabian notation.

To the fourteenth century A.D., we may credit the mariner's compass, the instrument which enables sailors to steer their course on the ocean, out of sight of land, when sun and stars are invisible. The fifteenth century brought forth the printing-presses of Gutenberg and Faust, although the Dutch make a prior claim to the invention, through Laurens Coster, while William Caxton introduced the printing-press into England about 1474.

There were no important discoveries in the sixteenth century; but the seventeenth amply made up for the omission, in point both of numbers and of wonders. First there was the telescope, which enabled astronomers to study the heavenly bodies; then the thermometer or heat-measure, and the barometer or weather-glass. About 1666, sitting in his garden at Woolsthorpe, England, Isaac Newton observed the fall of an apple to the ground; this suggested to him the great law of universal gravitation, or attractive force. He also experimented successfully with the telescope, and perfected the scheme of the "differential calculus" for solving the most difficult problems in geometry and physics. For all these researches, and the nu-

merous works on these and kindred subjects, Newton was knighted by Queen Anne.

In 1628 Harvey announced the important discovery of the circulation of the blood; and this century also brought the statement of the laws of planetary motion, and of the velocity of light.

The eighteenth century is noted for the first steps in the evolution of the steam-engine; and the foundations of modern chemistry and electrical science were laid.

This brings us to our own "wonderful" century, and it well deserves its name; for it has been calculated that *twenty-four* supremely great inventions and discoveries have had their origin in the nineteenth century, against the fifteen or sixteen of all past time. To enumerate a few: If the telescope of the seventeenth century reveals to us myriads of suns, the spectroscope of the nineteenth tells us what substances compose these suns, and, most wonderful of all, the direction and rate in which each is moving. The mariner's compass easily yields place to Morse's electric telegraph, perfected in 1844; while the useful barometer and thermometer are certainly less wonderful than Bell's telephone and Edison's phonograph. Dr. Röntgen's "X-rays," which pierce the hidden recesses of nature, and, literally speaking, reveal the inner man; Marconi's wireless telegraphy, for the sending of messages without wires; liquid air; and the bacillus- or germ-theory of disease, form a notable group of the latest wonders. There were primitive railroads in the eighteenth century, but it was after 1802 when Richard Trevithick took out in England the first patent for a high-pressure engine adapted for motion on roads; and in 1829 the "Rocket," which was built by Robert Stephenson, drew forty-four tons at the rate of over twenty miles an

hour; this gave the impetus to the construction of railroads. How they have developed is seen from the statistics for 1898, which show that the railroads of the world cover over four hundred and fifty thousand miles, a wonderful record for less than seventy years. As to the use of steam in the navigation of boats, Robert Fulton, an American, made his successful trial of the "Clermont" in 1807, and to the New World also belongs the honor of sending the first steamship across the Atlantic in 1819, which used her engine eighteen out of the twenty-six days' voyage.

The "Royal William," built in Canada, was the first to cross the ocean propelled all the way by steam. The first iron transatlantic steamship was the "Great Britain," which discarded the paddle-wheel and adopted the screw-propeller. The steamer "Oceanic," launched last year, marks an epoch in steamship history and surpasses even Jules Verne's wildest flights of fancy, being seven hundred and four feet long, outmeasuring the famous "Great Eastern," which, as an investment, was a colossal failure.

As to minor inventions, friction matches have done away with all previous means of lighting fires; and the use of gas for lighting, both indoors and out, has added greatly to our comfort during the past fifty years.

The most recent experiments with electricity strongly point to the probability that it will in most cases supplant steam as a motive power and gas as an illuminant, and that the electric cars and automobiles will eventually take the place of the horse as a means of transport.

The art of directing balloons in air belongs to the nineteenth century, dating from 1852, when Giffard constructed a balloon propelled by steam, down to the daring journey that was undertaken by Andrée in search of the North Pole.

Surgery has made wonderful advances in

the past hundred years, and one of the greatest blessings of our time is the use of anesthetics to alleviate suffering.

Before 1846 the only machine for sewing was the needle, propelled by human fingers, and Hood's pathetic "Song of the Shirt" was as true to life as it was poetic.

At that period Elias Howe, an American, patented the first sewing-machine in the world, which revolutionized the entire art of needlework at home and in the factory. Since then no less than seven thousand patents have been granted for various improvements and modifications of the original idea.

In agriculture the implements of our grandfathers were little better than those used by the barbarians of old. It was not until the middle of the nineteenth century that the sickle and scythe were replaced by the reaper. Justly did the French government decorate Cyrus McCormick of Chicago with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor "for having done more for the cause of agriculture than any other living man."

In the hundred years that have gone, the astonishing number of new inventions, and the practical application of science in all directions, have not only affected our mode of living and of travel, but our language, adding expressions that were unknown twenty-five years ago, such as "automobile," "rapid transit," "the L roads," "an ocean cablegram," and "long-distance telephone."

"Yankee invention" is a phrase that proves the recognition of American inventiveness; but whether or not they are first as inventors, as a nation the United States quickly adopt the newest things under the sun, thus helping to make true the poetic prophecy, "Westward the course of empire takes its way."





BY TUDOR JENKS.

'T WAS a wonderful shop that I went to to-day;
 I don't like to think it was nothing but play,
 For I was so rich I could buy what I chose—
 Whatever in Asia or Africa grows.
 There were rings, there were toys, there were
 sugar and tea,
 There were rich silks and laces all offered
 to me.
 And the price? At the most 't was a penny
 or two;
 Failing these—why, a bit of white paper
 would do!

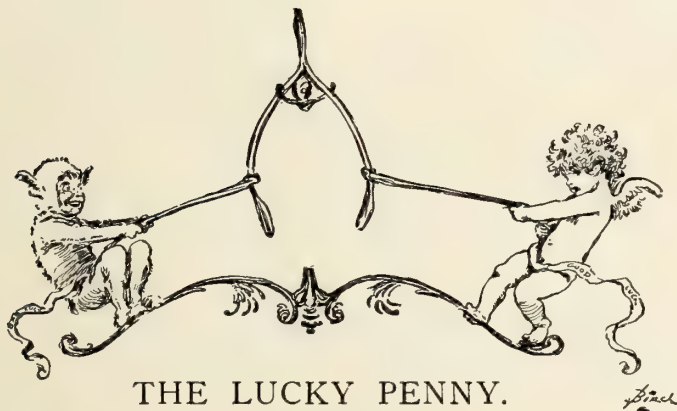


The merchant was young, not seven years old,
 But for manners and graces one could not have told
 That the storekeeper was not a time-honored dame
 Whose ancestors proud in the "Mayflower" came.
 'T was "What will you have, sir?" And when I said,
 "Well,
 I 'd like first to know what you have here to sell,"
 She replied: "We have candy (here, papa, this rice),
 And beautiful dolls, at a very high price!

"And, wait till I think—yes, I know—some fine coal
 (That is, the building-blocks, piled in my bowl);
 And here 's a glass slipper that was Cinderella's

(I mean this doll's shoe), and some tiny umbrellas;
 There 's tea—very strong—and some coffee, all ground,
 And *real* sugar lumps—but *they* 're two cents a pound;
 And oh, lots of things! Please buy some-
 thing—do!
Don't laugh, papa dear! —please play it 's all
 true!"

So I spend two *real* pennies, and make a great
 fuss
 About the *best* coffee. I gravely discuss
 The prices and goods, and say they 're *so*
 dear!
 And tell her that sugar was cheaper last year.
 Then my daughter calls "Cash!" so sharply I
 jump,
 And hands me a package done up in a lump.
 But the little saleswoman has so won my heart
 That I kiss her in spite of herself, and depart.



THE LUCKY PENNY.

(A True Story.)

BY EDITH KINGSMILL COMMANDER.

It was a bright morning in early October, and Rubietta Gardener was making bread. She was only thirteen years old, but her mother had taught her to make such delicious light, white bread that several of the neighbors had said that Rubietta ought to exhibit her bread at the fall fair, as she would be certain to get a prize.

At length, urged by all her friends, she had decided to compete. The fair was to be held

on Friday, so Rubietta prepared her bread on Thursday.

"So far, so good!" said Rubietta to herself, as she kneaded the dough for the last time. Then she had a bright idea. "I wonder how it would do to put my lucky penny in one loaf? That might help to get me the prize. I believe I 'll do it; but I won't tell a soul—not even mother."

She was all alone in the kitchen, and draw-

ing a little silver coin which she called her "lucky penny" from her pocket, she washed it carefully, cut a deep slash in the dough, and dropped in the "mascot." Her cheeks were burning and her eyes shining with excitement as she rolled and smoothed the dough until she felt sure that the silver was safe in the heart of the loaf, and that no one would guess her secret. Strange to say, that particular loaf rose better than any of the others, and later, when Rubietta drew it from the oven, light as a feather and baked to a delicate brown, her mother looked at it critically and said: "This certainly is a handsome loaf, the best of the baking; and you may get second prize, if you don't get first. But don't set your heart on being a winner. It often seems as much a matter of luck as of good baking."

"Maybe the luck may come my way, then," suggested Rubietta. "I've been real lucky since I found my lucky penny."

"What are you going to do with your prize-money, pet?" asked Mr. Gardener at the supper-table that evening.

Fred and Clara, the two younger children of the Gardener family, laughed, and Rubietta replied: "I have n't got it yet, and you need n't tease me, either. I'm not going to count my chickens before they are hatched."

"Fred and I are going with Mr. and Mrs. Jones in their buggy," announced little Clara. "She came over this afternoon, and said she could take us and Rubietta's bread, but she had n't any room for Rubietta."

Their father had given each of the children a half-dollar for pocket-money. Fred and Clara talked until bedtime of how they would spend their money at the fair. The young Gardeners were delighted with this generosity. Fifty cents was quite a large sum, even to Rubietta. Rubietta helped her mother with the dishes, and then watched her prepare the bread for its journey—wrap it in waxed paper, then in a snowy towel, and, lastly, place it in a nice basket lined with white paper.

Friday morning dawned clear and cloudless, a brilliant example of "October's bright, blue weather." The Gardeners were all ready early, and about half-past eight Mr. and Mrs. Jones drove up for Fred, Clara, and the basket.

"I'm sorry we have n't room for you too, Rubietta," said Mrs. Jones, "but some one will be sure to pick you up, and I'll give your bread to the judges. I'm going to exhibit some butter and honey, so I'll hand the bread in with my own exhibits."

"I'm much obliged to you for taking the bread," said Rubietta. "I think I may get a ride from some one of the neighbors if I start right away."

In a few minutes she had bidden good-by to her father and her mother and was walking briskly down the road, looking back frequently to see what were her prospects for a ride. She was wearing her very best clothes, of course,—a new blue dress with silk ruffles, a blue hat, and gloves to match,—and as the sun was shining brightly, she was carrying her mother's parasol, which had a very pretty china handle.

"Dear me!" she said to herself, "if I only had my lucky penny in my pocket I'd be quite sure of a chance. Why did n't I bring it?" And then, suddenly remembering where her lucky penny was, she laughed at her own forgetfulness and looked back once more.

This time a carriage was approaching, a handsome carriage with a canopy top and drawn by two horses. Rubietta knew it at once. It belonged to Dr. Forrest, who lived in Bluevale, a town about six miles from the Gardeners, in the opposite direction from the fair. Dr. Forrest was the Gardeners' family doctor, and sometimes, when he came to pay a visit, his wife, too, came for the drive, so Rubietta knew them both a little, and admired them exceedingly.

She thought them very rich and stylish and elegant. Their splendor quite dazzled her. "Where can they be going?" Rubietta wondered. "Not to the fair, surely! They have been away to New York and to the World's Fairs and to England and everywhere, so of course they would n't waste their time going to a little fair like this. Mrs. Jackson is sick; they must be going to her house."

She walked faster than ever while making these reflections, and was almost breathless when, soon after, she was overtaken, and the doctor stopped his horses and invited Rubietta

to take a seat in the carriage. She joyfully accepted the invitation. The horses trotted quickly on, past Mrs. Jackson's without a sign of stopping, past the two-mile cross-roads, and then Rubietta became uneasy.

A short distance ahead she noticed the old white horse and old-fashioned phaëton of Mrs. Wilkins, a stout, motherly old woman, whom Rubietta knew very well, as she often went to Mrs. Wilkins's home to buy butter and eggs. On these occasions Mrs. Wilkins always invited Rubietta to stay to tea, or gave her some cookies, or a piece of pie, or some apples, and once she gave her a beautiful scarlet geranium in bloom, which kept the Gardeners' sitting-room cheerful all winter; but though she and Mrs. Wilkins were such especial friends, Rubietta felt rather uncomfortable as the doctor's carriage rolled rapidly along and overtook Mrs. Wilkins's odd-looking turnout, for it was exceedingly mortifying to Rubietta to have the Forrests hear Mrs. Wilkins call out, "Good morning, *Rubatta!*"—which way of saying her name was hard to bear at any time, but hardest in the presence of such an audience.

Rubietta gave a rather stiff bow and only murmured, "Good morning, Mrs. Wilkins," though she really felt ashamed of herself for slighting her kind friend.

The fair was reached at last. A large number of people were already there when the doctor drove up to the gate, and Rubietta's heart leaped with joy as she saw Fred and Clara standing with several of her schoolmates, watching with admiring and envious eyes while Dr. Forrest lifted her out of the carriage.

After thanking the doctor as fervently as possible, Rubietta joined the other children, who regarded her with awe and admiration, and, indeed, she was a person of considerable importance. She had arrived at the fair in splendid style, and, besides, she was an exhibitor, competing for a prize.

"Mrs. Jones took your bread over to the Crystal Palace," was Clara's great news. The Crystal Palace was a hall which served as council-chamber and meeting-place for several societies. All the year it was a common wooden building, but on fair day it suddenly blossomed into a "Crystal Palace," in which were

placed all the exhibits except, of course, the live-stock.

By the time the children reached the Crystal Palace the doors were open and people were crowding in. Rubietta, with an anxious face and throbbing heart, managed to work her way into the hall, which was filled with exhibitors and their friends, eager to see whether or not they had obtained a prize. Rubietta passed slowly along with the throng. She had caught a glimpse of a large table standing on a raised platform which ran across one end of the hall, and on this table were placed the bread, pickles, butter, honey, and canned fruit. This table was her goal. Slowly—oh, how slowly!—the crowd moved along, and Rubietta with it, until she reached the steps leading up to the platform. She could see the table plainly now. The bread was all at the end nearest to her—one, two, three, four, five, six loaves. She pressed on; another step, and she saw the coveted red card on—was it on *her* loaf? Surely that was—no, impossible!—but yes, yes, *yes!* she would know that loaf of bread among a thousand! The red card was on her loaf!

Rubietta had won first prize!

In the crush she had become separated from the other children, so that there was no one whom she knew to exult with her. She had learned her fate while still on the floor. A few minutes more and she had mounted the steps and reached the table. In making her way toward the bread, she passed the butter and the honey, and noticed that Mrs. Jones had taken first prize on butter and third on honey. She paused to read the cards. The red one said, "First Prize, awarded to Mrs. Bessie Jones," and the white one said, "Third Prize, awarded to Mrs. Bessie Jones."

"I'm glad Mrs. Jones got two prizes," reflected Rubietta. "I suppose my card will read, 'First Prize, awarded to Miss Rubietta Gardener.'"

A moment later and the little girl stood beside her loaf,—it was her dear and well-known loaf, no doubt of that,—and it bore the precious red card. But what was this inscription staring her in the face? "First Prize, awarded to *Mrs. Mary Thompson.*" Rubietta

read it over and over while her heart sank. Who "Mrs. Mary Thompson" was she did not know, but she did know that Mrs. Thompson had been awarded a prize for bread she had not baked. Mechanically the little girl read the blue card on the loaf beside her own: "Second Prize, awarded to Miss Rubietta Gardener." She looked critically at the second-prize loaf. Could she have been mistaken in her own bread? But no, no, no! the second-prize loaf could be none of hers, though it had borne her name a dozen times. The judges must have mixed the exhibitors' names, and have thought her bread belonged to Mrs. Thompson and Mrs. Thompson's to her.

Something must be done, and at once. Some one must explain to the judges; but who were the judges, and where were they? The hall was not so crowded by this time. People were beginning to gather at the race-track outside, as the races were soon to commence. Rubietta asked several people if they could tell her who judged the bread before she found any one who knew. At last a lady pointed out a tall man and a fat man talking together, and said, "There are two of them." Rubietta made her way toward these men, determined to ask for justice. She stood near them for several minutes unnoticed, as she did not like to interrupt their conversation. At length she said timidly, "If you please—" Neither of the men heard her. "If you please—" she ventured, a little louder. But she had to try the third time before the fat man turned to her and said, "Well, little girl, what is it?"

"If you please, sir," said Rubietta, nervously, "I brought a loaf of bread here and it took first prize!"

"Well, well—very good, indeed! Did you bake it yourself?"

"Yes, sir; but I got only second prize."

"Oh, second prize, was it? Well, that 's very good for a little girl like you."

"But please, sir," protested Rubietta, very solemnly, "I should have had first prize."

Both the men laughed at this, and the tall one said; "There are a good many exhibitors like you on the ground. They all think they should have had first prize. But you should n't complain so long as you secured second."

"No, indeed," said the fat man. "Second is first-rate for a child like you. Perhaps next year you will get a red card. 'If at first you don't succeed, try, try again.'"

Before Rubietta could say anything more, another man came along and said to the two judges, "Come along, or you 'll miss the races"; and they moved toward the door, leaving her forlornly realizing that she had appealed to the judges in vain, for they had not understood what she was talking about.

Tears sprang to her eyes, but she winked them away before they could fall. "I won't cry," she said to herself, as she walked slowly toward the race-track. "No, I won't; no, I won't!" and, as she spoke, she bumped against a stout old lady who was approaching the Crystal Palace. "Excuse me, please," began Rubietta, looking up; and then she suddenly surprised the old lady by throwing her arms around her and exclaiming, "Oh, Mrs. Wilkins!—dear, dear Mrs. Wilkins, how glad I am to see you!"

"Why, Rubatta, is it you? Bless you, child, I did n't know you at first; and did you get a prize on your bread?"

In reply Rubietta poured forth her tale of woe, to which Mrs. Wilkins listened intently. When she had heard the whole story, she said, "Well, Rubatta, I know the judges, all three of 'em, and I 'll do all I can for you; but don't be too hopeful."

The three judges were found before long, and they all listened very kindly and respectfully to what Mrs. Wilkins had to say. The third judge was a lady, who asked Rubietta a number of questions, and suggested that they all go over to the Crystal Palace, almost deserted now, and look at the bread again. They did so, and after Rubietta told the judges how sure she was that that loaf, and no other, was the one she baked, the judges began to talk together in low tones. When their consultation was ended, the lady judge came over, and, laying her hand on Rubietta's shoulder, said kindly: "I am very sorry, my dear, but we don't feel that we are justified in changing our awards, as Mrs. Thompson is not here to speak for herself, and the loaves are so very much alike. We may have made a mis-

take, but we were very careful, and we don't think that we did. If either you or Mrs. Thompson had put a mark on your bread in baking, we could be certain; but as it is—"

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Rubietta, excitedly. "My lucky penny! my lucky penny! I forgot all about it until this very moment!"

friend as Mrs. Wilkins to take so much trouble for me," said Rubietta, putting her arm through her friend's and blushing at the thought of how coolly she had bowed to Mrs. Wilkins that very morning.

"That 's right," said the tall man. "They say, 'A friend in need is a friend indeed.'"



"AT LAST RUBIETTA HAD THE JOY OF READING THE NEW CARD."

"What do you mean, Rubatta?" asked Mrs. Wilkins.

"Why, I put my lucky penny in my loaf of bread when I was kneading it, and it 's in there now. Cut my loaf open and you 'll find it. How could I have forgotten it?"

One of the men took a knife and cut slowly through the middle of the loaf. Sure enough, the knife struck something hard, and there was the lucky penny, come to the rescue!

"Well, I guess it *was* our mistake, after all," said the fat man. "That *is* a lucky penny for you, surely!"

"I think I 'm lucky to have such a good

Then new cards were produced, and at last Rubietta had the joy of reading on a red card:

FIRST PRIZE,
awarded to
MISS RUBIETTA GARDENER.

Rubietta was glad enough to ride home in a light wagon. Dr. Forrest and his wife had gone home some hours before. At the supper-table Rubietta told the thrilling events of the day, while her father and mother and Fred and Clara listened, so intensely interested that



"I THOUGHT I WAS SILLY WHEN I PUT IT IN."

they forgot to eat. When she reached the climax, and produced her lucky penny and the three dollars prize-money, her father said heartily,

"Well done, pet!" and her mother kissed her, and in her pride seemed scarcely to know whether to laugh or to cry over her clever daughter's success.

"What are you going to do with your prize-money, Rubietta?" asked Clara.

"If mother will let me, I want to spend a dollar of it for a present for Mrs. Wilkins. May I, mother?"

"Yes, dear. You can spend that money any way you like, Rubietta dear. You surely had a hard enough time getting it," said her mother.

"Mrs. Wilkins has always been very good to you, pet," said her father; and then he added, a little roguishly, "even if she does call you 'Rubatta.'"

"I know it," said Rubietta. "She's been a good deal better to me than I have to her," she went on, blushing; "but I learned a good many things to-day, and I don't care what she calls me after this. She was 'a friend in need.'"

"And so was your lucky penny," was Fred's suggestion.

"Yes, that is true," said Rubietta; "and yet I thought I was silly when I put it in."

DOG TEAMS AND SLEDGES IN MICHIGAN.

BY EDWARD F. WATROUS.

THE early explorers of the wilds surrounding the Great Lakes found dogs and snow-shoes used by the Indians as aids in their journeyings. These two devices of the Chippewas they adopted for their own service, as did the *courriers des bois* and missionaries of later years. Both proved indispensable in this land of deep snow, and are still in use to some extent, the dogs being necessary at certain points in the upper peninsula of Michigan, where sledges in winter and boats in summer are the only means of travel.

Until the railroads pushed their way through the dense forests around the lakes, dog-sledges

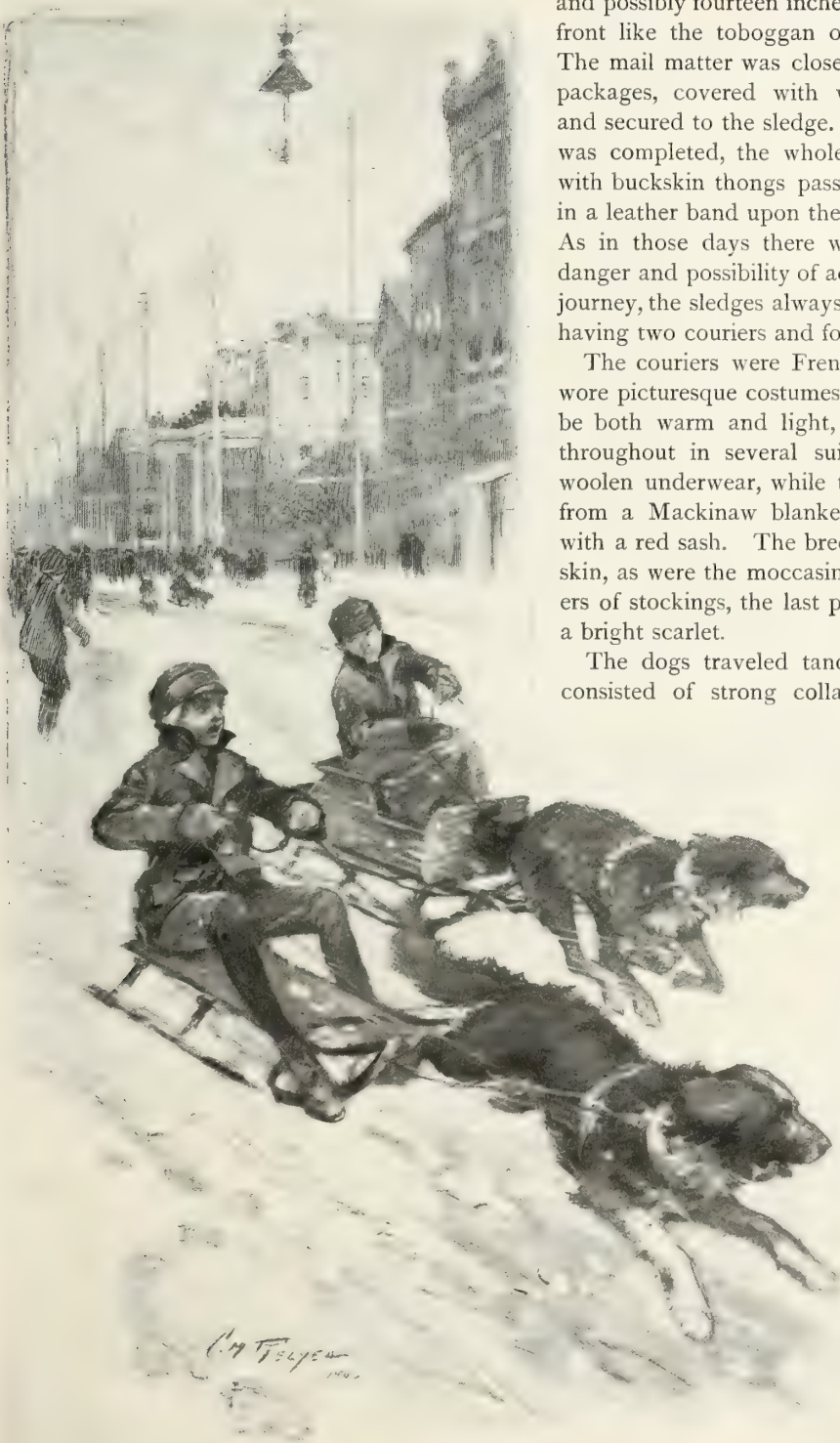
were in general use for carrying the United States mail. The longest route in Michigan over which the dog-trains regularly journeyed was from Saginaw to Marquette, making trips every two weeks from the time boats could not run until the lakes opened the following spring. The distance was six or seven hundred miles by the course they must take; as it was not safe to penetrate the pathless woods, they must travel along the shore or upon the ice, according to circumstances.

These mail-sledges were the property of the United States government; they were without runners—simply a board about ten feet long

and possibly fourteen inches wide, with curved front like the toboggan of the present day. The mail matter was closely packed in small packages, covered with waterproof canvas, and secured to the sledge. When the lading was completed, the whole was laced across with buckskin thongs passed through eyelets in a leather band upon the edge of the board. As in those days there was more or less of danger and possibility of accident on this long journey, the sledges always went in pairs, each having two couriers and four dogs.

The couriers were French half-breeds, and wore picturesque costumes. As clothing must be both warm and light, they were dressed throughout in several suits of the heaviest woolen underwear, while the coat was made from a Mackinaw blanket, the waist girded with a red sash. The breeches were of buckskin, as were the moccasins covering the layers of stockings, the last pair always being of a bright scarlet.

The dogs traveled tandem. The harness consisted of strong collar, back-band, and



traces. Sleigh-bells hung from the collars, which were frequently further ornamented with beadwork, bright worsted tassels, and fringes.

The best-trained dog was chosen as leader; the rear dog was known as the steerer, and was selected for his superior steadiness, as he was expected to keep the sledge upright in rough places. One courier ran before the sledge, one behind to assist over difficult places by means of a long stick extending at an angle from the

the whip or blows from a cudgel. Provisions for men and dogs must be carried. The dogs were fed but once a day — at night, when their work was done. Their food was corn-meal and tallow made into cakes; and they would travel from forty to sixty miles daily in the hope of a portion of this longed-for food at their journey's end. At least half of the nights must be passed by men and dogs beneath the shelter of the pine-trees or in the lee of a snow-bank.



A DOG SLEDGE AT OLD FORT WINNIPEG.

rear of the sledge. The genuine sledge-dogs were known to the trade as "huskies," supposed to be a corruption of the word "Eskimo." Signs of their descent from that stock are found in their small heads, sharp noses, pointed ears, long hair, and bushy tails.

Though faithful at their work, they were often very quarrelsome, which was undoubtedly owing to their cruel treatment. No reins were used to guide them; shouts, shrieks, and volleys of hard words were constantly heard, often helped out by sharp cracks of

After the dogs had been over the route once, their instincts might be fully trusted; whenever the couriers were uncertain or bewildered about the course, the dogs would guide the party to safety.

When the semi-monthly trips of the dog-trains formed the only means by which the lonely settlers of the Northern wilds could communicate with the outer world, the amount of mail was enormous.

Although the entire outfit was owned by the government, the couriers were not forbidden



A WELL-MATCHED PAIR—A TEAM IN TOWN.

to add to their income when they could. They often carried parcels for the safe delivery of which a large sum was paid. Occasionally a man who was eager to reach or leave Mar-

quette would pay the couriers from ten to twenty dollars for the safety gained by walking with the train the entire distance.

A steamboat company is under contract with



STARTING FOR THE WOODS WITH A FOUR-IN-HAND.



SHIPPING DOGS TO THE KLONDIKE.

the government to carry the United States mail from Mackinaw City to Mackinac Island daily throughout the year. This is often accomplished under difficulties. When the ice is forming in the early winter, or weakening in the spring, a pair of dogs, with a sledge, is in readiness upon each boat, so that when there is danger of delay, the mail may be delivered on time. In midwinter the ice forms in the "straits" from two to four feet in thickness. Even this obstacle to travel has been overcome by the skill of man, as three great car-ferries with the most powerful ice-crushers in the world make their way through this frozen barrier, carrying mails and passengers across the nine miles of ice.

The largest of the "ice-crushers," as they are called, was the one which the Russian government took as a model for those that now successfully navigate the Neva during the winter. This boat, known as the "Sainte Marie," is of forty-five hundred horse-power. Her propeller is twelve feet in diameter, and she has an assistant screw of ten feet diameter under her prow. These are operated at a speed of eighty revolutions per minute. This tremendous power forces the boat ahead, the bow climbs up on the ice, the suction draws the supporting water from under the ice, the boat crushes it down

and breaks it, enabling the Sainte Marie to make eight miles an hour through ice two feet thick.

These boats may not turn from their course to give the residents of the island mail service, but the ever-useful dogs make daily trips to and from St. Ignace, thus fulfilling the contract and enabling the isolated islanders to keep in touch with the world from which they are separated six or seven months of each year. On another route dogs are employed to carry the mail from the mainland to Manitou Island, a distance of thirty miles. These facts seem to prove that the faithful dog is essential to our civilization even in the first year of the twentieth century, despite the triumph of steam and electricity.

As the demand for dogs for long journeys has become less, they are owned by a different class of men, and receive better treatment, with the result of great improvement in the animals. At a number of towns in the upper peninsula teams of dogs are trained for racing, and each winter dog-races are held and prizes given. These occasions are very exciting, as the appearance of the contestants and swiftness are not the only desirable qualifications. Fights between teams often occur, which settled, the victorious team may proceed to the winning-post.

In Sault Ste. Marie, familiarly known as the "Soo," many dog-teams are to be seen which are the pride of their owners; they possess equipments of which the dogs themselves might be proud if dogs care for such things. These trained dogs, harnessed before a miniature sleigh, perform the duties of carriage-horses with all the speed and intelligence of those useful animals. It is noticeable that most of the pleasure teams on the city streets are jet-black, perfectly matched, and usually of the long-haired kind. These dogs are considered the most valuable, having greater powers of endurance; they are also more intelligent and capable of superior training.

Physicians and merchants employ dog-teams for their regular visits to distant camps, often the only way of reaching them without tedious delay. One physician who has to take long journeys to mining villages, mills, and lumber camps, drives from two to six, according to the distance and the speed desired. The sleighs are large enough for two persons, with necessary food for the dogs. The passengers are as comfortable as is possible when traveling over rough

country roads or through a pathless forest during severe weather. The dogs are useful where horses would be useless, as the light teams can pass over the crusted surface of the huge snow-drifts and endure the extremely cold weather. These qualities are of the greatest advantage where the snow lies from six to twelve feet deep, with the mercury at from twenty to forty degrees below zero.

Besides the many teams which attract attention for their fine appearance, speed, or endurance, there are numerous single dogs attached to sleds of various kinds, that go dashing through the streets, giving the busy town a peculiar appearance. These are working animals of nameless breeds, of all sizes and colors, employed by the butcher, the baker, and the milkman, as well as by messenger, telegraph, and school boys.

In March, 1898, seventy dogs were shipped in crates from the "Soo," having been purchased for the Klondike region by agents who had scoured the country for the long-haired variety; they were to take freight across the terrible passes leading to the Alaskan gold-fields.



TWO "EVERY-DAY" DOG-TEAMS.



THE STORY OF BARNABY LEE.

BY JOHN BENNETT.

(Author of "Master Skylark.")

[This story was begun in the November number.]

CHAPTER IX.

THE MARSHES OF PAVONIA.

BEYOND the river to the west of New Amsterdam lay a wilderness. All the settlements which had adventured there were failures. Far away to the north, in scattered fields, here and there a farmer reaped his barley in peril of his life; but all the rest of the country was a waste, to the east of which lay the North River, to the west the remote blue hills, while to the south the whole land sank into utter desolation. All the coast became a marsh, a waste of reeds and boggy islands that stretched away, mile after mile, along the sunken shore.

Twice every day the tides swept over the marshes; and twice every day the marshes emerged again, drowned, and in their vast expanse of rushes wild fowl lurked by thousands, wild geese and wild ducks, loons and herons, in flocks which fairly dimmed the sun, a feath-

ery multitude which made constant, tempting marks for every hunter's gun.

A wild duck stuffed with onions, hominy, and sage, set about with little rolls of sausage-meat and cheese, popped into the oven, and done to a turn as twilight gathers in the streets and the air grows sharp, is a thing which makes a hungry man water at the mouth.

And that was why the sentinel on the fort-wall kept looking out into the windy west with speculative eye on that changeful afternoon of April. At the mouth of an inlet on the margin of the fens the slender mast of a hunter's boat arose above the withered reeds, and over the water, from time to time, rang the distant report of a carbine, a sound which to the world at large said "Thump!" but which to him said "Duck and onions."

The tide had turned at the second watch, and was running swiftly in, creeping about the boggy knolls and rushes; and the wild fowl were gathering in from every direction to seek their feeding-ground among the sedge.

The wind-jack at the peak of the mast which arose over the rushes flapped and fluttered, rocked and swayed, as though it were upon a cradle; and the herring-skiff from which the mast sprang was not unlike a cradle, for, like all Dutch water-craft, it was about as broad as it was long, a trifle pointed at the prow, like a basin with a nose, and neither passing fair nor over fast, but safe in any weather.

The dark-red, gaff-rigged sail was struck, and in its folds against the thwart, snugly sheltered from the wind, sat a girl in a crimson jacket, busily knitting at a scarf of yellow yarn. Beside her upon the thwart lay a pile of barley-cakes, one with an eager little bite through its middle. From time to time the girl's fingers crept under her jacket for warmth, for the sun was going down and the air was growing chill.

In the stern of the boat sat a sturdy boy with a ramrod between his teeth. He was pouring shot from a leather pouch into a copper charger. A powder-horn lay beside him, and across his knees was a carbine. Four ducks and a great gray wild goose lay in the skiff, and now and again the boy looked up at the flocks which came winging to right and left.

Their outstretched wings made crosses of them, black against the western sky, for the clouds were breaking along the hills, and through the rifts the sunlight streamed in bars of pale glory over the fen. The girl looked up.

Across the bay the little city stood out bright against the gloom of the eastern sky, the distant mill-sails twirling as merrily as a golden whirlingig. Yet even as she looked the twilight dulled the gold to gray, and the reflection that gleamed from the windows of the town faded in the dusk.

"Dirck," said she, "it groweth late."

The boy made no reply.

"Dirck," she repeated, "it is growing late, and the sun is going down. We must be going home. Thou saidst we should not tarry."

"I said that I would bring six ducks," he answered, "and there are only four." He drove the ramrod home into the barrel of the carbine.

"Thou hast a goose."

"But I said six ducks."

"What matter two small wild ducks?"

"I said that I would bring six. I shall not go until I get them," he answered quietly.

The girl leaned back against the thwart, with her knitting in her lap. "I know a song," she said, laughing, "which fitteth thee like the skin on a prune!" and then she began to sing:

"There dwelt a man in Amsterdam, so obstinate, they
say,
That the ocean could not move him, though it washed
the dikes away;
So when the world was ended and he would not move
his chair,
They had to roll the world away and leave him sitting
there."

"Tut, tut!" cried the boy, "behush thyself; thou 'lt frighten the fowl to death with thy noise."

"Well," she said, smiling merrily, "I would as lief be frightened to death as to be shot."

"Thou art no duck."

"Nay, nor a goose," she answered, laughing. But suddenly a strange note touched her laughter. She sat up quickly, listening. "Dirck, what was that?" she asked.

"A loon," said he, and blew the gun-match until its spark glowed bright.

The girl had taken up a barley-cake and raised it to her lips; she laid it down untouched. "That was no loon," she said.

The boy tapped his foot impatiently. "Well, it *was* a loon, so there," said he. "Don't talk so much; thou 'lt frighten the ducks away, and we won't get home to-night."

But she leaned forward, listening; there was a startled look on her face. "I tell thee, Dirck, it was no loon, nor any water-fowl," she whispered, with a tremble in her voice; "I heard it plain."

"Nonsense!" said Dirck.

There was no sound for a moment but the lapping of the waves and the sighing of the wind through the rushes. Then all at once she started up. "There! There it comes again! Oh, surely, Dirck, thou heardest it? There! there! — didst thou not hear it?"

"Hear it? Hear what?" said the boy. "I hear thy silly chatter. Besides that I heard nothing; there was nothing to hear."

Standing upon the forward thwart and clinging to the mast, the girl stared into the mist. "Doth nothing cry out 'Oh, oh, oh!' as if its heart were breaking?"

"Oh, pah!" said the boy, disgustedly; "I tell thee, 't was a loon."

"But, Dirck, it cried 'Aho!' as plain as human tongue can speak."

"'T was but the scream of a loon." As he spoke the unearthly laughter of a loon sent a thrill across the marsh. "There, now, Dorothy; I told thee so."

"But it was not that; it was a human voice. Dirck, I am afraid. The twilight falls; it will soon be dark. Let the two ducks go!"

"Prutt! don't be foolish, Dorothy! Wouldst have me break my word?"

"But, Dirck, truly I am afraid. This is no goodly place. The Sanhikans make sorcery here, and witchcraft. They freeze the streams in summer-time, and the forests are full of wizards. Pray, let the two ducks go, Dirck! Nay, I beg of thee, Dirck; I am not wont to beg of thee."

"Tut!" cried the boy. "Do hold thy prate and stand down so that I may see. Here come the bay ducks going out. Stand down; I cannot see through thee."

As he spoke he raised his carbine, for the ducks were rising on whistling wings in every direction and came whirling in clouds across the fen. "My conscience how they come!" he cried, and stood with his feet braced wide apart against the gunwale and the stern-sheets.

Over the marsh like shadows came the wild-fowl, their wings whistling shrilly; the herons sped along the sand, staring with heads up-raised; a flock of wild geese rushed across the fen. "Stand down!" cried the boy. "They will not pass over. Thy red jacket frightens them. I shall not get a shot."

A cloud-rift opened overhead. The last rays of the setting sun, reflected from above, lit up the marsh with a pale yellow glow. Upon a bank of rushes in the fen rose a gesturing form. "Dirck," whispered Dorothy, "there is some one in the fen!"

"For the sake of patience hold thy tongue and let me shoot my ducks; the very mill-clapper maketh less noise. Hei, there, now stand fast, I say!" A red flash stung her eyes and made her head spin; the gun-smoke stifled her. He had fired over her shoulder. She heard a splashing in the water, and Dirck's loud "Hurrah! I have my ducks! Five at a shot; all golden-eyes; and with a carbine, too! Hur-

rah! Herry De Becker may have the twelve he shot with his old musketoon!"

The cold wind blew across her face and drove away the powder-smoke; though the tears were running down her cheeks, she quickly opened her eyes. Then she drew her breath with a little choking cry. Scarcely two oars' length, from the boat, a head rose among the rushes, bound about with a miry crimson handkerchief, from under which long, matted locks of bright yellow hair hung around a haggard face whose eyes were staring straight into hers. Her heart stood still. She tried to speak, but her lips would not make a sound.

"Five ducks!" cried Dirck. "Five good, fat ducks! Five ducks and four ducks are nine ducks. Nine ducks and a goose! Hurrah!" His breast was filled with triumph. "I said I would bring six ducks," cried he, with a little exultant laugh. Then he lifted his eyes and saw the head rising among the rushes. His cheeks turned pale, and dropping the ducks, he staggered back across the thwart. "Ach! 't is the ghost of Michael Pauw!" he gasped. "St. Nicholas preserve us!"

But the face was only the face of a boy, haggard and sick with hunger, pitiful and woe-begone, anything but terrible. He put his hands out pleadingly among the reeds, dripping black with the water-mire, and cried in a weak, faint voice: "Oh, master, take me into the boat; I be sinking in the quag!"

The Dutch boy did not understand; he knew but little English. "Off!" he gasped. "Off, I say!" and catching up the empty carbine, he leveled it at the head among the rushes. "Stand off, or I will blow thee full of holes. Cast off the mooring-line, Dorothy!"

Dorothy had fallen to her knees among the folds of the sail. Her lips moved silently; she was praying. Her breath went fast, and her breast fluttered like that of a bird in a snare; her eyes were fast on the face in the marsh.

Its eyes met hers; the hands waved; again the voice cried beseechingly: "Oh, mistress, won't ye take me into the boat? I am sinking in the mire! I will give ye my printing-book and my knife; oh, indeed, I will give ye all that I have if ye will only take me up into the boat and save me!"

The eyes that looked into hers were blue, and the face fair, although haggard and wild; the outstretched hands were slender. A wretch? But oh, so wretched! his mouth was pitiful. Compassion welled up in her gentle heart and blotted out all her fear. "Who art thou?" she called in a clear voice, with the sweetest and quaintest English accent. "Who art thou, and what art thou doing here in this foul place?"

The boy cried out at the sound of her voice, and struggled in the fen. "I am Barnaby Lee of Quarrendon, in Bucks; I ha' come from God knows where; I be a-perishing! Oh, mistress, take me up in the boat; I am perishing with the cold. I be weary and worn; and I be, oh, so hungry; and I am ill unto death. Oh, mistress, if ye will not take me in, I be a dead man here this night. Oh, mistress, take me into the boat; I am going down in the water!"

The tide was rolling about his waist, gurgling as it ran; he staggered as he tried to stand against it. "Oh, Dirck, it is only a boy," cried Dorothy, "a pitiful, starving boy!"

"'T is an English rogue," cried Dirck. "Stand off, thou vagabond, or I 'll shoot!" and he motioned with his gun.

"But, Dirck," she cried, "he perisheth!"

"Well, let the rascal perish; he is a murdering picaroon."

"Nay, Dirck; 't is the English cabin-boy!" She peered through the fast-falling twilight.

"Cast off the mooring," growled Dirck.

"But then we shall swing away."

"I intend to swing away," he replied. "Dost wish to stay here all night?"

"What dost thou mean?" she exclaimed.

"What should I mean?" he rejoined. "Cast off the forward mooring-line there."

"But, Dirck, the tide is coming in; 't will sweep the marshes clean."

"I am not master of the tides." He loosed the after mooring, and the boat swung around on the swiftly hurrying tide. "Cast off that forward line," he said; "I can come and grapple it anon."

She drew a little trembling breath. "Oh, Dirck," she said. "Oh, Dirck!"

But his face was stern. "Cast off the line."

"But, Dirck, the poor lad will drown!"

"Let him drown," he answered bitterly. "'T is

a good thing for an Englishman; I would they all were drowned and lying at the bottom of the sea! Cast off that line as I bade thee, and don't be all night about it."

Then all at once he looked at her with wonder in his face; for she sprang upon the forward thwart with her hand on the halyard.

"Coward!" she said. "Coward! Thou art more cowardly than I thought! Fear not," she cried to the English boy; "he cannot fire on thee; his silly gun is empty. Stand fast, lad; I will come for thee; thou shalt not be left here to die." Thrusting the long sweeps through the tholes, she began to tug at them bravely.

The wind was rising, and the tide was strong; the current wrenched the boat about, but the girl rowed well, bracing herself and pulling in a way that was fine to see. The skiff fell off, the waves buffeted it, but she pressed her lips together, and the broad boat drew slowly in among the rushes. "Hold fast, lad," she cried cheerily; "we are coming."

At that the boy in the stern looked up. "Why didst thou call me a coward?" he asked.

"Because thou art cruel," she answered.

"I am not; I deny it. To hate a man is not cruel."

"Hate? What cause hast thou for hate?"

"It is enough that he is an Englishman; I hate them one and all; they stabbed my father in the back. If the whole of England were in the marsh I 'd laugh to watch her sinking."

The sedge scraped on the boat-side, and through the windy patter of the rushes could be plainly heard the exhausted panting of the English boy. Then suddenly he gave a cry, "Oh, mistress, be quick; I am going!" and the rushes on which he was holding gave way.

Dorothy sprang to her feet and thrust one sweep beyond the swinging boat. "Stand fast," she cried; "I am coming!" and pushed with all her might. The boat swung round against the tide and plunged into the swaying reeds. "Now come thou into the skiff," cried Dorothy, bending upon her oar.

The boy reached out toward the boat among the tangled rushes, but lost his balance and fell forward on a tussock of black marsh-grass, where he lay unable to help himself, for his legs were fast in the mire. He burst out in a great

sob like a child. "I cannot pull them out," he cried. "Oh, mistress, I be done for!"

The little crimson jacket went like a fire along the boat; Dorothy caught the reeds and the white-birch twigs and tugged with all her strength. Heavily and slowly the broad-bowed skiff dragged across the flooded sedge, jibbing like a restive horse. "Now, quick, give me thine hands!" cried Dorothy, and braced herself against the gunwale. Swiftly reaching forth with her hands, she caught the boy's gaunt, cold fingers. "God bless ye!" he said, and clutched her hands with the energy of despair. The color fled from her face at his grip, but she made no cry. "Now, now!" she said, and swung her body lithely back with the swinging of the boat. The water dashed him to and fro; one wave broke over him; he came up from it gasping, and fell across the gunwale, but it was all that he could do. The girl put her arms around him, but she could not lift him up. "Dirck," she said, and all at once her voice was very quiet. Dirck looked up, for there was a strange thrill in her tone. "Dost hear me, Dirck?"

"Yea, I hear thee."

"Put down thy silly gun, and take this poor lad into the boat. His feet are fastened in the mire, and I cannot lift him." Her face was white, but her eyes were like stars. He looked at her, but did not move. The place was very still. The gray fen-mist hung over them like a veil. She drew her head back. "Didst thou hear what I said unto thee?"

"Yea," answered Dirck.

"Then do it!" she cried. "I will not be gainsaid. When I tell thee to do a thing I mean that it shall be done forthwith. This is no time for bickering; do as I tell thee!"

Dirck laid down the carbine,—he could not tell just why he did so,—but answered bitterly: "If the English had stabbed thy father, thou wouldst hate them as I do."

Then, all at once, her cheek flushed, and a change came over her passionate face. "Oh, Dirck," she said softly, "be pitiful! Thou wouldst not I should hate thee. Then pity this poor lad. He is dying of hunger. Is hunger English, that thou shouldst not have compassion on it? or death uncommon, that thou

shouldst not know its bitterness? Wouldst have me hate thee? Nay, then, be pitiful!"

He looked at her with a changing face, but his brow still scowled. "Oh, pah!" he said, "I will pity him, then, if pity pleaseth thee; and if it pleaseth thee to have him taken into the boat, I will take the beggar in. Leave go of him. Stand back and let me have room. See, now; thou hast muddied thy dress, and thy mother will be angry. Stand back, Dorothy." So saying, he stooped and thrust his arms under the cabin-boy. "I take him aboard because thou dost wish it, and not that I hate him the less. And, mark me," he continued, scowling unrelentingly, "let him be warmed once, let him be fed, ay, let the beggar be washed and cleaned, I shall beat him so that he will wish I had left him in the fen. Come, thou miserable bag of bones!" he said to the English lad, and with a long tug and a strong pull he drew him safely over the gunwale.

CHAPTER X.

A PRISONER.

THE glory of the western sky had faded into gray; the last pale glare of the day was gone. Night fell swiftly; the stars came out, and the moon appeared, swiftly climbing the eastern cloud, but giving little light.

Beyond the shelter of the marsh was a rolling, windy sea; but there was no better sailor in all New Amsterdam than young Dirck Storm. Settling himself at the tiller, he let the boat's head swing until her red sail caught the wind and filled with a flap. Close hauled, they drew away from the marsh. The water was as cold as pistol-steel, and black with the rush of the wind. The little herring-skiff heeled down until the foam-topped crests bubbled along her rail.

The English boy looked at neither the water nor the boat, but, with his hands clasped upon his breast, crouched, dripping, against the mast. The girl stared at him with quivering lips. She was trembling from head to foot. Then suddenly she bent her head, and hid her white face in her hands. She was not crying, but her fingers were clenched upon her temples, and by turns her cheeks were red and white; she was over-

wrought. Then, straightening up with a fair, brave pride, she laid her hands in her lap. The stain of the marsh was on them, and the print of the English boy's hard grip still showed in deep, red lines across their backs. Sitting there silent, she watched the water.

It was but a short Dutch mile across the river to the town. As they neared the shore, they could hear the lowing of cattle from the sheds, and the sound of the watchmen's rattles from the square. It was now quite dark, and the night-lights swung on the masts of the ships in the harbor. The fort stood black against the sky, and along the wall a solitary sentinel was pacing up and down.

As they drove in toward the land, Dirck took up a conch-shell which was lying in the bottom of the boat, and blew upon it.

"Here! what are ye blowing for?" cried a voice out of the darkness. "What craft is that, and who are ye that ye come ashore so late?"

Dirck let the sail fall, and taking the oars, pulled stoutly through the wash. "It is I—Dirck Storm," he answered. "We have taken a picaroon."

"What's that ye say?" the hoarse voice called.

"We have taken an English picaroon in the marshes beyond the river. Go tell the Schout Fiskaal."

Quick feet went running up the bank, voices called along the street, doors opened, lights shone, men came out. The rattle-watch came down. "Dirck Storm hath taken a picaroon!" they shouted.

The skiff drove in upon the sand; the lanterns came clustering around, pipe-bowls glowed like fireflies in the darkness; then came a voice crying, "Way, there!" and the Schout Fiskaal lumbered down.

"Hah!" he cried. "Where is the rogue?"

"Here," answered the captain of the watch; "I have him."

"Aha, Master Villain! where art thou now?" cried the Schout Fiskaal, clanking his sword. Then he suddenly paused and rubbed his eyes. "So small as that?" he gasped. "He must be very wicked; hold fast to him, Ludowyck; he hath an ugly knife."

But the boy was shaking with the cold, and could hardly keep his feet. The lantern-lights

went up and down, and the earth seemed rocking under him; the houses danced before his eyes as if they were drunk, and in his ears was a roaring like the sound of a storm.

"What shall I do with him, mynheer?" asked the captain of the watch.

"Lock him up in the Stad Huis jail."

The captain slowly shook his head. "Impossible, mynheer."

"And why is it impossible?"

"The jail is full of cheeses."

The Heer Officier puffed his cheeks and stared blankly at the captain. "What sort of business is this," he asked, "that the jail is full of cheeses?"

"The very best sort of business," replied the captain of the watch. "Cheeses bring good rents, mynheer, but prisoners cost the city moneys."

"Ach, so! I had not thought of that. Well, then, take him and lock him up in the guard-room at the fort."

The captain doubtfully rubbed his chin.

"Well, now what is the matter, that ye stand there rubbing your chin?"

"The guard-room at the fort, mynheer, is full of pickle-tubs."

The Schout Fiskaal gasped. "Of pickle-tubs? The guard-room full of pickle-tubs! Whose pickle-tubs?"

"Jan Hook's, I think."

"Well, a pest upon Jan Hook! Is the world a warehouse for green cheese and pickle-tubs? This is a nice to-do: cheeses in the Stad Huis, pickle-tubs in the guard-room; that's a sweet kettle of fish. Donkerheid and donderkloot!—a pest on Jan Hook!"

The captain bowed. "As ye please, mynheer, a pest upon Jan Hook; but what shall be done with the picaroon?"

"Lock him up, I told thee."

"Lock him up? Oh, ay; but where? Where shall I lock him up?"

The Schout Fiskaal clapped his fists together. "Body and soul!" he cried. "Do ye expect me to furnish you with jails as well as to fill them for you? Do ye think that I carry a dungeon in my tobacco-bag? Donder and bliksem! what to do?" He stopped and ruefully rubbed his head; then all at once his face lighted up. "Hah! I have it," he said.

"Lock him up in the loft of the windmill; there is room for a dozen of him."

The captain of the night-watch bowed, and turned to his prisoner. "Come thou," he said; then he started back. "Preserve my soul!" he cried, for the English boy had fallen face down on the sand.

The burghers crowded around him, crying out. "Ach!" said One. "Tut!" said Two. "Well to think of it!" said Three. Then they puffed their pipes again, and did nothing. But one kind lad with sense in his head brought down a shutter, on which the night-watch laid the boy and, crossing their pike-staves under him, started heavily up the bank. "Run thou," said the captain to the boy who brought the shutter. "Tell them to open the land-gate."

But before the boy came to the market-field a girl had run before him, as light on her feet as a leaf in the wind, and coming first to the land-port, she beat upon the gate, crying: "Quick, Jan Duyvelant; open the gate."

"Who calls?" growled the sentinel.

"'T is I, Jan,—Dorothy Van Sweringen. Open the little wicket and let me in."

Slipping through the little gate, she sped across the fort and up the steps of the house that stood midway of the row, and, breathlessly springing the door-latch, she entered.

Within the room the very roof-beams danced in a pleasant flood of light. The hearth was heaped with beech-logs blazing merrily. On the tables were groups of candles, twinkling like stars. By the window, looking out, was a woman, slender, beautiful, young, yet grave—a little sad withal. When she heard the girl's step, she turned to meet her with a smile. "My little one," she said, "thou art come at last!" But the girl cried, "Mother, oh, mother, they are putting him up in the windmill loft; and oh, mother, the boy will surely die there. He is hungry and cold and ill—he hath swooned. He is naught but a cabin-boy. Dirck saith that he is a rogue, mother, but he cannot be a rogue. His eyes are as blue as mine, mother, and his mouth doth make me cry!" Her gallant courage failed; she leaned against the wainscot and, with her head upon her arms, sobbed convulsively.

Just then, through the darkness outside, came a shouting, with a trampling of feet and a tu-

mult at the gates. Loud roared the watch from the market-field; they beat upon the gates. The sentries ran to reinforce the guard; the din became an uproar.

A woman, dark and imperious, with a countenance as stern as a man's, stood by the south-easternmost window in the Director-General's residence. Behind her was a serving-man in quiet livery. "Joris, what means this din?" she asked, with a flash of her black eyes.

"They have taken a picaroon, mevrouw," said he, respectfully.

"And doth one picaroon justify this uproar?"

"He is the city's prisoner, mevrouw, so the guard will not let the night watch bring him into the fort; yet there is no place in the city where they may keep him safely. It is a hanging matter, so they dare not turn him loose. He must be kept until the Director-General comes. So the city watch demandeth admittance; but the fort guard refuseth. One cries 'In!' t' other cries 'Out!' and so there is a riot."

The woman's dark cheeks flushed angrily. "Another quarrel with the town!" she exclaimed. "Things go from bad to worse. I would that Peter himself were here to take these brawlers by the scruff."

"Oh, Anneke," cried a clear, soft voice from the door of the inner chamber, and a slender, girlish woman's figure came swiftly into the room. "Oh, Anneke, Dorothy telleth me that it is but a cabin-boy who hath wandered in the wilderness and is starving. She saith he hath swooned from exhaustion, yet they are putting him up in the windmill!"

"In the windmill?" cried the other. "A starving boy in the windmill? Have men all lost their senses, or what scatter-brained folly is this? Why, they grow but more witless daily. Tsst! Joris, my cloak! I will settle their nonsense. Make the door open there, Joris. They will put no starving boy up in the windmill this night, or my name is not Anneke Bayard!"

Then out she strode, with her serving-man going before her, across the parade, and her long black cloak blowing about her in the wind.

"Open those gates, Jan Duyvelant," she said.

"But, mevrouw," protested the sentry, "the orders for the night—"

"Are to open those gates as I bid thee, and not to give me answers. I come not here in search of words; I have had a surfeit of them. Open the gates as I bid thee."

"But, mevrouw," expostulated the guard, "it is against the regulations."

"Then revise thy regulations, in the name of common sense! Dost know that there is a starving boy dying outside those gates? Thou dost eat six meals a day; he dies for the lack of one. Shame upon thee! Regulations? Speak no more of your regulations! Wouldst banish mercy from the earth for the sake of regulations? Dost thou not know that human kindness overrides all regulations? Ach, thou dolt!" And with that she cried out upon him so fiercely that he fell back, stumbling and stammering, and threw back the heavy bars of the gate before he knew what he was doing.

In rushed the watch; but seeing the tall, dark woman standing there in the glare of the torch-light, they stopped upon the threshold, surprised and abashed.

"Where is this prisoner?" she demanded. His carriers laid him at her feet. His eyes were shut and his face was white, and although he was tall, he was so fallen away that he seemed scarce more than a child. She knelt and laid her hand on his breast to know if his heart were still beating. It trembled faintly under her fingers. "Joris," she cried quickly, "take this poor lad into the house, and wash him thoroughly; and, Joris, clothe him in new, clean linen, and give him a draught of Canary; and take his rags and burn them at once."

Joris stooped and picked him up; the boy seemed but a wisp of bone.

Then Mevrouw Anneke Bayard turned to the captain of the watch, who forthwith fell to mopping and mowing like a clown at a country fair. "Get thee gone straightway," she said, "and hunt thee some wits, for thou hast none; and for thy prisoner hold me responsible." Turning, with a look of scorn, she followed her serving-man into the house, never even so much as looking behind her.

There was a good hot fire blazing half-way up the chimney in the room to which Joris

carried the boy, and on the glowing coals lay a pailful of oysters roasting in their shells, some wide open, steaming, while others, still closed, puffed filmy jets of steam across the hearth. A slice of dark wild-turkey meat, with a fine, spicy savor, lay hot in a pan, with frying cakes of hominy about it.

The boy opened his eyes and moved his chilled lips with an inarticulate sound. Though his eyes were bright, he seemed to see nothing. His cheeks were beginning to flush.

"Joris," said Mevrouw Bayard.

"Ay, mevrouw," answered the servant.

"Be quick and kind with him, Joris; the lad is scarce himself."

The stout Joris swiftly stripped the boy to his skin, and laid him in a big, white, copper-hooped wooden tub, then poured in water piping-hot until the lad was almost afloat.

The hot water took the pain out of the flesh and eased the weariness of the boy's bones; he closed his eyes and stretched himself out with a strange, sweet sense of ease, sighed once or twice, and then sank back, almost insensible. His breath trembled through his lips, and he was as helpless as a child; but Joris held him upon his arm and washed him deftly, growling to himself, from time to time, like a grim old dog, "Ach, poor lad!" and "Look ye, now!" for the boy was covered with bruises.

But when Joris came to the slender back and turned it to the light, he said something suddenly under his breath that made his own hair stand up; and "Mevrouw!" he cried indignantly, as he carried the boy, fresh clad, to the other room, "mevrouw, the dirty villains have beaten him like a dog!"

"Poor boy!" said the younger woman, and her eyes filled with tears. "What a life! and oh, Anneke, see how young he is, and how delicate and fair!"

"And, juffrouw, his hair is like silk, and his skin is as soft as a girl's," said Joris. "See, juffrouw!" and he laid the shirt back from the boy's brown neck. "And, juffrouw, he hath no trace of scurvy, but is sound as a guilder piece; a good night's sleep, somewhat to eat, and a quiet rest will set him up again."

BOOKS AND FOR

READING YOUNG FOLK



THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

A RESIDENT of Michigan has amused his leisure by collecting some interesting bits of information about the present century. We take a few items from a newspaper article. First, then, the twentieth century will have twenty-four leap-years, the greatest number possible, and three of its Februarys will have five Sundays—in 1920, 1948, and 1976. The calendars for 1895 can be used again in 1901, this year. The year 1935 will contain seven eclipses, the highest number possible; and this happened last in 1823. The astronomers tell us that every year must have at least two eclipses, and may have seven. The twentieth century will have fewer of Mondays than of any other week-day, and will contain 36,525 days—that is, 36,500 regular days, twenty-four February 29's, and one extra day caused—who will tell us why there is this extra day?

"EXCITING" BOOKS.

FEW young readers fail to learn that their older friends or their parents do not approve of their reading too many exciting or sensational romances. But often the only reason given is the statement, "It is not good for you," and this, unexplained, seems, of course, no reason at all. Here is a quotation, from one of the greatest of English writers, that may help a girl or boy to see that there is good sense in their elders' advice:

"The best romance becomes dangerous if by its excitement it renders the ordinary course of life uninteresting, and increases the morbid thirst for useless acquaintance with scenes in which we shall never be called upon to act."

Reading only highly spiced stories of adventure, heroism, or mystery, and accounts of

strange circumstances that could arise perhaps once in a thousand lives, tends to give wrong ideas of life and of the people we meet every day. The quiet man who sits in the dark corner of the railway-car, with his hat pulled over his brows, and wearing green or blue spectacles, is much more likely to be an invalid with weak eyes than a mysterious detective. If you spend a summer by the sea, the chances of your finding Captain Kidd's treasure are hardly worth considering; and should you dig for it, you would be likely to waste much time that might be devoted to good fun, sensible exercise, or the study of sea-animals or -plants. But do not conclude that all existence is dull, or you will make an absurd blunder the other way. There is a keen interest in life for every boy or girl with eyes to see, brain to understand, and hands to work. Most heroes and heroines of real life are thankful for the quiet weeks and months when they may be just ordinary men or women—nor are they the less heroic for that. In our great Civil War the quiet-mannered men were General Grant, Admiral Farragut, Robert E. Lee, and Stonewall Jackson; and many of the commanders of our ships in the Spanish War are at present leading lives of very simple every-day duties.

CHILD LOST!

ONE day in Boston, many years ago, a little girl wandered away from home. She was missed and sought for everywhere in vain. At last her mother went to James Wilson, the city crier, and soon that official was going about the Boston streets ringing a bell, and describing the little girl's dress, and calling her name. "Child lost! Child lost!" he said again and again, as he shook his big bell.

The little girl was lying asleep in an alleyway, and being wakened by the bell and the name "Lou-i-sa Al-cott!" she sprang to her feet and said sleepily: "That means me!" And so it did. The little girl grew up and became the author of "Little Women" and other books and stories, a number of which were printed in St. NICHOLAS.

The anecdote of her being lost was told to Edward Everett Hale, and he published it over a year ago in the "Lend a Hand Record."

THE REFERENCE-BOOKS. EVERY village, even if too small to found a general library, should form a small library of reference-books that could be consulted by school-children. The cost of the necessary books is but little when the good to be had from them is considered, and this cost should be shared by the parents of school-children likely to use the little library. The books chosen should include all the best dictionaries, at least one large encyclopedia, large and small atlases, and, if possible, a good globe. The same room that contains the books should also be supplied with the current magazines that bring information up to date, and with the excellent annual publications that record the events of each year.

Who will make out a list for such a library, including a general estimate of its cost? There should be lists of the most useful books costing in all from ten dollars to fifty dollars.

"SPENCERIAN PEN-MANSHIP." FOR years the last name of Platt R. Spencer, who devised a popular style of writing, has been known to millions of girls and boys. They have used his pens and copied his letters. But few know anything about Spencer himself, or of his "log seminary," the log house in which he was for many years a successful teacher. Until he was eight years old Spencer had never seen writing-paper, though he had heard that there was such a thing. At last the little fellow, having a penny to spare, gave it to a lumberman with an order for a sheet of paper, and waited up until midnight to receive the precious purchase from town. No doubt he sat up long enough to try his quill pen on the paper, for up to this time, about 1808, the boy Spencer had written only upon bark,

wood, or sand. The little fellow was a hard student, and in school he built a wooden partition around his desk so that he might study undisturbed by the other scholars.

QUILL PENS.

How many of you know that the quill pen was in common use until within a few years? And do you also know that to make a good quill pen—that is, to cut the nibs and shape the point—was an art requiring much skill and practice? In an old book that once belonged to one of the Revolutionary family of Schuylers a whole page is required to give directions for making and pointing the pen. The name of this book is "The Young Man's Best Companion."


When once made, however, the quill pen in the hand of a writer of light touch was a capable servant. Indeed, one well-known calligrapher ended a massive volume with this quaint bit of verse:

With one sole pen I writ this book,
Made of a grey goose-quill;
A pen it was when it I took,
A pen I leave it still.

PRIZE QUESTIONS.

FOR the best set of answers to the following questions a year's subscription will be awarded. Lists must be received by March 15, 1901:

1. Give a reason why the cat is not mentioned in the Bible.
2. What books mentioned in the Bible have been lost?
3. Who was "Old Grimes," and who wrote a song about him?
4. Give the seven wise sayings of the "seven wise men of Greece."
5. What is "Tom Tiddler's Ground"?
6. Who first said "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his ——"? Fill the blank and give the author.
7. What is the "Pons Asinorum"?
8. What was meant by the "Wedding of the Adriatic"?
9. What is the objection to "circumstances," "I am in hopes," "Admiral Van Tromp"?
10. How did Sergeant Jasper earn a commission, and why did he refuse it?



NATURE & SCIENCE

EDITED BY

EDWARD F. BIGELOW.

CITY AND COUNTRY CULTURE.

THAT country boy or girl is rustic and undeveloped who has not seen something of the city's achievements and known something of its inspirations. Equally crude and imperfect is the development of the city boy or girl that contains no experiences acquired on the farm, in the woods, and in the field.—JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

COMETS.

THE comets are an exceedingly interesting class of the heavenly bodies. They are mostly nebulous and hazy-appearing objects, and vary very greatly in size. A large number of them are so small, or apparently so small, as to be visible only in large telescopes. Many telescopic comets, however, are visible in quite small instruments, even a common spy-glass or good opera-glass, and can almost be seen by the naked eye. These make beautiful telescopic objects in instruments of moderate size. An excellent illustration of this class is afforded in the latest telescopic comet, discovered by the writer on the 23d of July last, a view of which is given in Fig. 1.

It was discovered in the constellation Aries, in the eastern morning sky. It had a very bright star-like nucleus, a large coma, as the hazy portion surrounding the nucleus and forming the head of the comet is called, and a broad tail about a million of miles in length.

It passed perihelion, or the point

in its orbit nearest to the sun (from *peri*, "near," and *helios*, "the sun"), early in August of this year. The comet was moving very rapidly among the stars, and in a northerly direction, so that at this writing it is in the northern heavens, just below the bowl of the "Little Dipper." Being in this position, among what are called the circumpolar stars, it does not set at all, and hence may be observed all night long. This is a very convenient place for a comet to



FIG. 1. TELESCOPIC VIEW OF THE BROOKS COMET OF 1900.

occupy, and a large number of good observations should be secured. At one time this comet was within six degrees of the North Star.

mense tail, a hundred million miles in length, stretched grandly across the northern heavens.

While the wise were charmed, and the astronomers and scientists studied the comet with greatest interest and care, it is no wonder the ignorant were frightened at this unusual spectacle in the sky. It has been often pointed to as an omen of the great civil war which began about two years later. This comet is found to be moving in an elliptic orbit with a period of nearly nineteen hundred years. Comets move in one of three different forms of orbit, either the ellipse, the parabola, or the hyperbola. If a comet move in the elliptical form of orbit, it will return to view from time to time. If it is moving in either of the two other forms of orbit, after pass-



FIG. 2. GREAT COMET OF 1882.

Sometimes a comet remains quite close to the sun, and hence is visible for only a short time in the morning sky if west of the sun, or in the early evening hours if east of the sun.

Occasionally a telescopic comet—that is, one visible only in the telescope—is discovered that in a few weeks or months will blaze out in the heavens and arrest the attention of the world, arousing intense interest and admiration in all intelligent minds, and also the greatest astonishment and alarm in the more ignorant and superstitious.

Such a comet was the one of 1858. It was discovered with the telescope by Donati of Florence, in June of that year, high up in the northern heavens. As the astronomers of the world watched it, the comet was soon found to be growing in brightness, slowly at first, and then very rapidly as it swept downward toward the sun. In September and October of 1858 it was a most brilliant and majestic object, as a great many of the grown-up readers of ST. NICHOLAS will well remember.

One evening, never to be forgotten by the writer, this beautiful comet loomed grandly out of the gloaming. The head of the comet was close to the brilliant star Arcturus, while its im-

agine around the sun it recedes into infinite space, and will never visit our system again.

Sometimes a comet bursts upon our view very suddenly as a fully developed comet visible to the naked eye. Such an apparition is well illustrated in the splendid comet of 1882. Its approach was hidden by the overpowering

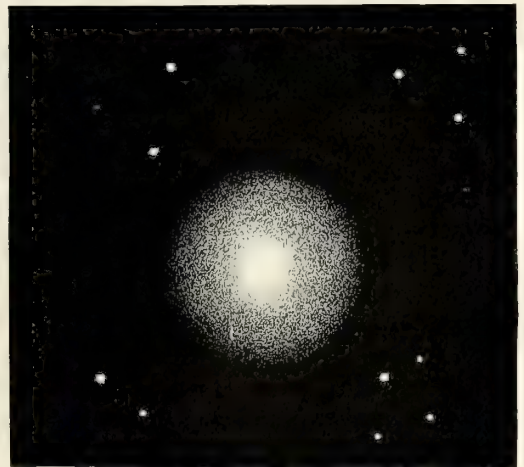


FIG. 3. BROOKS COMET OF 1885. (TELESCOPIC VIEW.)

rays of the sun. It was first seen in the southern hemisphere. When it came into view in

the northern hemisphere as a great comet in the early morning hours of September, 1882, it had passed before the sun, and was rushing with astonishing rapidity away from our great

THE WINTER HOMES OF THE MUSKRATS.

ALTHOUGH most boys have seen muskrats, and know that they burrow in the banks of



A MUSKRAT'S SNOW-COVERED HOME, OF STICKS AND LEAVES, IN A SWAMP.

central luminary into space. It was the grandest comet of recent years, and its tail was of enormous proportions.

Now, while some comets have very long tails, others have none. The type of tailless comet is well illustrated in the Brooks comet of 1885 (Fig. 3). It was a globular mass of gaseous matter with a central condensation but no tail whatever. This is also a comet of short period; that is, it returns soon.

It is a telescopic comet and is expected to return to view every eight years.

It is time for another great comet to make its appearance, although none is definitely expected.

Such a comet would be hailed with delight by most people, and the astronomers would eagerly investigate it with telescope and camera and spectroscope.

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streams and ponds, perhaps they do not all know that there are some muskrats who build more pretentious winter homes for themselves. These furry aristocrats select as a site for their house a shallow spot in some swamp or quiet stream, and on a moonlight night in the fall of



A MUSKRAT.

the year they may be seen at work on their new dwelling. Some gather sticks, and others dried grass and bunches of fallen leaves. With this building material in their mouths, they swim out to the spot they have chosen, and begin to build a mound, leaving a hollow space in the

middle. When the house is finished, it looks very much like a pile of leaves such as the gardeners rake up on the lawns in the autumn; but in reality it is very firm, for besides the strength given by the sticks which are laid between the layers of leaves, the whole mass is soon frozen stiff, and often remains so all winter.

But within the thick walls is a snug little chamber, where the muskrats sleep in the daytime, sometimes on a flat stone or log over which the house has been built, and sometimes on a sort of shelf made on purpose. The doorways are under the water, and the owners have to dive if they wish to go in or out. When the river or swamp is frozen over, the rats sometimes have to swim for a long distance under the ice, and the bubbles of air which they breathe out as they shoot along may often be seen from above.

They generally go out at night, and landing at some opening near the shore, canter off to a corn-field, to glean the ears left here and there by the farmers. Sometimes they will visit an old barn and carry off apples, turnips, or almost

any other vegetables which may be stored there. They are also very fond of fresh-water mussels, and gnawed mussel-shells will generally be found along streams inhabited by muskrats.

It is always easy to know the tracks of a muskrat from those of any other animals. In the first place, the hind feet, which are slightly webbed, are very much larger than the front ones, and are set on the leg at an angle. The trail shows these peculiarities plainly. In the second place, there is always a line running between the marks of the paws. This is made by the sharp-edged tail, which the animal trails along the ground as he runs.

ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES.

A DEER ON SNOWSHOES.

THE title sounds queer, I know; but if you ever have the chance to examine a caribou's feet you will see what is meant in a moment. In the first place, the hoof is very large, and the cleft between the halves is very deep, so that the feet spread widely when the caribou's weight is on them. The hoof of a large bull



THE BARREN-GROUND CARIBOU.

(So called because it lives chiefly on the large, desolate, and cold plains of the far north, known as the "Barren Grounds of America.")

that I saw once on the Renous Barrens measured five and one half inches across; and when (with far less force than the caribou's weight would have exercised) I pulled apart the halves, the spread was nearly ten inches.

Besides this, the caribou's ankle-joint is exceedingly flexible, so that the large dew-claws, which are five or six inches above the hoof and behind, bend down easily and rest on the snow, spreading like the hoofs when they touch. This gives to the caribou a broad sup-

porting surface, kept from sinking too deep by his wide-spreading snowshoes.

There is another curious thing about a caribou's hoofs. The edges, in winter, are sharp and convex, like a bell's rim, so that he can travel on the ice without slipping. He likes this kind of traveling, and is often seen trotting far out on the northern lakes, in pure fun apparently, for there is nothing to eat on the ice, and he drinks no water in winter, contenting himself with a little snow when he is thirsty.



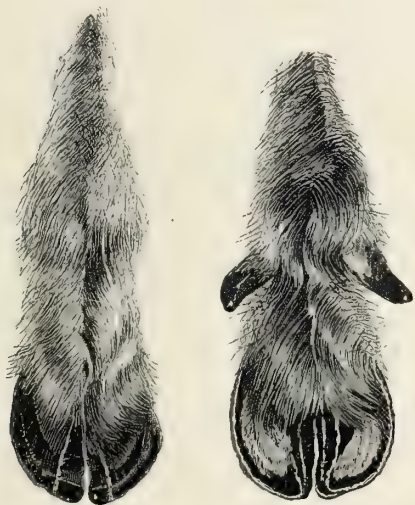
THE WOODLAND CARIBOU THAT LIVES, AS ITS NAME DENOTES, CHIEFLY IN THE FORESTS.

porting surface on which to travel—very much wider than that of his great cousin, the moose. It is indeed a kind of natural snowshoe, not unlike that which grows on the grouse's foot every winter to help him over the snow.

The result of this wise provision on the part of nature is to give the caribou an enormous advantage over the rest of his family. While deer and moose are half prisoners in their yards, unable to leave the paths which they have made in the snow, the caribou wanders where

Once I saw a herd engaged in what seemed to me a dangerous kind of fun—the same kind of fun that all children enjoy under the name of “teetlee-benders.” It was on a small lake in the woods in early December. The ice that covered the lake was smooth and dark, and not yet thick enough to bear a heavy weight without bending and cracking. Five caribou—large, fine animals—came out of the woods and tried the ice cautiously. They seemed to enjoy the ticklish sensation, going

out and back several times. Suddenly, as if in daring, one started full tilt across the lake. The others followed instantly, keeping well



FRONT AND BACK OF HOOF, BARREN-GROUND CARIBOU.

apart and trotting swiftly. The ice buckled and roared under them; but they went only the faster. Had they stopped and drawn together, I think the ice would not have borne their united weight. But they knew, evidently, that new ice never breaks suddenly, and that they could safely rush over a spot where it would be dangerous to stand. So they reached the farther side with a crash of bushes and a jump or two. Then they turned and came nosing along the lake shore again.

What makes me think that they tried the teetlee-benders just for fun is this: they were not alarmed when they started. They had not seen or scented me; and I watched them for half an hour or more, working back unconcernedly toward my side of the lake, before I lost them in the thick woods.

WILLIAM J. LONG.

FIRST BUTTERFLY OF THE YEAR.

PROBABLY no other butterfly attracts so much attention as the mourning-cloak (*Vanessa antiopa*), that appears in the sunny days of February. It is the first of those that hibernate in the winged form to venture forth from its winter quarters. Last

year, February 19, a lawyer became quite excited, and later much interested in butterflies, from having caught one flying near his barn when the ground was deeply covered with snow. A live butterfly, flitting over the snowbanks, apparently as happy as if hovering in July from flower to flower, seemed to him almost incredible.

For many years past I have received several letters, especially in the spring, inquiring about this "freak of nature," as some express it. Some people, knowing nothing of the habits of the butterfly, and apparently having no desire to learn, have foolishly claimed that its appearance portends a great calamity or predicts unusual summer weather.

Many of our young folks know well this beautiful butterfly with its yellow-edged dark wings. It is easily found in open groves in February or March on warm sunny days, and flits here and there, apparently as joyous as if spring had come. Its characteristic flight is two or three flutters of the wing in quick succession, then a sailing away as if floating on air in an irregular course, for a short distance; then, beating its wings again, it thus pursues its way. It lives among rocks, in hollow places in trees, in old buildings, and in similar places, venturing out in pleasant weather even in the midwinter months, but being very rarely seen before the middle of February. In the leafless woods it finds its chief food in the exuding sap of some in-



THE MOURNING-CLOAK BUTTERFLY.

jured place on a tree. The eggs are laid in early spring, and the caterpillars feed on the leaves of elms, willows, poplars, and some other trees.

"WE WILL WRITE TO ST. NICHOLAS ABOUT IT."

ORIGINAL OBSERVATIONS BY YOUNG FOLKS.

"NATURE study" is now taught so generally in the schools, and so many articles pertaining to it are published in books and periodicals, that some of the older naturalists have feared that the young folks will seek to find only the things they have learned about, rather than make original observations. This objection is not against confirming for yourselves the facts learned in school and from publications, but it opposes limiting observations to those fields.

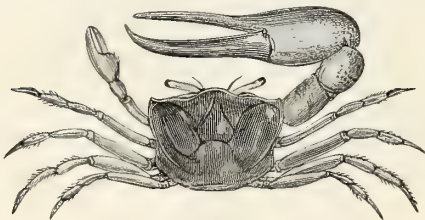
That young people do not even have a tendency so to limit observations in most cases is plainly evident to the editor of this department. Now and then a letter or perhaps package of letters from one school shows that the young folks are writing only what we may expressively call "machine letters"—that is, they are producing results only from the material that has been "fed in," so to speak, by some one else.

But, after all, such cases are few. Nearly all the letters show not only keen, *seeing* eyes, but *thinking* minds. It is largely due to this fact that our "Nature and Science" department has grown so rapidly not only in favor with the young folks but with the grown-up observers. I congratulate the boys and girls not only on what they have learned, but also on the aid they are giving to some older friends.

THE FIDDLER-CRABS.

PEABODY, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: When I think of watering-places there comes to my mind Point Independence;



THE FIDDLER-CRAB.

and when I think of the Point I always think of the fiddler-crabs. Point Independence is a small point of land

at the very inmost part of Buzzards Bay. It is connected by a bridge with Onset. The crabs seem to be most numerous from Onset Bay (an inner arm of Buzzards Bay) to Buttermilk Bay. Along these shores they swarm by thousands at low tide.

My uncle has seen two crabs use their claws with terrible



A TYPICAL HOME.

(The favorite location for a fiddler-crab's home is under the edge of a fair-sized rock.)

effect. They "fought to the death," and the stronger ate the weaker with apparent satisfaction. Upon carefully watching their burrows, and spending much time investigating as to their depth, I found that they may be from about eight inches to two or three feet or more in depth, usually the latter, and those of the full-grown ones are about an inch in diameter. The burrows never descend directly down, but usually spirally or at rounded angles. One I found was in the shape of a double S; another went directly down, then branched off parallel to the ground above, and then turning ran along to the other part. As the tide goes out the fiddlers appear in swarms, and advance toward the receding tide, where they feed upon waste stuff and dead fish; others stay at home to deepen their holes.

Be very still and you may watch them. The least *motion*, and they are away; but, curiously enough, sound does not affect them in the least. If you are patient and wait long enough, you will see a fiddler look cautiously forth upon the outside world. After assuring himself that no danger is lurking near, down he goes. After a time he appears again, and after another observation of the surrounding country he slowly comes out. Suddenly he steps to one side, and out comes the female. She also carefully looks around for danger, and finding all is well, slowly walks (sideways) off for a short distance, then pauses, goes on a little way, pauses, and so

on until she gets a certain distance away, when she scurries away through the eel-grass, probably in search of food. But let us return to the male. He now does one of two things: either he pops back into the earth again, or walking off for a short distance, usually not more than twelve inches from his hole, begins industriously to pick up grains of sand and put them in his mouth. Now look closely. If you watch carefully you will see every now and then his four small claws go to his mouth, and, removing therefrom a tiny pellet of sand, deposit it upon the beach. All this happens like a flash of light, and you can see it only after watching them for some time. Do they gain some nutriment by this performance, ST. NICHOLAS?

"But how," you ask, "did those larger pellets, near the fiddlers' holes, come there?" Any one can tell you on a guess; some, who have watched, can tell you as a certainty. We will now watch the fiddler who returned to his hole. He soon reappears with a large lump of sand clasped to his side by his four left-hand claws. He deposits this near the hole and returns for more. He is deepening the hole. I read that, as tide is coming in, the fiddlers close their holes. I did not believe they did this themselves until this summer. Before this I had supposed it was the work of the tide. One day, while I was watching some fiddlers working on and near their homes, I noticed one fellow who was acting very peculiarly. He was just within his hole, and was turning five of his claws around and around the hole. If you think a moment, you will discover that this draws in the wet, clinging sand. After a while he drew in one claw and continued turning. I looked away an instant then, and when I looked back his hole was nearly closed. He soon had it entirely closed, and only a slight depression in the sand remained to show the hole's position. The coming tide would wash it smooth. At times I have noticed fiddlers perched on the very tops of the eel-grass, and as I neared them they scurried away. Were they taking observations of the surrounding country in search of food, or was it a signal service established by the warlike males? Once I saw a vast army of fiddlers (that is, an unusual number, as there are always a vast number of them) moving in almost perfect rank along the beach. Suddenly they separated, and most of the females made for the eel-grass and most of the males for the water. Can some reader of ST. NICHOLAS explain this to me?

DAVID M. CHENEY (AGE 15).

The crab obtains food by sorting the sand with his mouth parts. This food consists chiefly of the algæ, or seaweed. The filaments are mixed in the sand by the action of the water.

It is thought that the pellets are carried into the hole for storage of food, which later is separated from the sand.

It is not probable that the crab climbed the grass for observation, as their power of vision is not very acute. The sudden separation probably was due to fright at something.

Fiddler-crabs are extremely interesting and worthy of more careful and extended observations than have yet been made by scientific men. We hope the boys and girls will assist further in this matter. Watch them very carefully, and write exactly what you see.

FEEDING A PET BUTTERFLY.

FRANKLIN, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about a butterfly I found coming out of its chrysalis. It was so



FEEDING A PET BUTTERFLY.

weak that its wings hung over its back. We tamed it so that it would walk on our hands. We fed it on four-o'clocks and nasturtiums. Then we made it a house out of a pasteboard box, and kept it till winter. Then we did not know what to feed it, so we had to let it go.

Sincerely yours,

MARJORIE MULLINS.

Butterflies may often be fed on sweetened water. Put as much sugar in the water as can be dissolved. A friend taught a butterfly to eat the sweet syrup from a drop placed on a finger. The long and very interesting proboscis (sometimes incorrectly called a "tongue"), when not in use, coils up like a watch-spring.



FAR to the east where the days begin,
Far to the west where the sun drops down,
In country, hamlet, and busy town,
There do they earnestly work, and win.

Working away through the evenings long,
Waiting with hope the result, and then,
Winning or losing, they try again;
So hearts grow happy, and lives grow strong.

Perhaps some of the new readers of ST. NICHOLAS do not know all about the League. Perhaps even some of the old ones have overlooked it, or have considered its pages but casually. For the benefit, then, of any and all who need them, a few words.

The St. Nicholas League is an organization of ST. NICHOLAS readers, and especially of those who are interested in literary and art development, the ingenuities of puzzle-making, or in the protection of the oppressed, whether human or dumb creatures. Its work is along these lines, and prizes are offered for the best verses, stories, drawings, puzzles, puzzle-answers, and photographs, also special prizes for photographs of wild animals and birds in their native homes—thereby to encourage the pursuit of these inoffending beings with the camera instead of firearms.

There are no dues or charges of any kind. Any reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, or any one desiring to become a reader of the magazine, may become a member of the St. Nicholas League. To all such the club badge and instruction leaflet will be mailed free upon our receiving from each a self-addressed and stamped envelope in which the badge and leaflet will be sent.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS TO OLD MEMBERS.

There are a few of our old and valued members who do not think it worth

"A PLEASANT MEMORY."
(CASH PRIZE DRAWING.)



while to follow the rules very strictly. Perhaps they think we can recollect their ages, now that they have told them to us seven or eight times, or can go back and look them up among the things received last July; and sometimes we do remember, and sometimes we even go back and look up; but it is n't a safe thing to depend on, and it is n't safe to forget the indorsement, either, or the length of the contribution, or the black (very black) ink for drawings.

Then, there are a few otherwise good poets who insist on rhyming "week" with "asleep," "skate" with "lake," "sun" with "come," etc. This is fatal in these days of careful technique. There may be a slight variation allowed in the vowel sounds, and "sun" *might*, if the stanza were otherwise perfect, be allowed to rhyme with "on"; but it would come nearer rhyming with the word "moon" than with "come." "Week" rhymes with "meek" and "antique," and "skate" with "ate" and "fate" and "decapitate."

Now that thy life is over,
Sparrow, we crave thy
song,
Just as we long for clover
Now that the spring is
gone,

is a sample of how a very pretty poem may be spoiled by one bad rhyme in the last stanza.

To the young artists we wish to say that drawings should be neither too large

BY
RHEINHOLD
A. FALENSKI,
AGE 16.



"FOUR PLEASANT MEMORIES"

jects given (when subjects *are* given), as such work is always first considered in making the selections for publication. And, further, to all contributors we wish to say that "original" means *not copied* from any other picture, poem, or story, but drawn or written from *life or imagination*.

If you have lost your badge or instruction leaflet, please send for another.



OF THE GIRL WHO

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 14.

IN making the awards contributors' ages are taken into consideration.

VERSE. Gold badges, M. L. Stockett (age 16), 1604 John Street, Baltimore, Maryland; George Elliston (age 17), 827 Scott Street, Covington, Kentucky; and Constance Fuller (age 13), 80 Court Street, Exeter, New Hampshire.

Silver badges, Alma Jean Wing, 610 First Avenue, St. Cloud, Minnesota; Helen Boardman (age 11), 702 East Main Street, Marshalltown, Iowa; and Margaret Stevens (age 9), 1150 Pacific Street, Brooklyn, New York.

ILLUSTRATED VERSE. Gold badge, Emily Colquhoun (age 17), Glenhead, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.

PROSE. Gold badges, Helen L. White (age 13), 102 West Ninety-third Street, New York City, and Ruth Bagley (age 12), 439 North Grove Avenue, Oak Park, Illinois.

Silver badges, Howard P. Rockey (age 14), 1717 Green Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Dorothy Wiethoff (age 13), 164 Lafayette Avenue, Detroit, Michigan; and Mary Lily Ware (age 9), 1930 Madison Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland.

ILLUSTRATED PROSE. Gold badge, Kate Colquhoun (age 16), Glenhead, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.

DRAWING. Cash prize, five dollars, Rheinhold A. Palenski (age 16), 890 North Hoyne Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

nor too small. A sheet of paper the size of the ST. NICHOLAS page is small enough, and twice that large is as large as will conveniently come through the mails. Besides, a drawing should not have too great a reduction when engraved, if the best results are to be obtained.

To all contributors we would suggest that they adhere to the sub-

Gold badges, Grace Stanley Brownell (age 16), 322 West Fifty-sixth Street, New York City; Ruth Osgood (age 13), 1713 P Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.; and Miles Gates (age 11), 702 Ravenswood Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Silver badges, Sarah C. McDavitt (age 13), 596 Grand Avenue, St. Paul, Minnesota; Monica P. Turner (age 12), Lonsdale, Belstead Road, Ipswich, Suffolk, England; and Ericsson McLaughlin (age 7), 515 Banigan Building, Providence, Rhode Island.

PHOTOGRAPH. Gold badges, Kent Shaffer (age 15), 1704 Judson Avenue, Evanston, Illinois, and Mabel W. Whiteley (age 9), Catonsville, Maryland.

Silver badges, Morris S. Phillips (age 16), 489 Bellfontaine Avenue, Pasadena, California, and Adeline L. F. Pepper (age 8), 1730 Pine Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

WILD-ANIMAL AND BIRD PHOTOGRAPH. First prize (gold badge and five dollars), "Raccoon," by Lawrence A. Rankin (age 13), Peekskill, New York. Second prize (gold badge and three dollars), "Porcupine," by William B. Belknap (age 15), West Ormsby Avenue, Louisville, Kentucky. Third prize (gold badge), "Chicken-Hawk," by Mamie M. Suddath (age 15), 410 East Grove Street, Warrensburg, Missouri.

PUZZLES. Gold badge, Marie H. Whitman (age 14), 10 Center Street, Keene, New Hampshire.

Silver badges, George G. Chapin, 417 Holly Avenue, St. Paul, Minnesota, and Herbert Schroeder, 1023 Prouty Avenue, Toledo, Ohio.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Gold badge, Frances Hunter (age 9), Poughkeepsie, New York.

Silver badge, Dorothy Arno Baldwin, Boothbay Harbor, Maine.

Prizes are usually sent about ten days following the notice of awards.

Prize awards are usually sent in from ten to fifteen days following publication.

HAS ALWAYS HAD ST.
NICHOLAS."BY GRACE STANLEY BROWNELL, AGE 16.
(GOLD BADGE.)



"NOVEMBER IN THE NORTH." BY KENT SHAFFER, AGE 15 (GOLD BADGE.)

WINTER MUSIC.

BY GEORGE ELLISTON (AGE 17).

(Gold Badge.)

THERE 's a strange, pathetic music in the winds that
come and go
O'er the hilltop and the valley when the world is clad
in snow;

'T is a mournful, mystic music in the chill, cold winter
breeze,
And it fills my soul with sadness as it moans through
leafless trees.

In the stillness of the night gloom, when the fire is
dim and low,
As the dying embers flicker with a weird, unsteady glow;
When I hear its magic cadence in the
night wind as it nears,
All my being thrills in pity and my
heart is touched to tears.

There is naught I know that 's like it
save the dripping autumn rain
As it beats in ceaseless weeping on
the echoing window-pane—
With a wild, uncertain longing that is
full of deep unrest,
Thrilling every chord of sorrow in the
sternest human breast.

There 's a certain vague enchantment
in this lonesome melody
That entralls and stirs the feeling
like the murmur of the sea;
For there is a human story that is full
of human woe
Whispered by the winter night winds
as they wander to and fro.

A VALENTINE IN 1630.

BY RUTH BAGLEY (AGE 12).

(Gold Badge.)

It was a rainy day, and Alice Hastings was in
the attic, looking through an oaken chest filled

with relics of the seventeenth century. There were bonnets, shawls, old documents, and neatly folded dresses. These last were so frayed and worn that Alice had never before this unfolded them, for fear of their falling to pieces. But to-day she cautiously shook out one gray Puritan gown, when a book, which had been hidden in the folds, fell to the floor, and picking it up, she saw that it was a diary. Inside the cover were the words, written in a stiff, scrawly hand:

"Margaret Goodrich. Begun by me on the seventh day of February, in the year sixteen hundred and thirty. This is to be a daily journal of the happenings in my life. My mother hopeth it will improve my writing."

The first few entries in the diary told of nothing out of the ordinary, though Alice read them with interest; but the record of February 14, over which she laughed a good deal, ran thus:

"My young and pleasant friend Robin Scott, when walking home with me to-day from Dame Morgan's school, presented me with a gaily painted card bearing pleasing pictures of birds and flowers. 'T is such as we have in old England on this day,' he said, 'in memory of the good Bishop Valentine.'

"I liked not to refuse it, for it was pleasing to the eye, and Robin is a friendly lad (though I fear he thinks overmuch of things pertaining to this sinful world), so I said, 'I thank thee, Robin, and though I fear I may not accept thy gift, I will take it home to-night, and will ask my parents if I may keep it for my own.'

"Then, having reached my gate, we parted; and I entered the house, laid the card on my father's knee, and asked if I might keep it; and oh, he was greatly



"NOVEMBER IN THE SOUTH." BY MABEL W. WHITELEY, AGE 9. (GOLD BADGE.)

shocked, and, tearing the card end to end, sent me to my room supperless.

"His wrath was righteous, I know, but as I sit writing here I am mortified to think of having to tell Robin about it to-morrow. I would it were not worldly to celebrate Bishop Valentine's Day."

THE COURT BY THE FROZEN SEA.

BY M. L. STOCKETT (AGE 16).

(Gold Badge.)

Do you know that Winter holds his court in the
land of ice and snow?

That his messenger is the cold North Wind, that
comes with a roar and blow?

Oh, a mansion fair is the snow-king's home as
it stands by a frozen sea,

And fair and tall is each sculptured wall, and
as white as white can be.

Oh, young Jack Frost is the artist here, made
so by the king's command;

For a skilful fellow like he with his brush is
a prize in any land;

For who can equal his airy grace, who carve
a device like he?

Oh, the greatest artist on earth has the king
who dwells by the frozen sea.

So here 's to Winter so frosty cold, and here 's
to the fun and the glee,

And here 's to the holly-berries red, and here 's
to the Christmas tree!

So young and old join hands and sing, and let us
merry be;

Three cheers for Winter, who holds his court on the
shores of a frozen sea!



"NOVEMBER." BY ADELINE L. F. PEPPER, AGE 8. (SILVER BADGE.)

part of the younger and with loving remembrances on
that of the older.

Three days before St. Valentine's Day a letter was
received from far-away Maine saying that their aunt did
not think she would be able to be with
them as she had expected.

What would Valentine's Day be
without Aunt Jane!

The children went sadly about their
tasks and duties. They took no pleasure
in selecting valentines for their
friends; but old Mammy Chloe, their
nurse, who generally looked on the
bright side of things, announced, one
day, that she knew Aunt Jane was
coming. "Did she send you a letter,
Chloe?" cried the children, excitedly.

"Law, chile, no; but las' night,
when the moon was full, a yowl hooted
in the melon-patch; an' that 's a sho'
sign some one 's a-comin', and hit 's
yo'-all's Aunt Jane, sho' 'nuff."

The children had a great deal of
faith in Chloe's superstitions, and they
looked forward with new hope to St.

Valentine's Day. It dawned a wet, dreary sort of day,
and the children, seated in the window watching for their
aunt, felt a little downcast. But their patience was re-
warded; for what was this coming up the road? Only

an old woman with a green um-
brella and red shawl. But this
old woman meant a great deal
to the children, because it was
Aunt Jane, loaded with parcels
of various sizes and descriptions.
The children declared that Aunt
Jane was the best valentine they
had, when they talked things
over afterward. But certainly
an old woman, a green umbrella,
and a red shawl make a very
queer valentine.

League members should
send for a new leaflet con-
taining the latest instruc-
tions and changes in League
rules.



"NOVEMBER." BY MORRIS S. PHILLIPS, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

A CURIOUS VALENTINE.

BY HELEN L. WHITE (AGE 13).

(Gold Badge.)

NEVER was any one welcomed
so gladly as Great-aunt Jane
when she came to see the chil-
dren. She was just a storehouse
packed full of stories and—well,
I might say peppermint-drops;
for Aunt Jane never came to see
the children unless she was plen-
tifully supplied with them.

Full of fun, kind and good-
natured to the last degree, was
Aunt Jane. She lived in Maine,
on a small farm in the country.
It was a long way from Rich-
mond, Virginia, but, neverthe-
less, every holiday she came,
and filled the house with joy.
Her visits were looked forward
to with eager expectancy on the



BY EDITH I. WORDEN, AGE 14.



"RACCOON." BY LAWRENCE A. RANKIN, AGE 13.
(FIRST PRIZE, "WILD ANIMALS.")

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

BY HOWARD P. ROCKEY (AGE 14).

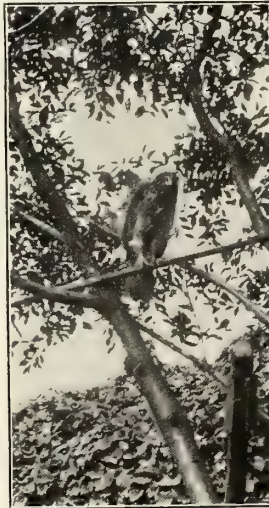
(*Silver Badge.*)

DID it ever occur to you on the morning of the 14th of February, when you were receiving various missives conveying more or less sentimental messages, inclosed in gaily decorated coverings abounding with Cupids, arrows, and pierced hearts, along with like emblems significant of the occasion, why we celebrate St. Valentine's Day?

There are many time-worn legends about this festival; in fact, there are



"FIND THE SQUIRREL." BY ELSIE DANNER, AGE 13.



"CHICKEN-HAWK." BY MAMIE M. SUDDATH, AGE 15. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD ANIMALS.")

such a number of them that they make a bewildering array to him who searches for the truth of the matter.

Few people know exactly what the correct reason for the celebration is; in fact, I doubt whether any one does. The custom is evidently a survival of some long-forgotten festival of our ancestors, and is probably derived from the choosing of sweethearts in mid-February, which was practised by the youths of ancient Rome at the Feast of Juno, and continued, at that time in the year, down to the middle ages in Europe.

"St. Valentine," says one record, "was selected as the patron saint of love-making because of the sweetness of his name, which is a corruption of Galantin, which means a lover or a dangler. Similar changes are seen in 'valiant' and 'gallant.'" Thus the name of the festival is accounted for.

Other records claim that the ceremony comes from the mating of the birds, which occurs in the second month. This I think is a very pretty idea. Another plausible reason for its existence is that in the days when Christianity was in its infancy in Europe, the priests could not persuade the people to give up their old customs entirely, and, thinking of no other remedy, they turned these ceremonies into Christian festivals by giving them names of saints, thus making them fêtes in honor of the pillars of the church, instead of tributes to pagan gods.

In spite of all the legends and records which give us but a dim understanding of the true meaning of the occasion, St. Valentine's Day has lost much of its former significance, and the custom



"PORCUPINE" BY WILLIAM B. BELKNAP, AGE 15. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD ANIMALS.")

of sending love messages under the title of valentines is gradually dying out.

WINTER.

BY CONSTANCE FULLER (AGE 13).

(*Gold Badge.*)

IN spring I roamed the woods, and saw
The tender leaf unfurled;
The brook sang low, the May-flowers
bloomed;
All joyous was the world.

In summer-time I sought the wood
To read a stirring book;
In autumn sat and watched the leaves
Fall in the silent brook.

But winter came, and sealed it up,
And brought the frost and chill;
And then I left the woods and fields,
So silent, cold, and still.



"EHRENBREITSTEIN," A GERMAN STRONGHOLD.
BY HORATIO HOWARD, AGE 11.

But though not beautiful like spring,
Nor sad and sweet like fall,
Whatever others say, I like
The winter best of all.

I like it for its boundless joy,
Its merriment and cheer;
Its skating and its sliding, too,
To all of us so dear.

Besides, it brings us New Year's Day,
And Christmas, and the rest;
Oh, other times are good enough,
But winter-time is best!

THE FAIRIES IN WINTER.

BY HELEN BOARDMAN (AGE 11).

(*Silver Badge.*)

JUST before the winter comes,
The fairies look around
To find a safe, warm hiding-place
Above or under ground.

Here 's Buttercup and Daisy,
And little Lily, too;
They all are looking for a place
To stay the winter through.



"A MOONLIGHT MEMORY." BY LEON S. TWOGOOD, AGE 13.

Some will go beneath the ground,
And others stay above;
They all will stay, where'er they go,
With just those that they love.

MY VALENTINE.

BY DOROTHY WIETHOFF (AGE 13).

(*Silver Badge.*)

SHE was a pretty child, with dark brown eyes and hair with an inclination to curl in it, a rosy mouth, and teeth like pearls. She was poor, dirty, and ragged.

She went into one of our largest stationery stores, and timidly addressed the clerk with these words: "P'ease, sir, has you any penny valentines?" He laid several on the counter.

She looked at them, and pointed with her grimy forefinger to one, a gaudy thing with a large red rose on the cover. "I 'll take dat!" she exclaimed in her sweet baby voice. She laid the penny on the counter, took the valentine, and left the store, her little face wreathed in smiles.

At another counter a richly dressed child was looking



"A PLEASANT MEMORY." BY MILES GREENLEAF, AGE 14.

at some of the most expensive ones with a scowl on her face, and I heard her mutter, "None of them are as nice as Mamie Lee's!" Now which do you think was my valentine?

WINTER.

BY MARGARET STEVENS (AGE 9).

(*Silver Badge.*)

THE sun was hidden, the trees were bare,
And snow was on the ground,
When out upon the highway
There came a joyful sound.

There came the jingle of sleigh-bells,
And laughing voices, too,
And snowballs came a-flying
And snowflakes gently blew.

Fainter then, and fainter,
The sound then went away,
And soon on the wings of happiness
Sped the fast-declining day.

A WINTER RHAPSODY.

BY ALMA JEAN WING (AGE 16).

(Silver Badge.)

OHO! Oho! you winter's wind,
 I have flung you a dare to-day.
 Let alone the branches of yonder tree,
 And make ready to run in a race with me,
 And rare the fun will be, you 'll find,
 You whistling wind,
 If you 'll join in the mad, mad play.

We are off! I hear the click and grind
 Of my skates on the slipp'ry ice.
 My hair is blowing across my face—
 Oh, wind, is it fair to act thus in a race,
 Or a wonder that I am left far behind,
 You treach'rous wind?
 You have caught me and passed in a trice.

Ha, ha! You laugh! I do not mind,
 But the joy of a victor I feel.
 You may toss up the snow; I will race you
 again;
 You may call your allies, but your efforts
 are vain.

Can you beat me this time with your forces combined,
 You vanquished wind,
 If I race in an automobile?



"A PLEASANT MEMORY." BY SARAH C. McDAVITT, AGE 13.
 (SILVER BADGE.)

FALVIA'S VALENTINE.

BY MARY LILY WARE (AGE 9).

(Silver Badge.)

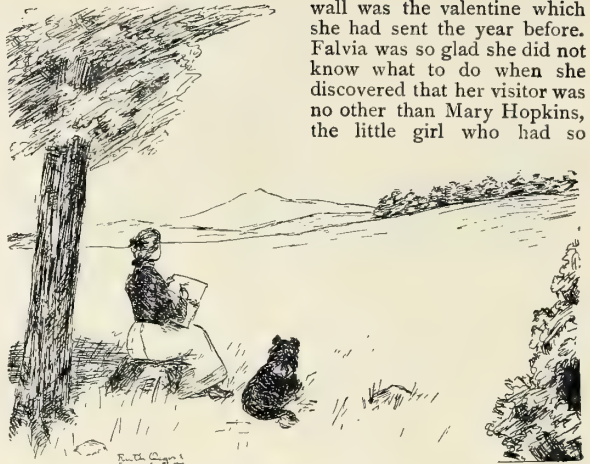
It was a blue-and-gilt valentine with angels and birds on it. It was made by Mary Hopkins, a little girl who was very rich and amused herself by making different things for various hospitals and homes.

It was made and sent with several other pretty ones. Falvia Depkin, a poor sick girl who had no father or mother, received it.

It was in a pretty pink envelope with "Miss Falvia Depkin" written on it, and Falvia clapped her hands in joy, and I think she would have jumped if she could.

There was one thing she wanted to do: she wanted to thank the one who sent it.

One day a little girl came to the hospital. When she came to Falvia's room she gave a cry of delight, for on the



"A PLEASANT MEMORY." BY RUTH OSGOOD, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)

wall was the valentine which she had sent the year before. Falvia was so glad she did not know what to do when she discovered that her visitor was no other than Mary Hopkins, the little girl who had so

kindly made and sent the valentine. Now Falvia could thank Mary for it, and tell her how much she enjoyed her beautiful gift. Before Mary left, the room was full of fruit and flowers. Falvia gets a valentine every year, and I think you know whom it is from.

I think I have told you enough about Falvia and her valentine, so I will end my story.

WINTER.

BY ALLEN CHASE (AGE 14).

"WHERE are the charms of winter?"

A man once asked of me;

"The flowers are gone, and on the trees
 No fruit or leaves I see."

To this I vouchsafed no reply,
 But beckoned him to follow;
 And led him to the skating-pond
 Down in the river's hollow.

I showed to him the
 merry group,
 Their ruddy cheeks
 aglow,
 Gliding o'er the glassy
 ice
 Like children of the
 snow.

I led him to the snowy
 hill,
 Where, down its slip-
 pery side,
 The hardy children of
 the cold
 Had all turned out to
 slide.

"What think you now,
 my
 friend?"

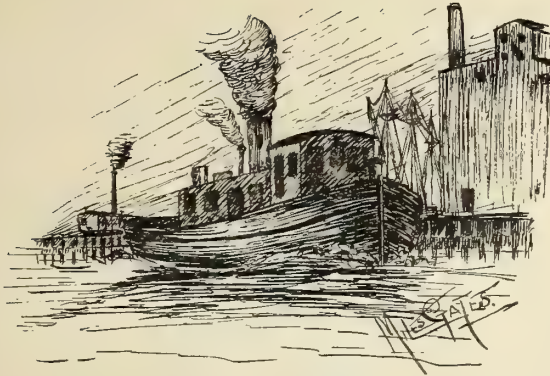
said I.
 "Dost yet call winter
 drear?"

He smiled, and point-
 ed toward the
 throng:

"Her charms are pic-
 tured here."



BY LYDIA KELLOGG HOPKINS, AGE 13.



"A CHICAGO TUG-BOAT."

"AN (UN)PLEASANT MEMORY." BY MILES GATES, AGE 11.
(GOLD BADGE.)

A WINTER DAY IN NEW ORLEANS.

BY LESLIE LEIGH DU CROS (AGE 15).

(Winner of a Silver Badge in January.)

THE sun hath burst from yon refractory cloud
That tries in vain to hide his burning face;
The sparrows voice their anthems clear and loud,
And spinning patiently
her filmy lace
Works the grave spider.
All the flowers are
out,
And dance upon their
stalks, as fine and
gay
As of December's past they
had no doubt,
But sang to welcome in
the joyful May.
'T is winter in New Orleans; who could chide
The doubting one for saying it was spring?
Does the sun shine and Flora still preside
In winter, and do birds by thousands sing?
When all elsewhere the snow lies thick and deep,
It seems a miracle that roses blow
And birds should sing while flowers are hushed in
sleep
Beneath their pure, thick coverlet of snow.
Ah! surely this is Paradise, and we
Are nature's children, eager at her cry.
As the magnolia's creamy buds unfold,
We bloom beneath this peerless Southern sky,
We bloom beneath this royal Southern dome,
Budding and blooming, in each springlike day,
Contented with the beauty of our home,
E'en when December glideth into May.

AN OFFERING.

BY LUCIUS A. BIGELOW (AGE 8).

(A winner of silver and gold badges.)

To ST. NICHOLAS—this valentine:
A spray of spruce, with a branch of pine.

When the leaves fall, the doors into Tree-land open
wide. I can hear the cheerful thud, thud of the dropping
nuts and cones as I enter in.

There is brightness everywhere, for summer has gath-

VOL. XXVIII.—48.

ered up her garments of green and glided away,
leaving space for winter's sun-gift. I like to look
at the shapes of trees; they make me think of
strength. In cold weather I can feel color more
than in summer days. The blue is brighter and
the evergreen seems darker, and there are not so
many other things to occupy my mind.

The brown mat that arranges itself underneath
the pines is composed of fine needles.

Hemlock glistens in a breeze. Everything that
nature uncovers has silver or gold somewhere, if
we carefully look. The story of Socrates makes
the name hemlock solemn; but there is silver
under that sadness also.

I love the pine-tree. Its breath makes every-
thing around seem perfectly clean. The spruce is
not so loving in fragrance. Often I shut my eyes;
then I hear music. It comes from the tree-tops as
the wind sweeps along.

Arbutus is the only flower that forces its way up
through the needles to the companionship of the
pine. On cold winter days, sitting by the open fire, I
like to talk of these happy things.

Pines persevere. They are our steadfast friends.
They do not go away to the south, or hide in the earth,
but remain brave and glad the whole winter through;
nor in the summer do they leave us.

League members whose badges have been lost or
destroyed may obtain new ones on application.



"A PLEASANT MEMORY." BY MONICA P. TURNER, AGE 12.
(SILVER BADGE.)

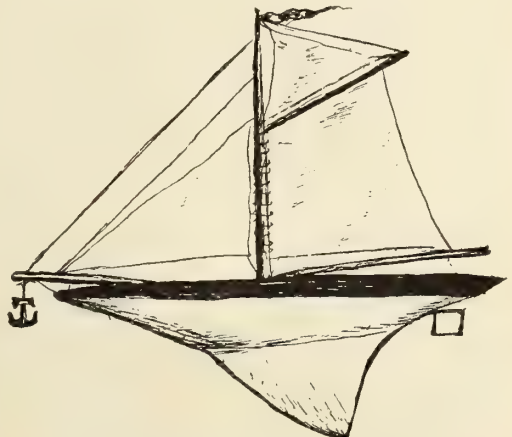
OUR DOG "MAJOR."

BY ELAINE WOLF
(AGE 10).

OUR Major is a puppy;
He 's only one year
old.

He 's very fat and chubby,
And he does what he is
told.

He 's black, brown, white, and glossy,
And has eyes of velvet-brown.
He 's not the least bit saucy;
He 's the gentlest dog in town.



"A PLEASANT MEMORY." BY ERICSSON MCLAUGHLIN, AGE 7.
(SILVER BADGE.)



BY KATE COLQUHOUN (AGE 16).

(Gold Badge Illustrated Story.)

SHE was a little valentine herself, that is, she was born on St. Valentine's Day. So when her birthday came round the children said: "She must have a beautiful valentine all for herself." So they set at work to make her one.

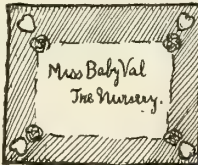
The morning broke bright and clear, and baby awoke with a shout of delight, for Jack Frost had painted the nursery windows all over with sparkling flowers and ferns. She shouted still louder when she found a little pink-and-white cloth bunny sitting on a chair beside her cot.

The children wished the baby "many happy returns," and nurse put on her pretty new dress, and they all went down to breakfast.

While at breakfast the valentines began to arrive, and nurse handed them to each child. At last all had one but baby, and she was about to put her arms up to her face and cry, when the door opened again, and in came mama with a valentine — but such a big one! It was fully as large as the baby herself. It was in a big envelope, and had four pretty pink roses and hearts, one at each corner, and it was addressed to "Miss Baby Val."

Well, the baby looked and rubbed her eyes, and the children all laughed when she got down and walked around her big possession. She laughed and chuckled to herself, but she would n't let them cut the envelope open, and walked round and round the room, pulling her valen-

And so they it, and baby day. At least, grandma has the baby, and her first val-has never been



tine after her. never opened has it to this I should say it, for she was she still keeps entire, which opened.

HIS VALENTINE.

BY KATHARINE KROM MERRITT (AGE 14).

THE curtain was going down amid great applause. A girl stood up and threw a bunch of violets on the stage. She threw them with such force that they fell unnoticed behind the actors, who were toward the front of the stage. A little while after they were picked up and thrown into the scrap-barrel outside the theater.

It was the evening of Saint Valentine's Day, and bitterly cold. A small boy stood in front of a shop-window filled with valentines, gazing with eager eyes at the hearts and Cupids before him. He was wishing that he might buy one of these pretty things for his mother, who was sick; but he was very poor, and he could not. So he trudged wearily on to his home. It was only a little room in the top of a large tenement-house; but it was the only home he knew and had ever had. On his way, passing a theater, he caught a whiff of violets. He stopped, and by a faint



BY DONALD FRATHER, AGE 9.

ray of light shining out from a near window he could see a touch of violet in the barrel by the door. He put his hand down, and picked up a bunch of violets. How sweet they smelled, and how much his mother would enjoy them! She had once said she liked them better than any other flower. So he hurried on with his precious violets, thinking how much better these were for a valentine than the glittering things in the window. And then, he had gotten them for nothing! He opened the door into the poor room where he lived, and on the bed lay a woman — young still, but with lines of suffering on her face. Her eyes brightened as she saw the cheery flowers. Jack — for that was her little boy's name — filled a glass with water, and the violets seemed to freshen in it.

The woman brightened, too; for she thought that these flowers had been nearly dead and had revived, and she, before desperate of her ever recovering from her sickness, had taken courage. They had brought a bit of sunshine into that dreary home, and Jack felt so happy that he had found them.

With each succeeding day the woman got better. At last the violets died, but the woman recovered.



BY MARGARET CORWIN, AGE 11.

A WINTER STORM.

BY DOROTHEA POSEGATE (AGE 16).

OH, the wild wind whistles, mad with joy,
Through the brown and leafless trees;
The sky is black with the storm-king's breath
That comes from the sounding seas;
And mighty oaks that stanch have stood
Through the ages, nor thought to die,
Bend and quiver and quake and crack,
As the loud wind rushes by.
The smoke from the chimneys circles and whirls
Into strange fantastic forms,
While sea and land, on every hand,
Bow to the king of storms.

Cloaked in a mantle of drifted snow,
Hoder, the winter white,
Calls to the wind and sleet and hail
To show their strength to-night;

And wilder, wilder, and still more wild

Their trumpet calls they wind,
And rock or tree that the trumpeters see

They will to powder grind,
And away through the night will scatter them

In many and divers forms,
While sea and land, on every hand,

Bow to the king of storms.

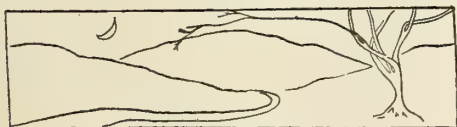


WINTER.

BY EMILY COLQUHOUN (AGE 17).

(Gold Badge Illustrated Poem.)

THE wet woods moan, their branches creak and fret;
 The frost hath given sleep
 Unto the streams; the snow's soft coverlet
 Doth fill the valleys deep.
 The wind among the pine-trees sobs and raves
 With voice of pain; and then
 It whistles long and shrill through icy caves,
 With laughter as of men.
 The earth from winter's rule will soon be free;
 The streams shall break their chain,
 And flowerlets bloom upon the barren lea,
 When spring doth come again.

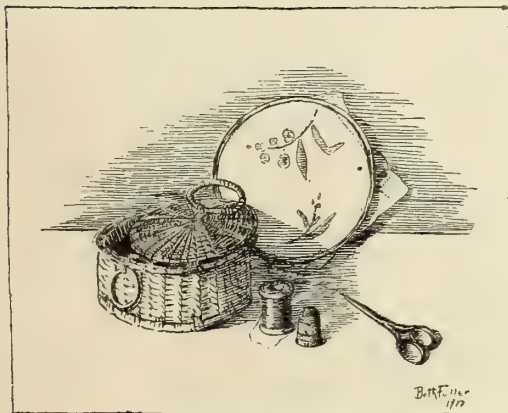
WINTER SEVEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-
EIGHT YEARS AGO.

BY CATHERINE LEE CARTER (AGE 13).

WHITE with snow is the barren earth;
 The trees stand gaunt against the sky.
 In that grim castle is no mirth,
 For if Maud flee not she must die.

Dread famine holds her in its hand—
 The town of Oxford starves also;
 She cannot flee because a band
 Of Stephen's soldiers stand below.

At last a thought comes to her mind!
 Their eyes are dull, from sleep long kept.
 In robes of white before, behind,
 She fled while all the castle slept.



BY BETH FULLER, AGE 15.

But not alone she fled that night:
 Three knights, all armed, did with her go,
 All dressed alike in shining white,
 Which was the color of the snow.

Thus they escaped the soldiers' eyes;
 In safety got to Wallingford.
 Her cousin lost his cherished prize
 Through three bold knights of fire and sword.

A WINTER'S NIGHT.

BY ALICE POTTER (AGE 12).

SOFT and swift in the darkness,
 All through the frosty night,
 Down came the little snowflakes,
 Laughing in great delight.

"How stuffy 't was in that cloud there!
 I am so glad it burst.
 I say, you 'd better hurry
 Or I shall get there first."

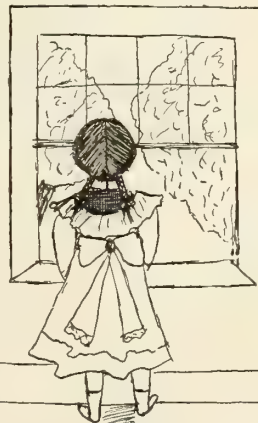
Thus spoke one little snowflake
 As he tumbled along,
 Nearly the gayest member
 Of all that merry throng.

But when they reached the city,
 The flight so tired all,

Each slept just where
 he landed,
 On street or house-
 tops tall.

And when the sun rose
 gaily
 In the glorious east-
 ern skies,
 A town of shining sil-
 ver
 Made him brighten
 with surprise.

And as the first snow
 melted
 And rose up to the
 skies,
 Perhaps again that
 snowflake
 Will lie before our
 eyes.



BY ESTHER DUNWOODY, AGE 11.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

A LIST of those whose work, though not used, has been
 found well worthy of honorable mention.

POEMS.

Clara Sanford Cutler	F. C. Nickerson
Marjorie McIver	Elizabeth H. Sherman
Mabel Franke	Ellen Boylan
Mabel Belt	Ruth Mead
Leon Bonnell	Josephine Curtis
Doris Franclyn	Ruth Forbes Elliot
Ruth S. Loughton	Frances Griffes
Anna Marshall McKechnie	Eloise L. Beckwith
Marguerite Reed	Mary Ellen Derr
Joe Bryan Cumming	Risa Lowie
Sue Barrow	Shirley Bangs
Floy De Grove Baker	Theoda Cockroft
Salome Beckwith	Gertrude Crosland



BY TINA GRAY, AGE 16. (A WINNER OF GOLD AND SILVER BADGES.)

Helen Emerson
Abby Adams Elliot
Annette Osborne
Harold Osborne
Anne Seymour Jones
Israel Mirsky
Minnie Sweet
Mary Selina Tebault
Charlotte Farrington Babcock
Florence Townsend
Isadore Douglas
Harriet Ives
Helen K. Stockton

Paul W. Cobb

Georgia Cora Wicker
Caroline Clinton Everett
William Carey Hood
William Kemper
Nannette F. Hamberger
Marguerite Aspinwall
Elizabeth Limont
Margaret Sager Bradway
Helen Robbins
Marjorie Reid
Katherine T. Halsey
William C. Engle
Raglan Glascock
Phoebe U. Hunter

PROSE.

Elford Eddy
Marguerite Beatrice Child
Mary Thompson
Nellie C. Finegan
Carolyn D. Tompkins
Martha May Eliot
Barbara Benjamin
Richard M. Kendig
Harold Allen
Margaret Russell
Dwight S. Ives
Rena Kellner
Lucy Carpenter
Robert Tennant
Elizabeth Deeble
Una Z. Smith
Nelson Hackett
Isabelle Tilford
Lucille Owen
Elizabeth Clark
Walter S. Bartlett
Sarah Davis

Julian Tiemann
Violet B. Scheil
Anne Lamberton
S. R. Talcott
Alberta Eleanor Alexander
Stanley Marr
Harriet E. Fitts
Alice Moore
Marshall C. Pratt
Dora Call
Amy de Veaux Powell
Evelyn Farnsdale Ross
Elsie West
Frances J. Shriver
Mary Bogue Alden
Sarah Murphy
Ruth Hutchen
Annie Laurie McBirney
Sylvia Greenwald
Florence A. Tirrell
Emily E. Howson
Beatrice E. Baisden

Marjorie Conner
Rachel Rhoades
Gwendolen Haste
George Andrews

Margaretta Wrigley
Jessie Hofstetter
Helen Dritton Bogart
Annie Olivia Hawkins

DRAWINGS.

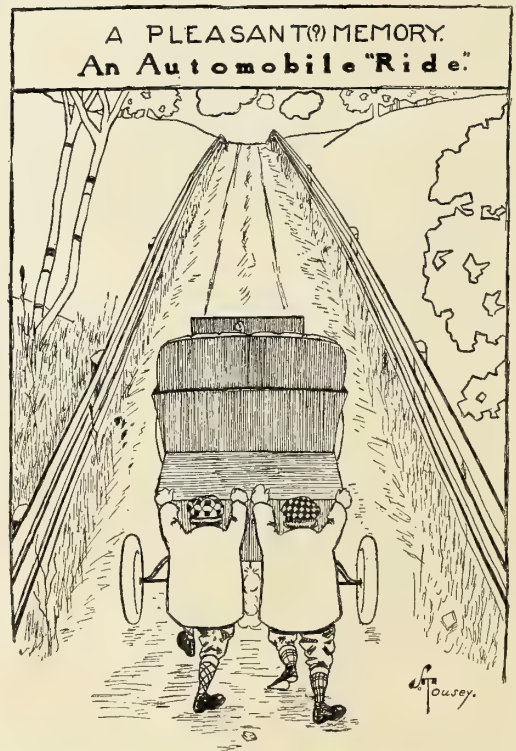
Willie Landon
Drew Warren
Pauline Croll
Norman Allderdice
Walter Cohn
Earle Dilworth Mason
N. Gilbert Sherman
Fred Stearns
Matthew Clark
J. Morton Knapp
Florence Helè
Helen Coggeshall
Dorothy Treat
Harry Schuyler
Catherine D. Brown
Kirtley B. Lewis
William A. Jones, Jr.
Edith Sherwood
Marjory Anne Harrison
Richard de Charms, Jr.
Frances Phelps
Millicen A. Taylor

Richard Catlett
Ellen H. Rogers
Morris Hadley
John H. Fisher, Jr.
Grace Hiester
James Dike
Elise Paulin
Edith Phail
Mary W. Woodman
Edith Lally
Mildred Curran Smith
Margaret Morris
Mabel Carr Samuel
Ruth Boies Hand
Nellie Cochran
Norman Shepard
Doris Chittenden
A. G. Cram
Edith B. Dill
Romaine Hoit
Isabel M. White
Herman Livingston, Jr.

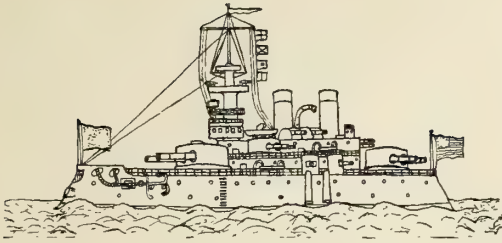
PHOTOGRAPHS.

F. D. Fennagen
Walter R. Gailey
Lawrence A. Rankin
Grace Reynolds Douglas

Lena E. Barksdale
F. Eustis Kingman
William Patch
Alice K. Bushnell



BY SANFORD TOUSEY, AGE 17. (A WINNER OF FORMER PRIZES.)



BY LEOPOLD CAVARD, AGE 10.

E. L. Woodhams
Mary Sanger
Margaret Wotkins
Margaret Herrick
Kendall Bushnell
S. Eliot Morison
Elinor H. Duane
John McKey
Conrad Lambert
Edith H. Patterson
May Blondel
Nina Starkweather
Helen W. Reed
Gretchen Franke
Marie Hamkens
Spencer Bowen
Adelaide F. Colhoun
Wendell R. Morgan

Alfred R. Lowey
Miriam W. Roberts
Alice F. Morton
Philip H. Suter
Helen Hinkley
Edna M. Davis
G. Gates Sanborn
Frederick S. Gest
George W. Polk
Woodruff W. Halsey
Julia Kurtz
Henry Reginald Carey
Dorothy C. Ruff
D. M. Dey
Ruby Allen
J. S. Badger
Raymond Coan

PUZZLES.

Paul H. Prausnitz
James Neill
Ruth Allaire
R. R. Stanwood
Daisy Masterman
Elsie Fisher Steinheimer
Alice Karr
H. H. Tryon
Lillian Alley
Harry H. Hunter
Thomas Shaw Bosworth
Mary D. Jewett
Betty Lee
Jack Hayden

Ruth H. Darden
Lillian A. Straus
Leland Powers
J. Earnshaw Murdoch
Pauline Coppée Duncan
Vincent Owles
Howard R. Patch
Albert Rayle
Helen L. Cochrane
Henry Ten Eyck Perry
Bertha B. Janney
Raymond Glasse
Lorine A. Jenks
George Sweet

Josephine Punjou

CHAPTERS.

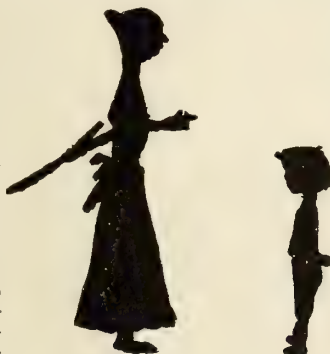
MUCH pleasant entertainment and mutual benefit result from chapter organization. Weekly meetings, at which recreation and mental culture are pleasantly and about equally divided, must in time result in great good to those who take part willingly and in the proper spirit.

Members and others forming chapters may have their buttons all come together in one large envelope, postage paid, and as many buttons will be sent as desired for actual use.

Chapter 2 reports seven new members, and that all enjoy the League.

Chapter 82 reports twenty-two members and six more just added.

A new member of Chapter 128 is proud of ST. NICHOLAS as an American magazine, and American magazines are the best in the world. Chapter 128 is very prosperous.



BY ELLEN BURDITT McKAY, AGE 14.

Chapter 140 meets every other Saturday in winter and every Saturday during vacation. The members would like to correspond with members of other chapters.

Chapter 148 meets on Fridays from seven to eight. Their colors are red and green and their emblem the holly.

Chapter 172 reports two new members, and Thursday afternoon meetings.

NEW CHAPTERS.

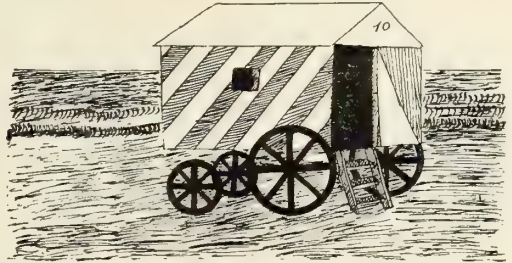
No. 175. "Disco Club." Ruth Osgood, President; Dorothy Ruff, Secretary; five members. Address, 1713 P Street, Washington, D. C.

No. 176. Iola Shafer, President; Cora Atkins, Secretary; four members. Address, 2338 Highland Avenue, Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, Ohio.

No. 177. "Margaretta Club." Josephine Curtis, President; Lisette Lincoln, Secretary; ten members. Address, Box 307, Machias, Michigan.

No. 178. Katy Ray, President; Edna Wagner, Secretary; nineteen members. Address, West Windsor, New York.

No. 179. Marguerite Cambell, President; Edith Hearn, Secretary; eight members. Address, 519 East



BY PERCY COLE, AGE 8.

Second Avenue, Oskaloosa, Iowa. Chapter 179 meets every Wednesday afternoon, and tries "to do somebody good."

No. 180. Dorothy Hart, President; Lydia Craig, Secretary; seven members. Address, Rosemont, Pennsylvania.

No. 181. George Cox, President; Clara Edwards, Secretary; twelve members. Address, 56 North Hood Street, Peru, Indiana. Chapter 181 meets each Saturday afternoon at the house of some member. Its object is literary improvement and fun.

No. 182. "Holly Branch." Frances English, President; Helen Greene, Secretary; six members. Address, Madison Avenue, Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Chapter 182 meets the first day of every month except during summer. Each meeting opens with a play. The monthly dues are ten cents for stationery, etc.

No. 183. Isabel Hardie, President; Jessie Mendsen, Secretary; three members. Address, 827 Hinman Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

No. 184. "Chautauqua." Florence Mattson, President; Herman Taft, Secretary; sixteen members. Address, Jamestown, New York.

No. 185. Nettie Rodgers, President; Julia Mikell, Secretary; ten members. Address, St. Joseph's College, Sumter, South Carolina. The members of 185 will do their "very best" to adhere to all the rules.

LEAGUE LETTERS.

HERE is a letter from a little girl who tells us the difference between gophers and prairie-dogs.

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, MONT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have a great many gophers out here where I live.

The gophers stand up like picket-pins. They have a soft, downy fur like a cat or a rat. Sometimes they go down one hole and dig out another. The gophers' ears are round and they have little eyes. The gophers' paws are sharp. They dig their houses about four or five feet.

We have prairie-dog towns here. They look something like the gophers, but they are a little larger.

The prairie-dogs build mounds of dirt around their houses. If any one comes up to them they give a bark as if to say "Good-by. I have business of my own."

FLORENCE A. WIGHT (age 8).

This little girl tells us about the queer ways of a pet katydid.

MOUNT AIRY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thank you very much for the badge. I think it is very pretty.

I think I will tell a story of the katydid. I caught a katydid. I put him in a box and put him in the vines. The next morning I took him out and watched him. First he took one foot and washed it, then another, until all were done. Then I put him on some flowers; he began to eat them. It was a great deal of fun to watch him. I am lovingly yours truly,

MARGARET THOMPSON.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My silver badge has just come, and it is a beauty. If you only knew how proud of it I am, and how I thank you!

ST. NICHOLAS is a treat, and we children read it from cover to cover, advertisements included, before we are really satisfied that there's nothing more to be found for a whole month.

Your true friend,

ALICE M. FULLER.

P. S. I liked ST. NICHOLAS when I was six, and like it even better now I'm sixteen.

Elizabeth Field (age 9) sends a nice little letter and picture to tell about the Salem (Massachusetts) church, where she saw Hawthorne's desk.

Allen McGill (age 8) writes of a fine bicycle trip he took with his papa — a very long trip indeed for a little boy, and his papa only had to push his wheel up one very hard hill.

Edward Stanhope Kitchen of Latshaw, England, wants to know if he may become a member of the League. Of course! Why, we have members in every civilized nation. Even from India come the applications of Khagendra Nath Majumdar, Suchalata Majumdar, Heonchandra Majumdar, and Radharani Majumdar, all Hindu natives of Bengal.

Other encouraging and entertaining letters have been received from Lucy S. Robinson, Sophie D. Dodge, Laura C. Westcott, Marguerite Beatrice Child, who wants to start a "Marguerite Club" of League Marguerites, Carlotta B. Melchoir, Katheryn Holme, Margaret H. Keene, Ethel A. Hoard, Clara Honeywill, Grace P. Field, Mildred Maxwell, Lucy M. Brown (teacher), Constance Ellis, Arthur G. Evans, Charlotte Dodge, Mildred Ransom Cram, G. Theodore Kellner, Smith Sanborn, Mrs. William King, Mrs. D. V. May, Edna

Cook, James W. Davis, Margaret Hatfield, Doris Chittenden, Minnie J. Schellhorst, Harry Hooker Achesen, Marguerite Du Bois, Dora Hill, Bertha Winslow, Rose and Agnes Drainsfield, Jennie Kelley, Alice Fisher, Emma and Charlotte Nelson, Irene and Frances Hargreaves, and Laura Wilstenholme.

THE ADVERTISING CONTEST.

ON an advertising page of this issue will be found the announcement of the winners in Advertising Contest No. 2. Also a fourth announcement of prizes offered in this unique contest, and a list of the firms for whom advertising features are to be prepared.

Our League advertising competitions and their results have attracted wide attention, and the work received continues to be of unusual excellence.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 17.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers.

A SPECIAL CASH PRIZE. To any League member who during the first year has won a gold badge for any of the above-named achievements, and shall again win first place, a cash prize of five dollars will be awarded, instead of another gold badge.

Competition No. 17 will close February 20. The award will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for May.

VERSE. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author. Subject, "A Day in the Fields."

PROSE. Story, article, or play of not more than four hundred words. It may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author. Subject, "My (or His or Her) First Day at School."

PHOTOGRAPH. Any size, mounted or unmounted, but no blue prints. Subject, "Taken from Life." May be interior or exterior, with or without figures.

DRAWING. India ink, very black writing ink, or wash (not color). Subject, "Our Household Joys." May be interior or exterior, with children, birds, or animals.

PUZZLE. Any sort, the answer to contain some word relating to the May season.

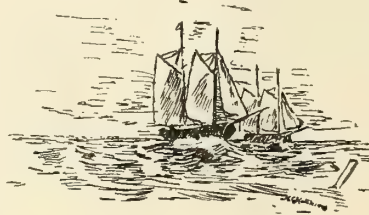
PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

WILD-ANIMAL OR BIRD PHOTOGRAPH. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird, taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

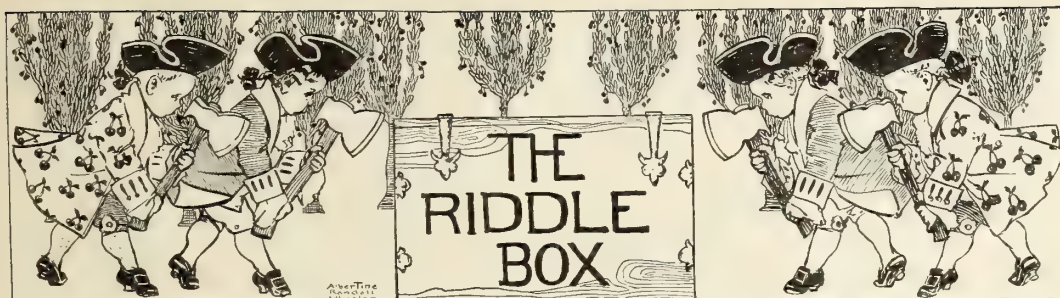
RULES.

Every contribution of whatever kind must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself — if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only.

Address all communications:
THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE,
Union Square,
New York City.



BY HENRY C. HUTCHINS, AGE 11.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.

CHARADE. Per-se-cute.

TRANSPOSITIONS. 1. Tan, ant, Nat. 2. O'er, roe, ore. 3. Own, now, won. 4. D'ye, dey, dye. 5. Eat, tea, ate. 6. Ram, arm, mar. 7. Arc, era, ear. 8. Spa, sap, asp. 9. Den, end, Ned. 10. Art, tar, rat. 11. Amy, may, yam. Zigzag, New Year's Day. Nat, o'er, now, dye, eat, mar, ear, asp, den, rat, may.

AN ESCUTCHEON. 1. Correctness. 2. Laplander. 3. Taper. 4. Virgo. 5. Unity. 6. Local. 7. Storm. 8. Coral. 9. Venus. 10. Sum. 11. S. Centrals, Capricornus.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA:

"He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

ILLUSTRATED LETTER PUZZLE. Cervantes, Don Quixote. 1. Stair. 2. Boxer. 3. Quail. 4. Vases. 5. Candy. 6. Notes.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS RIDDLE-BOX, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from Hildegard G.—Frances Hunter—"Allil and Adi"—Katharine Forbes Liddell—Mabel, George, and Henri—Nessie and Freddie—Augustus Bertram George.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from Mary H. Himes, 1—J. Fred Cross, Jr., 1—Rena Kellner, 1—Elsie Buchenberger, 1—Ralph M. Harris, 1—Frances T. Dwyer, 3—Joe Carlada, 10—John V. Stone, 1—Mattie H. Bailey, 1—Ernest Gregory, 1—Gladys M. Hewett, 1—Charles L. Mahagan, 1—Walter L. Dreyfuss, 1—Henry W. Church, 4—Geo. Kahn, 1—Dorothy Arno Baldwin, 9—Ruby Benjamin, 3—Katharine M. Clement, 2—Marguerite Sturdy, 7—Musgrove Hyde, 7—Marion and Dorothy Tuthill, 2—"Hiawatha and Wabeeka," 6—Agnes, Louise, and Clare, 10—Calvin Selfridge, 1—Helen Cary, 1—Ruth A. Bliss, 1.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in cot, but not in bed;
My second, in mouth, but not in head;
My third is in mouse, but not in rat;
My fourth is in pussy, but not in cat;
My fifth is in pastry, but not in pie;
My sixth is in humble, but not in high;
My seventh in lean, but not in stout;
My whole is a man much talked about.

AGNES R. LANE.

CONCEALED QUOTATION.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

Now just find me these words, my friends,
One in each line I will say,
And you'll find a quotation of Shakspeare's
Just right for St. Valentine's Day.

1. If you look this well over I am certain you'll find
Something that's oft personated as blind.
2. All boys and girls ought to find here
What means "to have searched for" far and near.
3. And I surely think when this line you see
You will note a part of the verb "to be."
4. For a word meaning excellent we next must go;
O, don't say you can't, if you are rather slow.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Primals, Leafless; finals, New Year's. 1. Lagan. 2. Eame. 3. Anew. 4. Fairy. 5. Lame. 6. Edda. 7. Saddler. 8. Scamps.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Lodi. 2. Oxus. 3. Dune. 4. Iser. II. 1. Prop. 2. Rule. 3. Ohio. 4. Peon.

DOUBLE CURTAILINGS. 1. Do-or. 2. The-re. 3. Best-ow. 4. You-th. 5. Can-al. 6. Test-ed. 7. Both-er. 8. Wit-ch. 9. And-es. 10. Skill-et. 11. Though-ts. 12. You-ng. 13. Oft-en. 14. Should-er. 15. Fail-ed. 16. Labor-er. 17. With-er. 18. A-im. 19. Will-ow.

A LABYRINTH OF NUMBERS. Begin at the lower left-hand corner on square 2, and going to sq. 5, then to sq. 3, to sq. 7, to sq. 6, to sq. 8, to sq. 2, to sq. 6, to sq. 8, to sq. 6, to sq. 2, to sq. 8 going upwards, to sq. 3, to sq. 5, to sq. 7, to sq. 5, to sq. 2, to sq. 4, to sq. 2 going horizontally, to sq. 4, to sq. 8, to sq. 3, to sq. 8, to sq. 5, to sq. 4, and then to the empty square in the center.

5. I have for a conjunction beginning with "b"
Utilized this line; you have found it, I see.
6. For the perfect participle of "to bestow" give
now your time;
Of course you can find it, for it's here in this rhyme.
7. The opposite of a word near where we begun
Sought for must be all these words ere we're done.
8. And securely hid in this line a word
That's just the same as the one in the third.
9. The comparative degree of good I would bet,
Terrible though you think it, you'll find it here yet.
MARIE H. WHITMAN.

A CIVIC DIAGONAL.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ALL of the following cities contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal (beginning at the upper left-hand letter and ending at the lower right-hand letter) will spell a pretty missive.

1. A city in Washington.
2. A seaport city of Ireland.
3. A city of England famous for its cathedral.
4. A village in Litchfield County, Connecticut.
5. A village of Wabasha County, Minnesota.
6. A borough of Greater New York.
7. A town of Anderson County, Texas.
8. A city of Arkansas very near to Texas.
9. A city of Maryland.

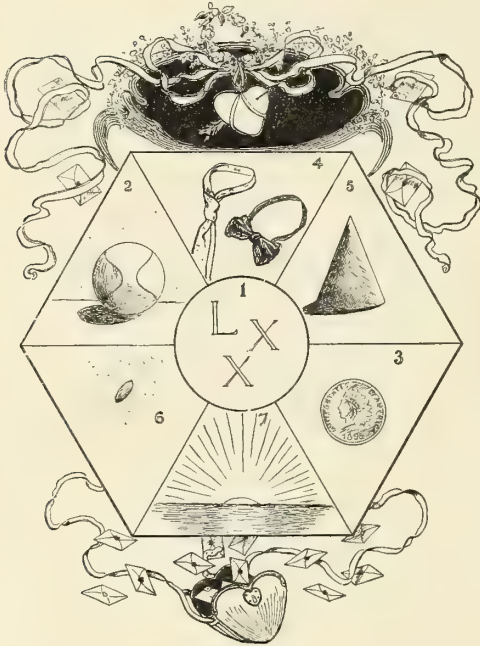
HERBERT SCHROEDER.

RHYMED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.*(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)*

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another in the order here given, the central letters will spell something sent in February.

My first is a bird as black as night;
 My second, a fruit that is purple and bright;
 My third is to gather a scattered band;
 My fourth is a grain that is not canned;
 My fifth is something about a door;
 My sixth is a flower that none abhor;
 My seventh is a word that means to keep hold;
 My eighth is a flower both purple and gold;
 My ninth is something that is very strong,
 Yet has no muscles; I am not wrong.

GEORGE G. CHAPIN.

A NOVEL ACROSTIC.

THE six pictures grouped around the middle circle may each be described by one word of four letters. When these six words are rightly guessed, select two letters from each word. These letters, when preceded by one letter from the word describing the middle picture, will spell the name of a day on which Cupid is very popular.

Designed by JESSIE DEY
 (League Member).

PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

WHEN the following names have been rightly guessed and placed one below another in the order named, the initial letters will spell the name of a saint dear to the hearts of all lovers.

1. The maiden who threw herself from the Leucadian promontory into the sea, out of love for a beautiful youth, Phaon.
2. The youth who slew the Minotaur with the help of a maiden who fell in love with him.
3. The goddess of beauty and love.

4. The god whose love, for fear of him, was changed into a laurel-tree.

5. The youth who used to swim the strait which separates Asia and Europe, to visit his lady-love.

6. The nymph who, because her love was not returned, vanished, leaving only her voice.

7. The youth who fell in love with his own image.

8. The maiden who conversed with her lover through a hole in the wall.

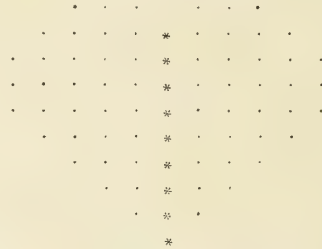
9. The beautiful daughter of a king of Argos who was changed into a white heifer.

10. A beautiful blind girl who figures in one of Bulwer's stories.

11. The name of a Phenician damsel borne away by a white bull.

ANNE VALENTINE

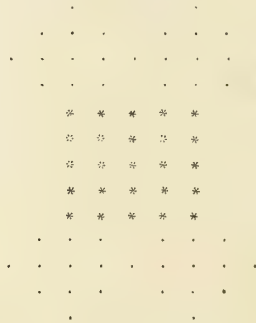
(League Member and Winner of Gold Badge, April, 1900).

A HEART PUZZLE.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Cupid's weapons. 2. A cause of uneasiness and complaint. 3. Inattention to present objects. 4. Instituted. 5. Quickened. 6. The same as my centrals. 7. Fruit in general. 8. What my central was. 9. A large South African antelope. 10. In February.

My centrals spell a familiar object.

RUTH ALLAIRE (League Member).

DIAMONDS CONNECTED BY A SQUARE.

I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In Naples. 2. To hold a session. 3. A fascinating sea-nymph. 4. A number. 5. In Naples.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In Naples. 2. A kind of meat. 3. Pertaining to the nose. 4. Irate. 5. In Naples.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Pertaining to ships. 2. A feminine name. 3. One of the chief divinities of the ancient Romans. 4. A sacred place. 5. To acquire knowledge.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In Naples. 2. To undermine. 3. A dead language. 4. A useful article. 5. In Naples.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In Naples. 2. A fur tippet. 3. Praiseworthy. 4. A beverage. 5. In Naples.

"ITALY."



THE DOMAIN OF THE LIONESS
(DRAWN FOR ST. NICHOLAS BY J. M. GLEESON.)

GLEESON

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXVIII.

MARCH, 1901.

No. 5.

CAREERS OF DANGER AND DARING.

THIRD ARTICLE: THE BALLOONIST.

THE "BALLOON FARM"—RAIN-MAKING EXPERIMENTS—THE DANGEROUS PARACHUTE—
A "SKYCYCLE"—A TRUE HEROINE—A THRILLING ADVENTURE—BALLOONS AS
SPEAKING-TRUMPETS—WONDERS OF HYDROGEN.

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

I NEVER knew a man who has been so many things (and been them all fairly well) as has Carl Myers of Frankfort, New York. They call him "Professor" Myers ever since he took to ballooning, years ago; but they might call him Dr. Myers, for he has studied medicine, or Wrestler Myers, for he is skilled in all tricks of assault and defense, Japanese and others, or Banker Myers, for he spent years in financial dealings, or Printer Myers, for he still sets up his own type, or Telegrapher Myers, or Lecturer Myers, or Carpenter Myers, or Photographer Myers.

All these callings (and some others) Myers has pursued with eagerness and success, only making a change when driven to it by his unquenchable thirst for knowledge and his guiding principle, "I refuse to let this world bore me." To-day the professor is sixty years old (a thin, wiry, sharp-eyed little man), yet I suspect some boys of sixteen who read these pages feel older

than he does. You ought to hear him laugh! or tell about the air-ship that has carried him over thirteen States! or describe his "balloon farm" at Frankfort! I don't know when I have enjoyed myself more than during three days Professor Myers spent with me a little more than two months ago.

Suppose we begin with the balloon farm, which is certainly a queer place. It is said as a joke in the neighborhood that the professor plants his balloon crop in the spring, gathers it in the fall, and stores it away through the winter. Certain it is that in summer-time the visitor (and visitors come in swarms) sees fields marked off in rows with stakes and cross-poles, on which balloon-cloth by hundreds of yards seems to be growing (really, it is drying); and other fields, that look like an Eskimo village, with houses of crinkly yellowish stuff (really, half-inflated balloons); and groups of men boiling varnish in great kettles which are al-

ways getting on fire and may explode; and other men working nimbly at the knitting of nets; and others experimenting with parachutes; and the professor paddling away at the height of three thousand feet for his afternoon "skycycle" sail; and Mme. Carlotta, the celebrated aëronaut (also the professor's wife), making an ascension now and then from the front lawn in a chosen one of her twenty-odd balloons.

And in the winter, should you explore the upper rooms of the spacious house, you would find all the balloons tucked away snugly in cocoons, as it were, fast asleep, ranged along the attic floor, each under its net, each ticketed with a record of its work, marked for good or bad conduct after it has been tested by master or mistress.

In all his work Professor Myers is moved by the truly scientific spirit, the desire to know more and to do things better. Each year sees some new set of experiments brought to conclusion. At one time it was balloons to produce rainfall by explosions in the clouds.

vivid style and by the hour (he is a charming talker) when we met, late of evenings, in my study.

One of his first stories was about the rainfall experiments with balloons that he conducted years ago for the government. There was a theory to be tested that loud explosions at a height will make the clouds pour down water, and some gentlemen in the Department of Agriculture were anxious to set off as loud an explosion as possible, say a thousand feet up in the air. Professor Myers received this commission, and proceeded at once to Washington with a gas-balloon twelve feet in diameter.

"Don't you think that balloon is rather small?" asked one of the gentlemen.

"No," said Myers; "I should call it rather large."

The other man shook his head. "I'm afraid it won't make noise enough to test our theory."

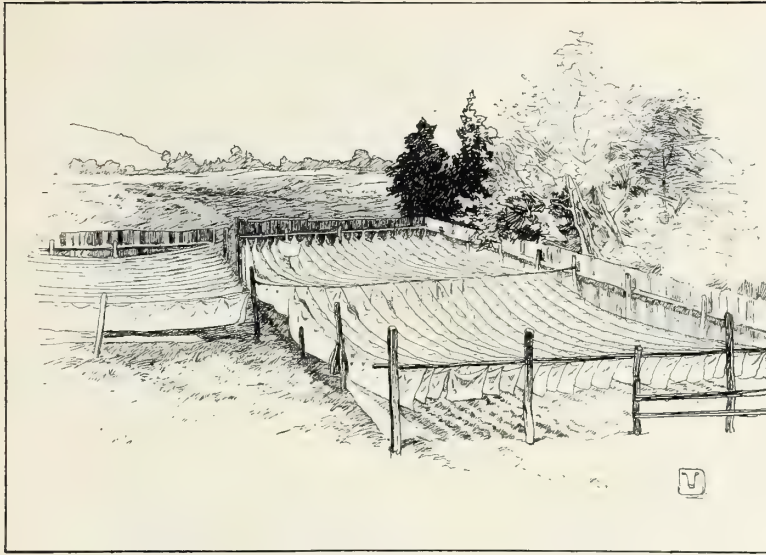
"Well," said the professor (I can see his eyes twinkling), "if this one does n't make noise enough we'll get a bigger balloon."



"BALLOONS TUCKED AWAY SNUGLY IN COCOONS."

Again, it was kites carrying dynamite. Again, parachutes. Then it was the study of air-currents so as to sail where you please. Then it was Carlotta's scheme of steering a balloon by tipping the foot-board, as I shall presently explain. And for years past it has been a gradual advancement in the skycycle, or balloon guided by fans and propellers that the rider on his suspended saddle operates with hands and feet. All this the professor would discuss in

They took the balloon some miles out of Washington (the professor insisted on this), filled it with a mixture of one third oxygen and two thirds hydrogen (a terrible explosive), and sent it up about a quarter of a mile, with an anchor-rope holding it and with a wire hanging down to a little hand-dynamo or blasting-machine. As they made ready to turn this dynamo, Professor Myers lay flat on his back, eyes glued to the balloon, confident but curious.



"BALLOON-CLOTH BY HUNDREDS OF YARDS."

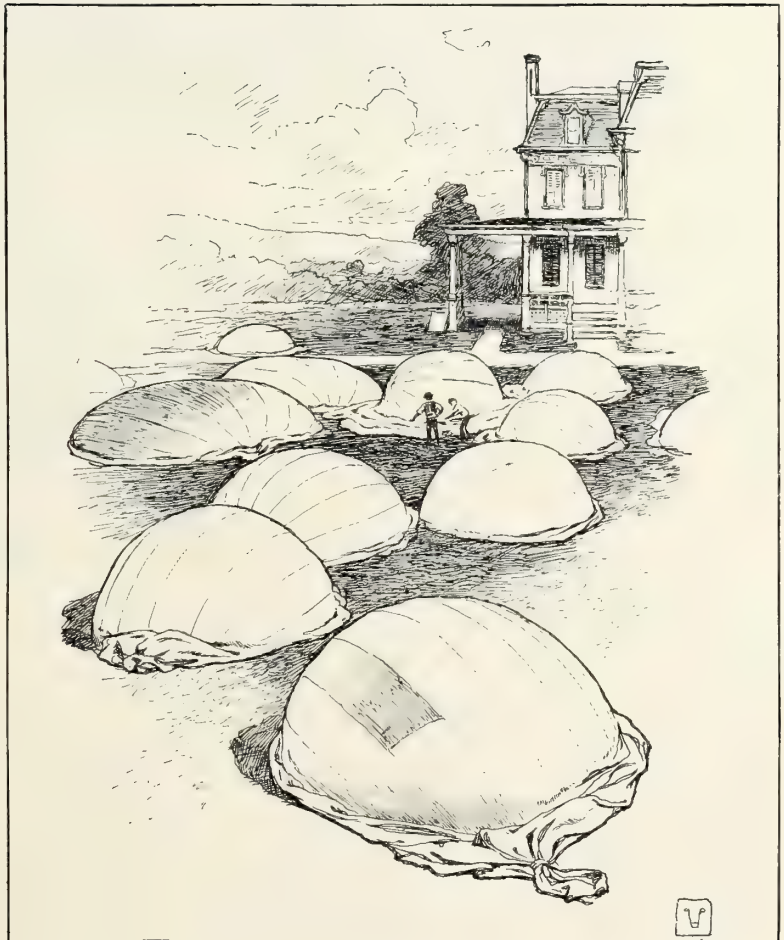
The handle turned, a spark jumped at the other end, and the ball of silk seemed to swell enormously and then vanish with a flash of a thousand shivers of silk. On this came the sound—a smashing and tearing blast louder than any thunder-crash or roar of cannon. It flattened men to the ground, killed hundreds of little fish in a stream near by (bursting their air-bladders), knocked a bowling-alley over like a mere house of cards, frightened cattle, and brought down rain in torrents within eight minutes. The Agricultural gentlemen were more than satisfied, and adopted the professor's system for extended rainfall experiments—only these (for obvious

reasons) were conducted on the lonely and arid plains of distant Texas.

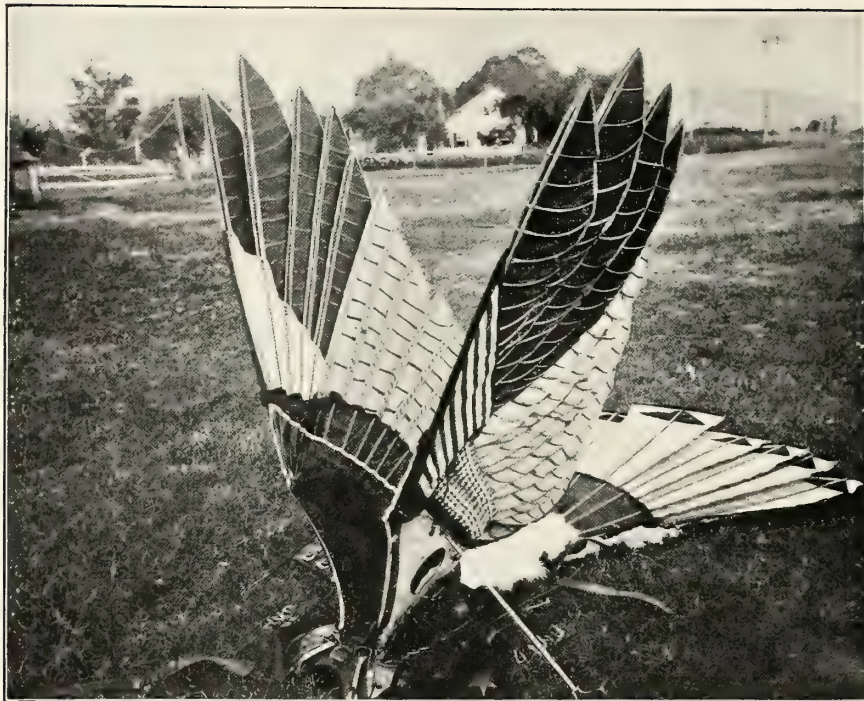
"It was n't much fun living down there," said the professor; "but we got rain whenever we wanted it."

"What would happen," I inquired, "if a very large balloon filled with this explosive mixture were set off over a crowded city?"

The professor shook his head in his awed contemplation of this possibility. "It would



"FIELDS THAT LOOK LIKE AN ESKIMO VILLAGE."



"A PAIR OF GREAT WINGS MADE OF FEATHERS AND SILK—WHICH, ALAS! WOULD NEVER FLY."

work fearful destruction. If large enough (and there is no difficulty in obtaining such a size), it would wipe out of existence whole blocks of houses and the people in them. It would destroy an army."

For weeks at a time in the experiment season a captive balloon will hover above the Frankfort farm, say twelve hundred feet up, and the tricks they play with that balloon would draw all the boys in the country, if their parents would let them go. Three guy-ropes hold the balloon steady like legs of an enormous tripod, and straight down from the netting a fourth rope hangs free. Now, imagine swinging on a rope twelve hundred feet long! They do that often for tests of flying-machines or aeroplanes—swing off the housetop, and sail away in a long, slow curve, just clearing the ground, and land on top of a windmill at the far side of the grounds. That's a swing worth talking about! And fancy a man hitched fast to this rope by shoulder-straps, and as he swings flapping a pair of great wings made of feathers and silk, and trying to steer with a ridiculous spreading tail of the same materials.

The professor had a visit from such a man, who had spent years and a fortune in contriving this flying device, which, alas! would never fly.

One of the professor's hobbies is that gas-balloons are better and safer than the hot-air kind, although the latter cost less to operate. Your hot-air balloon goes up with a rush, but comes down again as soon as it cools; and in the coming down lies the danger. A gas-balloon, on the other hand, stays up as long as you keep gas in it, and the professor's secret of varnishing holds gas like a trap; there is practically no leaking through the fabric, not even of that most slippery hydrogen, which works through most balloon-cloth (through all not varnished properly) like water through a sieve.

As to the ordinary use of hot-air balloons for parachute dropping, the professor has only condemnation. A parachute, says he, is a sin and a disgrace—a thing to be prohibited by law. The parachute kills more people every year (the professor still is talking) than many a battle, and kills them in unpleasant ways: drops them on live electric wires which shock them to death; drops them in lakes, where they are

drowned, or in the ocean, where they are eaten by sharks; drops them in trees, where they catch by their coat-collars and choke to death; drops them on sharp railings which spear them through; drops them—but the professor's list (backed by statistics, be it said) is too long and gruesome; and it is only fair to add that I have a friend, Leo Stevens, a professional aëronaut, who has made thousands of parachute drops from hot-air balloons and never come to grief. He claims that nothing is safer than a parachute, and says he can steer one in its downward sailing so as to avoid dangerous landing-places. Nevertheless Stevens came down once with a parachute two miles out in the Atlantic Ocean—and was promptly rescued. But that story I shall keep for another telling.

There is a singular thing about parachutes, Stevens contends, not sufficiently considered by Professor Myers in some experiments made from his captive balloon. The professor, with



PROFESSOR MYERS IN HIS "SKYCYCLE."



MME. CARLOTTA STEERING A BALLOON BY TIPPING THE FOOT-BOARD.

his usual thoroughness, has tested all shapes and kinds of parachutes by dropping them from a balloon with a sand-bag hitched on instead of a man. The dropping was done by a fuse which would burn the supporting rope and at a given moment set the parachute free just as a man under the parachute would cut it free. And in a large number of cases the parachute did not open in time to save the sand-bag man from destruction on the ground.

"That proves," argues the professor, "that parachutes are extremely dangerous."

"Nothing of the sort," answers Leo Stevens; "it only proves that there is a big difference between a sand-bag man and a real man. The sand-bag is dead weight, and the man is live weight. A parachute will open for the one where it won't open for the other."

"Why will it," queries the professor, "if the man and the sand-bag weigh the same?"

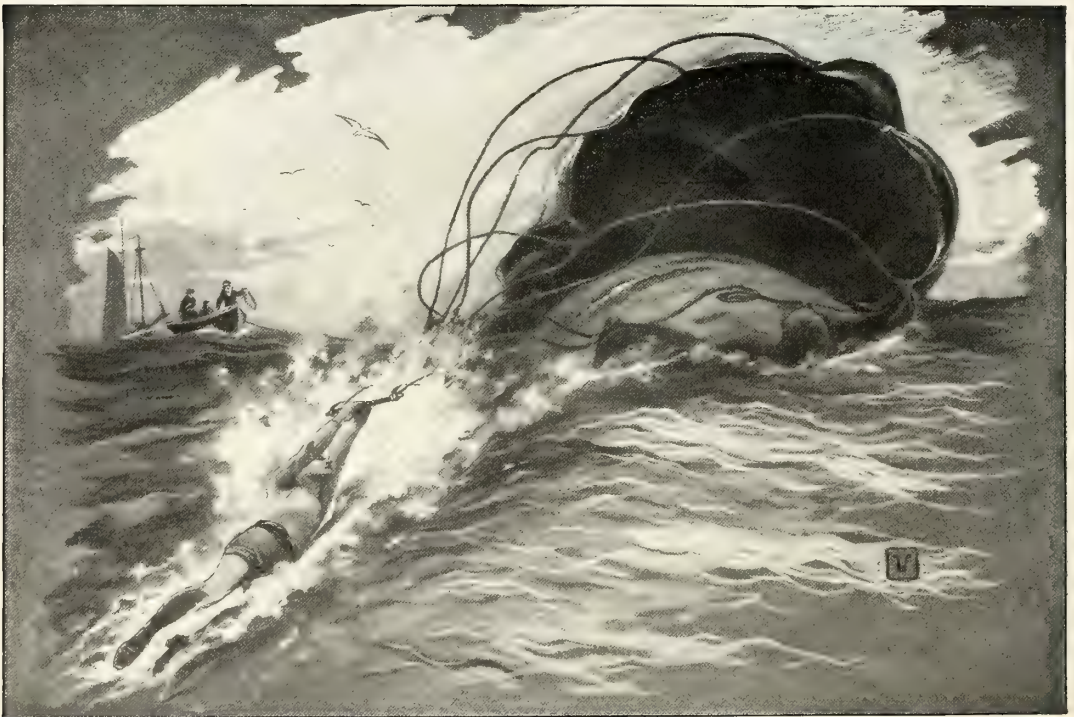
"I don't know why, but it will," Stevens insists. "If what you say were true I'd be dead long ago, and my wife, and all my assistants."

This is an imaginary conversation, but it presents well enough the opposing views. The professor's sand-bag men were certainly killed, while real parachutists often die in their beds. So there you are! I suppose it is true of danger as of tea or tobacco, that each man prefers his own kind. And (to show that he does not entirely scorn the parachute principle) on one occasion, at Akron, Ohio, the professor let his balloon drop like a plummet five thousand feet in sixty seconds, nearly a mile in a minute, and then, when only a thousand feet above ground, put on brakes by throwing the mouth wide open (tearing away the concentrating ring) and allowing the fabric to spread out like an umbrella and sail him down easily.

In all their experiments at the farm, Professor Myers and Mme. Carlotta have worked on individual lines, he striving of late years to perfect his skycycle (which is simply a balloon of torpedo shape with a rigging of propellers and fans underneath), while she has been con-

tent to gain skill in steering a balloon of ordinary shape by merely moving her body and utilizing varying air-currents, for the wind blows in different directions as you ascend.

It is remarkable how the position of an aëronaut's body may alter a balloon's movements. It is possible, for instance, to make a balloon ascend or descend, without touching valve or ballast, by a simple change of position. Stand with your legs apart, straddling from edge to edge of the basket, and by throwing your weight first on one foot and then on the other you will give a polliwog movement to the big bag above you, and it will go wriggling upward head-first some hundreds of feet. Or if you would make it descend (all this the professor explained to me), stand with your feet together in the middle of the basket, and, catching the balloon-neck at both sides, stretch your arms wide apart so that the fabric forms a chisel-edge, then sway your hips forward as far as you can, then back as far as you can, and keep doing this. Now the wriggling process is reversed; and this time the basket goes first, "tail wagging the dog," and the balloon descends.



"STEVENS CAME DOWN ONCE WITH A PARACHUTE TWO MILES OUT IN THE ATLANTIC OCEAN—AND WAS PROMPTLY RESCUED."



MME. CARLOTTA CALLS FOR ASSISTANCE FROM ANOTHER BALLOONIST, THREE MILES AWAY. (SEE PAGE 397.)

This ability to rise or fall at will allows Mme. Carlotta to pass easily from one train of clouds to another, and, by long study of these cross-moving aerial trains, she is able to pick out the one she wants for a certain destination with almost the precision of a foot-passenger selecting his particular street-car or changing from one to another. And in descending she has

learned to steer forward or back, to left or right, by tipping the basket foot-board in the direction she wishes to take. The balloon follows the lowest edge of the foot-board as a ship follows her rudder.

An almost incredible instance of the skill attained by Carlotta in these experiments was furnished some dozen years ago at Ottawa,

where she made an ascension never forgotten by the people of that city. It was a grand gala occasion in honor of Queen Victoria's gift of the Crystal Palace to her loyal subjects, and Canada had rarely seen such a gathering. Twenty-five thousand people, as was estimated, were packed inside the Exposition grounds to see the famous *aéronaut* rise to the clouds. And there at the appointed time stood Carlotta on a raised platform, with the multitude about her, waiting for the balloon. She wore a short skirt over a gymnasium suit, and made an attractive picture with her fine figure and golden-bronze hair. So thought various city dignitaries, who chatted with her admiringly while the crowd surged about them.

Meantime Professor Myers was anxiously watching the manœuvres of some Indians hired by a committee to tow the balloon from gas-works two miles distant, where it had been filled. This was rather against the professor's judgment, for the Rideau River, flowing by the grounds, offered an obstacle that could be overcome only by the help of canoes and tow-lines; and to paddle a big balloon across a river, a fresh-filled, hard-tugging balloon, is not a thing to be undertaken lightly. And in spite of all their skill these Indians found themselves presently lifted into the air, canoes and all (oh, they were badly frightened Indians!), not quite clear of the water, but high enough to make it doubtful if they would ever reach shore, and highly interesting to the crowd which pressed down to the river, even into the river, in well-meant efforts to help, and dragged the balloon up the bank and along toward the platform with such eagerness that they tore great rents in it that let out the gas in volumes.

In an instant, as happens in crowds, the balloon became the center of a struggling mass of people, who slowly pressed in from all sides to see what the matter was. Now when twenty-five thousand people are all pressing slowly toward one point, it is apt to fare ill with those at that point; and then, had not Carlotta acted on a flash of inspiration, there would surely have been disaster in that merciless crush. She looked over the shouting, swaying multitude, and in a second saw the danger—saw women held helpless and fainting in that jam

of bodies; saw one way, and only one, to save the situation, and took that way. Stepping off the platform, she ran lightly and swiftly over heads and shoulders, packed solid, and came to the balloon. Such was the people's fright that they scarcely felt her pass.

"You can't go up," cried her husband; "the balloon is a wreck."

"I must go up," she answered; "if I don't these people will be crushed to death."

"There's a hole in her big enough to drive a team through," he protested; but already she was in the basket, and a great cheer arose.

"It's better to risk one life than many," she answered with decision, and turning to the crowd, motioned them to loose the car. In their wonder the mad multitude forgot their fear, and the struggling quieted. All eyes were now on the balloon; one woman's courage had quelled the panic. The danger to the crowd was past, to the woman just beginning.

"Wait a moment," shouted Professor Myers; "you must have more ballast." But in the din of voices she misunderstood him and cast out a bag of ballast. And with a great heave and a flapping of its torn sides, the balloon wrenched itself free and shot upward, a cripple soaring with its last strength. Up and up it went, higher and higher as the small store of gas expanded. That tattered balloon, with its seams gaping open, raised itself somehow two miles over the city of Ottawa, and then almost immediately began to fall. The gas stayed in just long enough to lift the broken bag, and then left it to dash downward. Professor Myers, heart-sick on the ground, turned his eyes away, sure that he had seen his wife for the last time alive.

But Carlotta was of no such mind. She had saved the crowd, now she would save herself; and even as the balloon dropped with frightful speed, she put her plan in action. Swinging herself up on the netting, she caught the flapping silk above a long tear, and drew it down with all her weight until it reached the car. Instantly the air rushed in underneath, and bellied out the fabric into a great umbrella, a parachute improvised from a ripped balloon. Now they were slowing up; they had put the brakes on, and now they

were soaring easily, drifting with the wind. Carlotta drew a long breath of relief and looked down. They were still a mile above ground. She had the runaway in hand, but where should she land him? Most aëronauts would have been thankful enough to get down alive anywhere; she proposed to do a feat of steering as well. No doubt there was some gas in the upper part of the bag to help her, but in the main she was guiding a parachute;

then, smiling, said, "If you like, I will land exactly where I did last year."

This they all declared impossible, for the wind was strong in just the opposite direction; but Carlotta insisted that she would land in that clump of evergreens and nowhere else. And she kept her word. She had observed that at a certain height the wind was favorable to her purpose, and by the same tactics of seeking the right wind-currents and by the same



A BALLOON-PICNIC AT THE AËRONAUTS' HOME.

and she guided it so skilfully by tipping the foot-board forward or back, to left or right, that she landed finally in a clump of evergreen-trees, some fifteen miles from Ottawa, that she had selected as the very place she proposed to land. And great were the rejoicings when it was known that she had come to no harm.

The story had an interesting sequel in the following year, when Carlotta made another ascension from the same place.

"Where will you land this time?" one of the committee asked her.

Carlotta looked at the clouds a moment,

clever foot-board tipping she reached the point she was steering for, to the general wonder and admiration.

My acquaintance with Professor Myers has given me some light on a question often in my mind; that is, what kind of children these men have who follow careers of danger and daring. Will the son of a steeple-climber climb steeples? Will the daughter of a lion-tamer be afraid of a mouse? And so on. Of course, with both father and mother aëronauts, as in this case, it would be strange indeed if their child did not love balloons; and so it has

turned out, for Miss Aërial Myers, now a girl in her teens, has already made various ascensions, and enjoys nothing better than soaring

It was some years ago, at the Syracuse County Fair, and a balloon race had been advertised between Carlotta and young Tysdell,



"IN SPITE OF ALL THEIR SKILL THESE INDIANS FOUND THEMSELVES PRESENTLY LIFTED INTO THE AIR, CANOES AND ALL."

aloft on her father's skycycle, which she steers skilfully. Her first experience of a voyage in the air is memorable for two facts, that it nearly brought destruction to herself and her mother, and that it drew attention to an important but little-known fact in ballooning science.

an assistant of Professor Myers. For this event an enormous crowd had gathered on the grounds. And now (by what tears and pleadings who can say?) Miss Aërial, aged eleven, had persuaded her too fond mother to take her along, and off they went, amid cheers and wav-

ings, with a strong breeze blowing, and the child peering down at the dwindling earth over the basket-side. She watched the roads change into yellow streaks, and the hills swing up from back of the horizon, and the clouds spread away below them like a sea. She watched her mother take readings of compass and barometer, and as the wind swept them along to new view-points she would cry out, "Here comes another town, mama!" and clap her hands as the town raced by.

Tysdell won the race, having ballast in plenty to throw out, while Carlotta had little, since the extra lifting-power of her balloon was needed for Miss Aërial. Now the difficulty of managing a balloon is much increased if you have no ballast, for then you cannot rise at will to enter a higher wind-current blowing the way you want to go, but must drift where the current you are in may take you. And the current they were in took them (such is the perversity of things) straight toward a deep and dangerous lake. Carlotta saw where they were going, but was powerless to prevent it. She could not throw Miss Aërial overboard like a sand-bag to make the balloon go higher, although she did throw overboard everything else that was movable, even to her jacket and shoes. Then, having done all that was possible, she waited, clutching the basket sides with anxious fingers, and wondering if there was any way of safety.

Suddenly an idea came to her, and she scanned the heavens for Tysdell's balloon. No sight of it anywhere. Tysdell was three miles away, hidden by clouds. Nevertheless she lifted her voice and sent forth a loud cry, calling his name. Immediately the answer came, quite distinct. She explained their peril, and asked Tysdell if he could come to them. He said he would try, and questioned her where they were and what wind-currents had borne them. Carlotta told Tysdell to what height he must drop (she knew her own height by the barometer), and in a very few minutes, being able to rise and fall as he pleased, he was near the two other air-sailors, and got his balloon down by the lake-side in time to help them ashore when they landed, as presently they did, in a treacherous tree overhanging the

water. The basket struck the water and then skipped along the surface under the drag of the balloon, and was caught finally in the arms of a tree that reached out from the bank.

And the only harm done was the spoiling of Miss Aërial's best frock!

Here was a case of conversation carried on easily between two balloons a mile or so above the earth and three miles apart. But other experiments made by Mme. Carlotta show that talking between balloons may go on over much greater distances, a reach of nearly eight miles having been accomplished on one occasion near Ogdensburg, New York. The explanation of this phenomenon is perfectly simple. Each balloon, while it is speaking, acts as a huge megaphone for the other, and each balloon, while it is listening, acts as a huge sounding-board for the other; and the tighter the balloons are kept under pressure of gas, the easier it is to make these great silken horns (for such they are) throw forth and receive the messages. It may be that a superior kind of wireless telegraphy will be introduced some day by the use of talking balloons. Why not?

In the course of our talks I discovered a mystic side, very unexpected, in the professor's nature. He used to speak of hydrogen, for instance, with a certain almost reverence, as if it were something endowed with life and consciousness, a powerful spirit, one would say, not merely a commonplace product of chemistry, a gas from a retort.

"I have often wondered," he said one day, "as my basket has swept me along, what there is in this silken bag above me that lifts me thus over mountains and cities. I look up into the balloon through the open mouth, and I see nothing; I hear nothing; I smell nothing. None of my senses answer any call; yet somehow, strangely, in a way I can't explain, I *perceive* a presence. It would not be at all the same to me were the balloon filled with air, though it would be the same to all my senses. Again and again I have noted this thing, that hydrogen makes itself known to men when they are near it."

He paused a moment as if to observe my attitude, to see if it were one of scoffing. I made no remark except to beg him to go on.

"After all," he continued, "even the books allow to hydrogen properties that are very amazing. It is the lightest of all things; it passes through and beyond all things; it is the nearest approach we know of to absolute nothing. Who can say that it is not related to the land of nothing, to—" He hesitated, and did not go on.

"You mean?" said I.

"I don't know what I mean. I only wonder. Take this case that happened at Ogdensburg, New York, during an ascension we made there. We had filled the balloon with hydrogen, and were just ready to start when the valve-cords that hang down inside the bag from the valve at the top became twisted and drew up out of reach from the basket. In vain I tried to get them free by reaching up with sticks and long-handled things; the cords would not come down, and of course no sane man would make an ascension with his balloon-valve beyond control. There was nothing for it but to get inside that great gas-bag and undo the tangle with my hands. So I called fifteen or twenty men to catch hold of the netting and pull the balloon down over me until I could reach the valve-cords. Then I—"

"Wait a minute," I interrupted. "Were you standing inside the balloon so that you had to breathe hydrogen?"

The professor smiled. "I stood inside the balloon, but I breathed nothing; I held my breath, which is one of the things I have practised. Before I went inside I told my wife to note the time by her watch, and if I did not come out before one hundred and twenty seconds had passed to have the men drag me out. You see, I knew I could hold my breath one hundred and twenty seconds, but no longer.

"Well, we carried out the plan, and I freed the cords in less than my limit of time; and then came the uncanny part of it—at least, it seemed so to me. I had read that hydrogen will not transmit sound, but had never tested it. It is true I had at various times taken hydrogen into my lungs, but never had I tried to speak in hydrogen. Now was my chance, and, with all my remaining breath I shouted as loud as I could inside that balloon. Think of it; there were my wife and the men only a few feet dis-

tant, with only the thinnest tissue of silk between us, and a gas that was like nothing. Yet my cry, that would have reached perhaps half a mile in air, could not penetrate that little void. To those outside the balloon it was as if I had not opened my lips. They heard nothing, not even a whisper. I believe you might fire a cannon inside a bag of hydrogen, and no faintest rustle of the discharge would reach your ears. So, you see, a world of hydrogen would be a voiceless world."

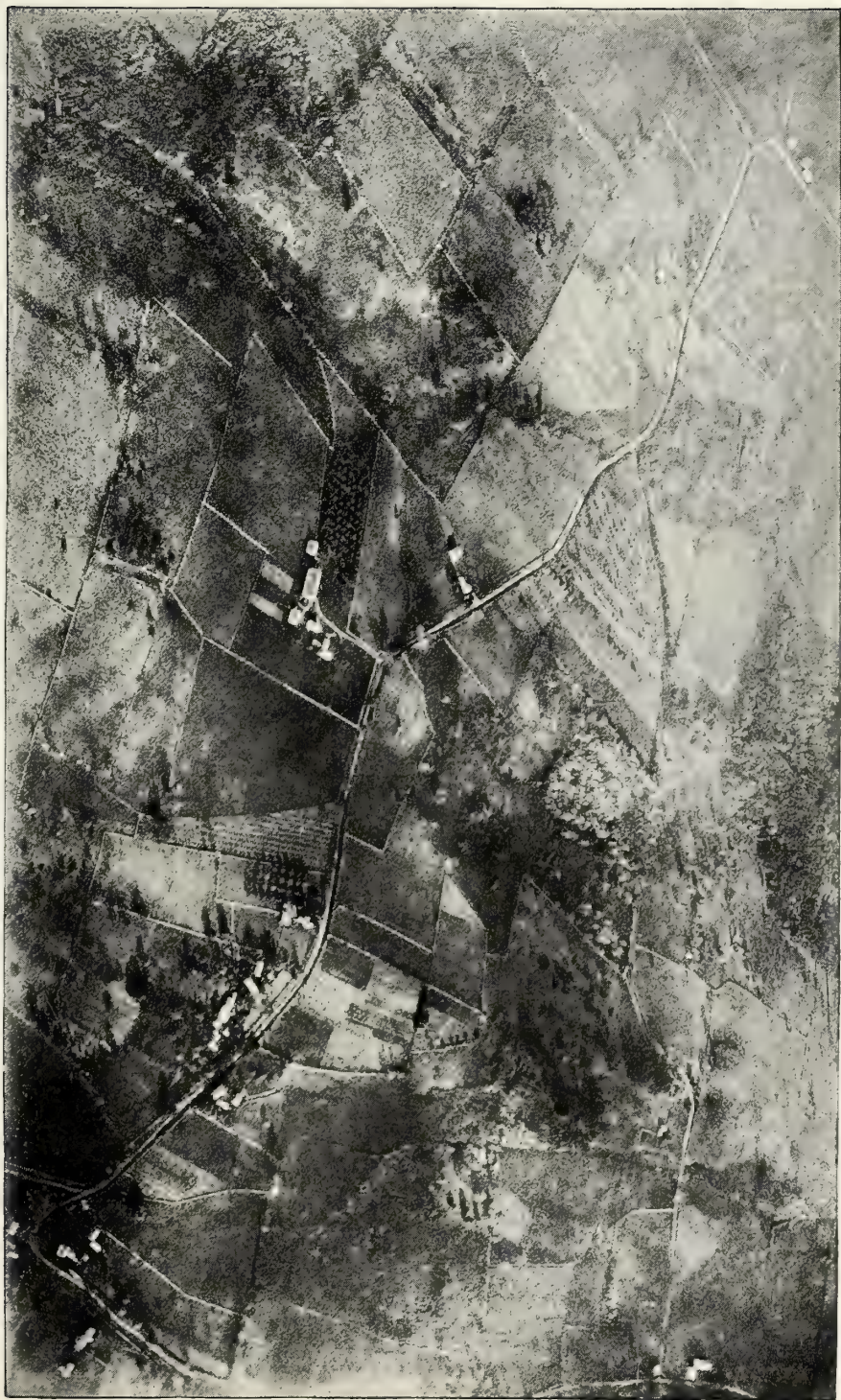
"Did you say you have breathed hydrogen?" I asked.

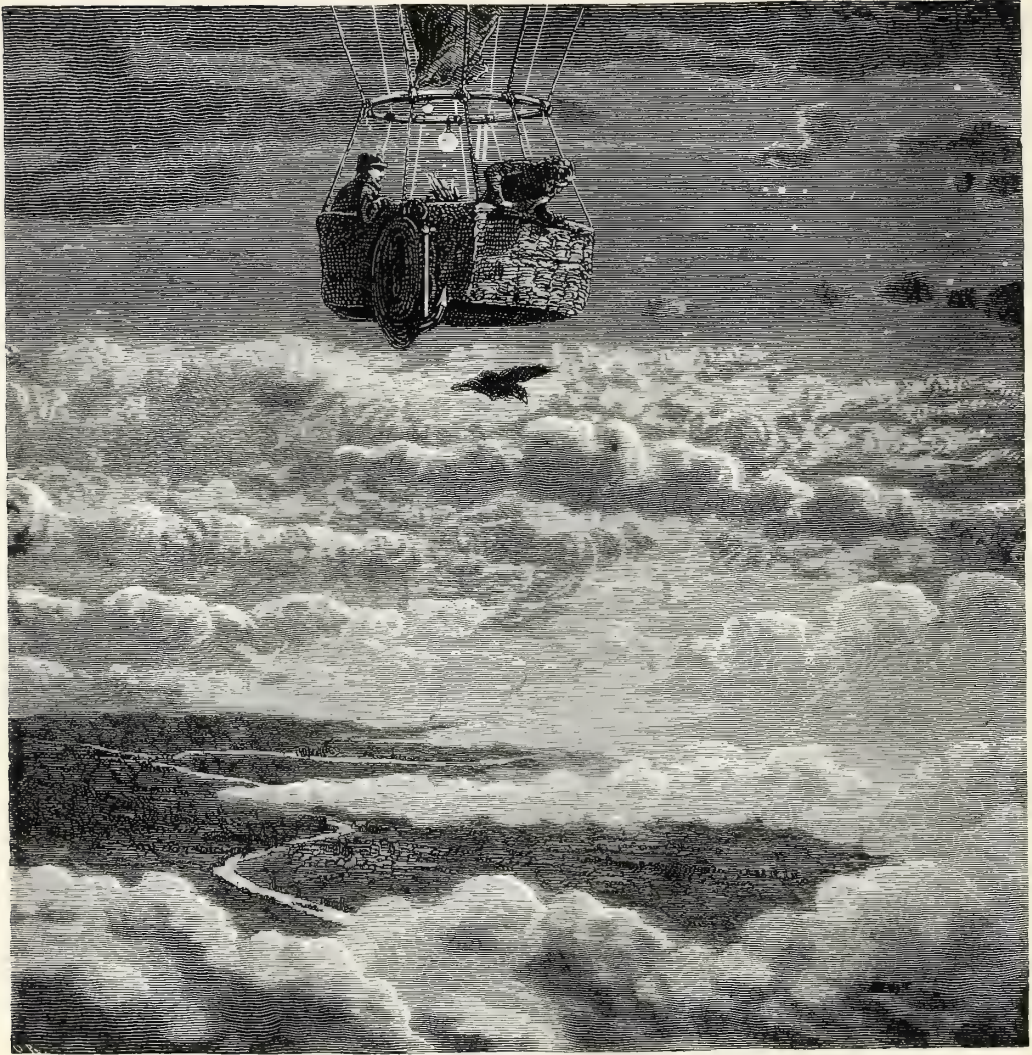
"Yes; I have breathed it up to the danger-point. I know all the sensations. There is first a mild exhilaration, then a sense of sickening and head-throbbing, and finally a delicious languor that leads into stupor. When you get there it is time to stop. In making ascensions we have to be very careful not to breathe too much gas from the balloon-neck which hangs open over the basket. More than one aeronaut has been gradually overcome without realizing that he was in danger."

The professor went on to tell of other singular things about this subtle gas, notably that, speaking within limits, the higher you want a balloon to rise, the *less* hydrogen you must put in it. If you fill a balloon full of hydrogen it will rise to no great height (and is very apt to burst), since the gas has no space to expand in, and the way to keep a balloon rising is to make it expand more and more as it goes up, each foot of added volume displacing a foot of the air-ocean and to that extent adding buoyancy.

"General Hazen and I," said the professor, "once planned that some day, when we got an appropriation, we would go up in a balloon having a capacity of, say, forty thousand cubic feet, but carrying at the ground only ten thousand cubic feet of hydrogen—in other words, in a shrunken, about quarter-filled balloon. Of course as we rose and the air became rarefied this hydrogen would expand against the decreasing air pressure, and at a height of two miles our original ten thousand feet of gas might have swelled to twenty thousand feet, at five miles to thirty thousand feet, and so on. The last ten thousand feet of expansion would

HOW THE EARTH LOOKS WHEN VIEWED FROM A HEIGHT OF ONE MILE.
(Photographed from a balloon.)





LOOSING A CARRIER-PIGEON FROM A BALLOON AT NIGHT.

have brought us to no one knows what height, but certainly, we calculated, to the greatest height ever reached by a balloonist."

The professor explained that the balloon record of seven miles claimed for Glaisher and Coxwell, the English aeronauts, is not reliable, since the barometer used in that famous ascension (it was made at Wolverhampton, England, in 1862) could not register above five miles,

and what was accomplished beyond that height is matter of pure conjecture and must be less than might be done by the Hazen-Myers plan, since Glaisher's balloon (by a serious oversight) was started on its flight nearly full of hydrogen instead of nearly empty.

"Oh," exclaimed the professor as he finished his remarks, "why don't some of our very rich men think of these things!"

(THE NEXT ARTICLE IN THIS SERIES WILL BE "THE PILOT.")

THE PETS OF NOTED PEOPLE.

BY BURY IRWIN DASENT.

So long as biography is written we shall read with interest concerning the pets of noted people.

Who does not remember the story of Sir Isaac Newton and his dog "Diamond," which destroyed the papers that the philosopher set himself so patiently to rewrite? or the statement that he cut two holes in his study door for his cat and kitten to go out and in—a big hole for the cat and a small hole for the kitten?

We read of the sentimental Sterne weeping over a pet donkey while neglecting his own mother; of the great Cardinal Mazarin attending a grave council of state with a tame linnet perched on his wrist and a pet monkey crouched on his shoulder; of the poet Herrick, who, besides his pet pig and his dog "Tracey," had a pet goose; of Alexander the Great and his horse "Bucephalus"; and of St. Anthony of Padua, who loved all animals, and who is said to have preached sermons to the tame carp in his ponds.

That the master minds of the world, in literature, politics, art, and science, have shown a strong attachment for pets is constantly shown us by their biographers.

Tennyson said of his dog, "Owd Roa," putting the words into the mouth of an old farmer:

"'Faithful and True'—them words be in Scripture—
'Faithful and True'

Will be found upon four short legs ten times for
one upon two."

During one of the last birthday celebrations of the poet Whittier, he was visited by a celebrated oratorio-singer. The lady was asked to sing, and seating herself at the piano, she began the beautiful ballad "Robin Adair." She had hardly begun before Mr. Whittier's pet dog came into the room, and seating himself by her side, watched her as if fascinated, and listened

with a delight unusual in an animal. When she finished he came and put his paw very gravely into her hand and licked her cheek.

"Robin takes that as a tribute to himself," said Mr. Whittier. "He also is 'Robin Adair.'"

The dog, hearing his own name, evidently considered that he was the hero of the song. From that moment, during the lady's visit, he was her devoted attendant. He kept by her side when she was indoors, and accompanied her when she went to walk. When she went away he carried her satchel in his mouth to the gate, and watched her departure with every evidence of distress.

The pride of the heart of Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, dear to all young folk because of his "Story of a Bad Boy," was a dog, an Irish setter, who, its owner believed, was endowed with more intelligence than some men of his acquaintance. Some years ago it was the author's habit to invite friends to his charming home on Mount Vernon Street, Boston, to see his "twins" and his dog, and the visitor often went with visions of being called upon to admire and amuse two babies. The twins, however, he found to be well-grown young men nineteen or twenty years old. The dog, "Grip," was never weary of bringing his master's slippers from his bedroom to the parlor, and of exhibiting his intellectual achievements so long as Mr. Aldrich would suggest new tricks.

It is said that Mr. Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) had a black pet cat which he called "Satan," and a tortoise-shell cat to which he gave the name of "Sin." It need hardly be added that Satan and Sin were the best of friends.

Robert Browning's pet was a tame owl, Sir Henry Rawlinson's a tame leopard. Bishop Thirlwall was devoted to cats and geese. Southey made pets of his cat "Bona Marietta" and his

dog "Dapper." Ralph Waldo Emerson had no pets. He was very fond of quoting the example of Sidney Smith, who, when asked by a lady to furnish a motto for the collar of her dog "Spot," jokingly suggested a quotation from Shakspere's *Macbeth*:

"Out, damnèd Spot!"

Matthew Arnold had as pets, dogs, a cat, and a canary-bird. The poetical tributes addressed to the favorite dogs "Geist" and "Kaiser," and to the canary "Matthias" count up nearly four hundred verses.

They had no poet and they died,

cannot be said of his pets.

Of wise "Atossa," the poet's cat, sitting for hours beside the bird-cage, Arnold wrote:

Down she sank amid her furs,
Eyed thee with a soul resigned.
Cruel, but composed and bland,
So Tiberius might have sat,
Had Tiberius been a cat.

The Queen of England has three dogs which she has elevated to the highest canine dignities on account of their aristocratic families and their own peculiar merits. The names of the aristocratic trio are "Marco,"* "Roy," and "Spot." Marco is the Queen's favorite, and his ancestry can be traced back to the Crusaders' time. He is what they call in England a Pomeranian, and at one of the dog shows he won the first prize—the mug of honor. The other favorite, Roy, is a collie, and Spot is a fox-terrier. Another of the Queen's pets is a tiny Yorkshire terrier that weighs but two and three quarters pounds. It is the smallest dog in England.

Walter Savage Landor's dog "Gallio" is well known by name to every admirer of that author. Rosa Bonheur, the celebrated painter, had as a constant companion a tiny monkey. Bismarck and his famous German mastiff are familiar figures. The poet Cowper loved rabbits; Elizabeth Barrett Browning was devoted to a dog named "Flush," which was presented to her by Miss Mitford. She immortalized Flush in a poem entitled "To Flush, my Dog."

"Maida," Sir Walter Scott's favorite pet, a

cross between the wolf and the deer-hound, was, during his lifetime, Sir Walter's inseparable companion. They were frequently painted together on the same canvas, until Scott grew "as tired of the operation as old Maida, who had been so often sketched that he got up and walked off with signs of loathing whenever he saw an artist unfurl his paper and handle his brushes."

Pope had a pet dog named "Bounce." Byron, besides his favorite Newfoundland dog "Boatswain," for whose epitaph he wrote,

To mark a friend's remains these stones arise;
I never knew but one, and here he lies,

also had as pets at various times a bear, a wolf, and a monkey. In a letter, dated at Ravenna, August 10, 1821, Shelley wrote: "Lord Byron's establishment consists, besides servants, of ten horses, eight enormous dogs, three monkeys, five cats, an eagle, a crow, and a falcon; and all of these except the horses walk about the house, which every now and then resounds with their unarbitrated quarrels." Daniel Webster made pets of oxen.

The list would be incomplete without reference to John Bright's favorite Scotch terrier, that slept at the foot of his bed. There was also a boyish pet, "Snap," that chased a cat into a neighboring hen-coop, whence he was rescued by another lad, while John himself leaned over the fence and laughed to hear his comrade scolded by the woman who owned the fowls.

Horace Walpole, in a letter, thus refers to his pet dogs "Patapan," a little white dog from Rome, and "Rosette," a black spaniel:

"Patapan is so handsome that he has been named the 'Silver Fleece.' There is a new order of knighthood to be erected in his honor, in opposition to the golden." In another letter he again refers to the beauty of his pet: "I think I have not said anything to you lately of Patapan. He is handsomer than ever, and grows fat; his eyes are charming; they have that agreeable luster which the vulgar moderns call sore eyes, but the judicious ancients golden eyes."

Again Walpole says: "To-morrow Patapan sits to Wootton for his picture. He is to have a triumphal arch at a distance to signify his

* In ST. NICHOLAS for November, 1894, are two pictures of Queen Victoria's pet dogs.

Roman birth, and his having barked at thousands of Frenchmen in the very heart of Paris." Wootton, the painter mentioned, was a celebrated painter of animals, the Landseer of the period 1740-60, and his picture of Patapan brought four pounds at the final sale of Walpole's effects at Strawberry Hill.

Of Patapan's successor Walpole wrote to a friend: "You know I always have some favorite, some successor to Patapan; the present is a tanned black spaniel, Rosette. She saved my life last Saturday night, so I am sure you will love her too. I was undressing for bed. She barked and was so restless that there was no quieting her. I fancied that there was somebody under the bed, but there was not. At last, not being able to quiet her, I looked to see what she barked at, and, perceiving sparks of fire falling from the chimney, found it in flames. The fire was easily extinguished."

Jean Paul Richter was very fond of tame animals, which he had constantly by him. Sometimes it was a mouse, and then a great white spider, which he kept in a paper box with a glass top. There was a little door beneath, by means of which he could feed his prisoner with flies. In the autumn he collected winter food for his little tree-frog and his tame spider. "How I wish," he wrote once to his friend Otto, "that you could have met me in the street or in the Harmony; then you would have seen my little squirrel upon my shoulder, who bites no longer."

Next to money, Rembrandt loved nothing so much as his monkey. He was one day painting a picture of a noble family, when the news of his ape's death was brought to him. He could scarcely contain his grief, and lamented his unhappy lot. Sobbing and crying, he forthwith began delineating the form of an ape upon the family picture. They remonstrated with him, and protested that an ape was quite out of place in the company of such distinguished personages. But he continued to weep and went on painting his ape. The head of the family demanded to know whether it was his portrait or that of a monkey which Rembrandt was pretending to delineate. "It is the portrait of a monkey," said Rembrandt. "Then you may keep the picture." "I think

so," said the painter; and the picture still survives.

Henry III. of France was so foolishly fond of spaniels that he used to carry a litter of them in a basket suspended from his neck, when he gave his audiences. His passion for these animals, it is said, cost him, on the average, not less than one hundred thousand crowns a year.

Charles I. of England was also excessively fond of spaniels, and the breed of dogs named for him is still famous. Frederick the Great was also a great dog-fancier.

The painter Razzi formed friendships with all sorts of animals, and he filled his house with squirrels, monkeys, Angora cats, dwarf donkeys, goats, tortoises, and Elba ponies. Besides these, he had an enormous raven, who gravely strode about as if he were the exhibitor of this Noah's ark. When any one knocked at the outer door, the raven would call "Come in!" in a loud voice.

In an old volume entitled "The Memoirs of Louis XVIII.," by himself, is the story of a cat. She was the pet of the Countess de Maurepas, the wife of the premier of Louis XVI. This cat came to high honor at the court of Versailles; indeed, since she ruled her mistress, who in turn ruled her husband, puss may almost be said to have governed the French nation. "Love me, love my cat," was the stringent rule of the court assemblies, where puss always accompanied her mistress; and as the shrewd creature was quick to detect and resent any indignity from those unfriendly to her, she was received with much homage by all those who desired to reach the king through the lady's favor. Once, when the countess was urging upon M. de Maurepas the claims of a favorite courtier to some office, and found her husband too indifferent to her plea, she hurled her beloved cat at his head. The minister instantly recognized the gravity of the situation and Mme. de Maurepas succeeded in her purpose.

Even in her tragic death this cat was distinguished. One morning, when Louis entered his attic workshop, where he loved to go to escape the woes of royalty, he found an intruding cat who had overthrown and spoiled some piece of favorite mechanism, and not recognizing the petted court beauty, he avenged the injury by a fatal hammer-stroke. In her cha-

grin, Mme. de Maurepas bade fair to overthrow the ministry, and the storm was not quieted until, at the premier's intercession, the Princess Adelaide explained the offense to the unsuspecting king and induced him to apologize.

Mirabeau had a little dog, "Chico," to which he was fondly attached.

Concerning the remarkable qualities and wonderful deeds of his pet dog "Bungey," Sir John Harrington wrote as follows to Henry, Prince of Wales, and son of King James I.:

"Although I mean not to disparage the deeds of Alexander's horse Bucephalus, I will match my doggie against him for goode carriage, for if he do not bear a great prince on his back, I am bolde to say he did often bear the sweet words of a greater princess, Queen Elizabeth, on his neck." Sir John closes his letter with the following: "Now let Ulysses praise his dogge Argus, or Tobit be led by the dogge whose name doth appear, yet could I say such things of my Bungey as might shame them both, either for faith, clear wit, or wonderful deeds, to say no more than I have already said of his bearing letters to London and Greenwich, more than one hundred miles."

Apropos of Charles II.'s love of dogs, the following advertisement from the "*Mercurius Publicus*" of June 28—July 5, 1660, a copy of which is now preserved in the British Museum, is interesting. It is supposed to have been written by the merry monarch himself, and to refer to a dog that the king loved, and which had been presented to him by Pepys. The advertisement reads:

We must call upon you again for a black dog, between a Grayhound and a spaniel, no white about him, only a streak on his Brest, and his Tayl a little bobbed. It is his Majestie's own Dog and doubtless was stoln, for the dog was not born nor bred in England and would never forsake his Master. Whosoever findes him may acquaint any at Whitehal, for the dog was better known at court than those who stole him.

Will they never leave robbing his Majesty? Must he not keep a Dog? This Dog's place (Though better than some imagine) is the only place which nobody offers to beg.

Whether his Majesty recovered the dog, history, unfortunately, does not tell.

The tabby "Selima," who was drowned in a tub of gold-fishes and immortalized in Thomas Gray's verses "On the Death of a Favorite Cat," was the pet of Horace Walpole. The death of Selima happened about the time, in 1774, of the making up of a quarrel between Gray and Walpole, and it was as an act of graceful kindness on his own part that the poet consented to write the famous ode.

The pets of famous people of the stage have always had an interest for theater-goers.

Mary Anderson owned a huge Newfoundland dog, and when studying a new character she would go on a long ramble with her canine friend. She declaimed thrilling speeches to him, while he sat by the roadside and howled his approbation. Christine Nilsson's favorite was a great St. Bernard.

Henry Irving once had a dog who took the greatest interest in his master's performance. Night after night he would sit at one side of the stage and watch his master, and did not leave until the curtain was rung down. When Mr. Irving was leaving for the United States this dog accompanied him to Southampton. With every evidence of distress he watched his master depart in the boat, and in an hour after he was missed by his companions, whose company was evidently of no consequence to him. They were in much anxiety as to what had happened to Mr. Irving's devoted friend. Three days afterward he was seen on the stage of the Lyceum Theater, London, having evidently made the journey from Southampton on foot, for his feet were bleeding and his coat was covered with mud. How the poor dog knew his way is among the unsolved mysteries of nature.

It is curious to recall the pets of a few more historic personages. Of the Romans, the Emperor Augustus made a pet of a parrot, Virgil of a butterfly, Commodus took pride in a monkey, and Nero, with all his cruelties, petted a starling. Among the French, Cardinal Richelieu owned an Angora cat, Lamartine liked a greyhound, Alexander Dumas the elder a vulture, and—queerest pets of all—the caricaturist Gavarni was devoted to two green frogs!

The Wizard's Apprentice

from
The German of *GOETHE*

BY ANNA M. RICHARDS.

(*The Apprentice speaks.*)

Now at last the old witch-master
Has gone off, and I'm at leisure.
Now I'll go it rather faster—
Make the witches do *my* pleasure.
From his acts and speeches,
I know what to do;
Now he out of reach is,
I'll do wonders too.
Sprites, be going!
Run and totter!
Bring the flowing
Of the water!
Get me water in a hurry;
Fill that bath-tub without worry.



Now, old Broom, come on! no shirking!
Put on that old rag-heap, will you?
You've been used enough to working;
Now do what I'm going to tell you.

On two legs now get up!
And where head is not
Let a head be set up!
Fetch the water-pot.

Now be going,
And don't potter!
Bring the flowing
Of the water!

Mind, I tell you. Scamper—scurry!
Fetch me water in a hurry.

Why, he's off now in a second—
 And he's back in half a minute!
 This is quicker than I reckoned;
 Back and forth—the luck is in it.
 See him! See him foot it
 Faster than before!
 There's no place to put it;
 Don't bring any more.
 We've enough now;
 Don't you hear me?
 Stop this stuff now—
 Won't you fear me?
 Ah, the master's charm—I
 knew it,
 But don't know what will undo
 it!



Oh, to know the word to finish
 Him to be what he is being!
 Oh, could I the charm diminish!
 Him a broom again decreeing.
 Here's another precious torrent,
 Coming wetter than before!
 If I'm out of this, I warrant
 I won't meddle any more.
 I declare it,
 I won't bear it!
 I must catch him
 And despatch him;
 For he looks so very spiteful
 That it's getting truly frightful.



Fiend! the very house is filling,
 Swimming, drowning in the puddle;
 Over sill and doorway spilling—
 Everything is in a muddle:
 Must I still be seeing
 All my words in vain?
 Stick, resume thy being!
 Be a broom again!
 Won't you stop this,
 You kobold, you?
 Won't you drop this?
 Then I'll hold you,
 And your handle, I will catch it,
 And I'll chop it with this hatchet.



See! here comes he, slipping, slopping;
 And I throw my weight upon him.
 Here he lies, and here I 'm chopping.
 Bravo! I believe I 've done him.
 Now the struggle ceases;
 Victory to me!
 He lies in two pieces,
 And I 'm breathing free.
 Hah! the wonder
 Never ceases,
 For, oh, thunder!
 Both the pieces
 Spring up quick — each one a servant!
 Oh, kind powers, be ye observant!



And they 're running! Wet and wetter
 Hall and staircase! It 's appalling!
 Twofold worse instead of better.

Oh, dear master, hear me calling!

Ah, here comes the master.

Sir, the case is this, then:

I call witches faster

Than I can dismiss them.

(The Master speaks.)

I should say so!

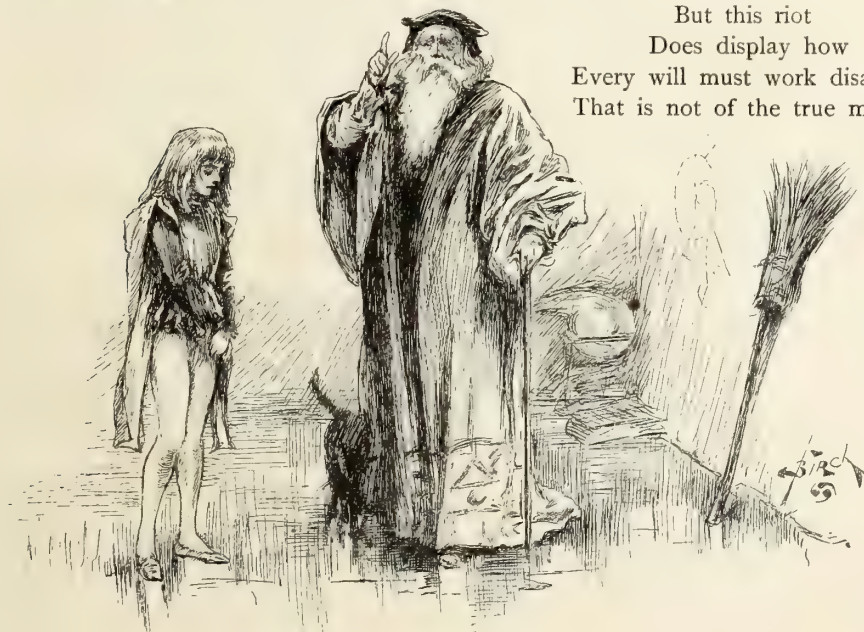
(Broom, be quiet!)

But this riot

Does display how

Every will must work disaster

That is not of the true master.



TALKING OF CAMPHOR.

"WHERE does this come from?" asked Sandy McLaurin, picking a block of camphor out of a jar that stood on the counter.

The druggist at the corner near Sandy's home was a good friend to all the boys, and they liked to ask him questions.

"Camphor? That 's a long story." The speaker and questioner sat down behind the prescription counter. "Have you ever noticed that row of lindens down on Fourth Street, near the grammar school? Well, the tree that produces camphor looks very much like any one of those. It grows in China, Japan, and other parts of eastern Asia. Occasionally a camphor-tree becomes so old and so large that it is a veritable landmark. In 1691, for instance, a traveler in Japan described a tree which he found that was thirty-six feet about the trunk. Almost a century and a half later the same tree was said by another traveler to be fifty feet around.

"Did your grandmother ever make you take a few drops of spirit of camphor? You know what a fiery taste it has, then. You would n't think that camphor and the cinnamon sticks that you like so well are first cousins; but they belong to the same botanical family.

"If you take one of the shiny green leaves from a camphor-tree and rub it gently between two stones, you smell the same odor as comes to you when you take the lid off a camphor-jar. Every part of the tree contains its part of the gum, but the bulk of it comes from the root, trunk, and branches. The first step is to reduce a tree to chips, and these are put into iron vessels having a cone-shaped cover lined with rice straw. Then the vessels are heated, and the camphor is driven out of the chips. Do you know what I mean when I use the word 'volatile'? No? Well, a thing is volatile that seems to fly off in the air. Now, camphor is volatile; it is capable of being changed into vapor. When heat is applied to the iron vessels the camphor is volatilized, but it condenses

almost at once; that is, it is changed to a multitude of tiny little lumps of solid camphor, which fasten themselves on the straw that lines the cover. It is then scraped from the straw, refined and pressed into blocks."

"Is camphor used for anything but medicine and to keep off moths?" asked Sandy.

"I was just coming to that. Strange as it may seem, we can get a substance from it that looks almost like ivory—hard and beautifully white. Go out to the first show-case on the left, and bring me a white comb and one of those hand-mirrors with a white back."

Sandy looked puzzled as he obeyed.

"This material," tapping the back of the mirror, "is called celluloid, and it is made from camphor and cotton. It is used for hair-brushes, soap-boxes, knife-handles, and many other articles. In another field we find that it plays its part in changing the map of the world or shaping the destiny of a nation. Camphor is used in making smokeless gunpowder. Our country certainly learned the value of it in the summer of '98."

"Why," Sandy ventured, "I should think, with all the big armies everywhere, that most of the camphor would be used for powder."

"A great deal of it is. That is why camphor has been so dear for a number of years past."

"Could n't tar camphor be used?"

"Oh, no! Tar camphor is really not camphor at all, though somebody discovered, about twelve years ago, that it would take the place of camphor in preventing the ravages of moths. For many years it was thrown away; it was a puzzle to get rid of it. It comes, in a roundabout way, from bituminous coal. When this kind of coal is heated in a certain way it is split up into gas (used for lighting), a heavy, black liquid (coal-tar), and coke; and it is from the coal-tar that tar camphor is made. I could n't begin to tell you all about coal-tar in one night, Sandy. Some other time we 'll talk about it again."

Ralph Benton.



AHNIGHTO.

BY JOSEPHINE DIEBITSCH PEARY.

FAR to the north of us, beyond the Arctic Circle, lies a land inhabited by a little tribe of Eskimos called Arctic Highlanders. These are the most northerly people known on the globe. They are entirely dependent on their country for everything they need, and as it is very cold, and part of the year entirely without sunshine, there is very little plant life, and they live only upon the animals, using the meat for food and the skins for their clothing. During the short summer season, when the sun shines, the grass and flowers grow rapidly, the birds come back and build their nests, and, alas! the mosquitos come forth in swarms. But this lasts only a short time.

Here in this wonderful land, in a little black house under a great brown mountain, was found, one bright September day, a little snow-white baby girl with big blue eyes.

And such a funny house it was where she was found! It was only one story high, the outside was covered with thick black tarred paper, the walls were more than a foot thick, and there were lots of windows for such a

small house, one wide one running right across the top of the house just as in a hothouse; this was to enable the inmates to enjoy the sunshine just as long as it lasted.

All round the house was a close veranda, the walls of which were built of boxes of food—biscuits, sugar, coffee, and tea; for none of these things, in fact nothing but meat, could be bought in the country.

Inside the house the little room where the baby was found was lined with soft warm blankets, and there was a bright carpet on the floor, and lots of books, and a sewing-machine, and pictures on the walls. All these things, like the boxes of food outside, had been carried in the big ship which had brought the baby's father and mother to this strange country.

The bed on which the baby lay was covered with soft warm reindeerskins, through which even the terrible cold of the long dark night could not penetrate.

One window of the baby's room looked out upon a great glacier, or river of ice, and the

other upon high red-and-brown mountains surrounding a bay in which floated lots and lots of icebergs of the strangest and most fantastic shapes, so that you might easily imagine one

And if by chance she happened to smile when looking at one of them, then there was great rejoicing, for this was counted very lucky.

So they called her *Ah-poo-mik-a-nin-ny* (the



SLEDGE-TRAVEL IN GREENLAND.



ESKIMO DOG'S HEAD.

to be the palace of the Frost King, others whiteships, and in still others you might see the white face of the Frost King himself.

And when the strange people of the land heard that a baby had

been found in this home, and that, wonderful to relate, this baby was perfectly white, they came, men, women, and children, hundreds of miles, riding upon sledges drawn by wild, shaggy dogs which looked like wolves, to see the little stranger. These people are brown, with black, shaggy hair, and dress entirely in furs, both summer and winter.

They said "*ow-nay*" and "*ah-nan-nan*" to her, at which she stared with wide-open eyes; and then they wanted to touch her, to see if she was not made of snow, she was so white.

"snow baby"), and brought her presents of fur mittens, little sealskin boots, walrus-tusks, baby-bear skins and sealskins, and many other things.

It was near the end of the snow-land summer when the baby was born, and six weeks afterward the sun went away, to be gone all through the long winter night of four months.

Just before he went, baby was taken for her first outing. It was very, very cold, the thermometer far below the freezing-point, and the ground was covered deep with snow; but baby was tucked into a little reindeerskin bag, which covered her completely, all except her head; this was covered with a little bearskin hood; then baby, bag and all, was wrapped in the Stars and Stripes, and taken out of doors.

Then the sun went away, and for days and weeks baby lived in the little room, where a lamp was burning night and day.

Here she had her daily bath, and slept, and crowed at the lamp and the pictures and the walls, and grew bigger and whiter every day. How she did enjoy these baths after she was

a little older! Her mother closed every door in the room, put an oil-stove inside the bed-curtains, which were drawn close, then sponged the baby with warm water, and after she was dry let her roll for a little while in the pile of soft warm bearskins and deerskins on the bed.

Her Eskimo friends kept coming to see her whenever they could, though they did not always come into the room, as they were not very clean.

After a long, long time the terrible night began to draw to an end, and every clear day at noon there was an hour or two of daylight.

It was decided that when the sun did return, no matter how cold it might be, baby was to go out every day; so one of the Eskimo women was busy making a little Eskimo suit for her, all of furs.

There were only two pieces in this suit—a little hooded coat, and a pair of little trousers and boots in one.

Boys and girls, and men and women, all wear trousers in this snow-land. The softest and warmest foxskins and baby-deer skins were selected for these clothes. The little trousers, or *nannookies*, were made with the fur on the outside, and reached from her waist, where they were fastened with a draw-string, to her ankles, where a fur boot made of the same warm deerskin, but with the fur on the inside next the foot, was sewed to each leg, thus making it impossible for the cold air to get to her little feet and legs.

The *kapetah*, or foxskin coat, was after the same pattern as your sweaters,—that is, without any opening down the front or back,—and to the neck was sewed a round hood, the opening made just to fit about her little face. This coat her mother pulled on over baby's head and well down over her *nannookies*, so that no cold air could chill the little girl.

About the wrists and around the face-opening of the hood fox-tails were sewed, which helped very much to keep her face and hands warm. This costume was made by a woman named Ahnighito, so when the baby was christened she, too, was called Ahnighito. She was also named Marie, for her only aunt, who was waiting in the far-off home-land to greet her little niece when she should return.

At last, one day about the middle of February, the great yellow sun popped up above the tops of the mountains and covered everything with the brightest sunlight.

Little Ahnighito was asleep when the sun first looked into the room, but in a few minutes she woke, and as the room had been specially warmed to give her a sun-bath, her mother took her out of her little nest, and placed her, all white and naked, in the sunlight on the bed.

How the big blue eyes did open at the strange sight! How she laughed and jumped and stretched her little hands out in the yellow sunlight, just as if she was bathing in perfumed golden water. It was the first time she had ever seen the sun.

After this, every sunshiny day she had her sun-bath, when she would try to seize the sunbeams slanting through the room, and, failing in this, would try to pick up bits of sunlight on the bed.

On every pleasant day she was dressed in her little fur suit, tucked into her deerskin bag, and carried out.

Do you know how the tulip and hyacinth and narcissus bulbs grow and blossom after they are brought out of the cold, dark cellar into the warm, sunny window? Well, little Ahnighito was just a little human bulb that had been kept in the cold and dark for five months, and now was brought out into the bright sunlight; and she grew brighter and brighter, and her cheeks were like "Jack" roses. So rapidly did she grow that very soon she was too heavy for her mother to carry.

Then some dogs and a little Eskimo sledge were bought for her, in exchange for a knife and some biscuit and coffee, and a snug little box just big enough for her to sit in was fastened on the sledge. After that Ahnighito had a sleigh-ride every day. You should have seen her team, with their bright eyes, sharp-pointed ears, and big, bushy tails! There was "Lassie" and "Lady," and now and then steady old black "Panikpah," who had been far to the north from here, across the "Great Ice," and had eaten musk-ox meat. Sometimes they would walk along with heads and tails up, every now and then looking round at the baby. Then, at the

crack of the whip, they would dash off at a gallop, with the driver running beside the sledge and guiding it past the rocks and lumps of ice. But they always seemed to understand that

had a dress or a hat in her life, but dressed in a sealskin coat, short foxskin trousers, or nanookies, and long-legged *kanisks*, or sealskin boots. She and Koodlooktoo and her father,



"THE SHIP WHICH HAD BROUGHT AHNIGHTO'S FATHER AND MOTHER TO THE SNOW-LAND."

they were drawing a little baby, for they never attempted to run away, as they often did with their Eskimo masters.

It was very, very cold now, colder even than during the long winter night, but, wrapped up in her warm furs, little Ahnighito did not feel it.

A great many of the natives came to see the little white girl. The women kissed her hands, and she made friends with all the queer little brown babies sticking their heads out of their mother's hoods; for the Eskimo babies have no cradles or anything of the kind, but are just carried all the time by their mothers in great fur hoods on their backs.

Soon Ahnighito began to talk Eskimo, and would say "*ta-koo*" (look), "*atúdo*" (more), and she never said "yes" and "no," but "*ah-py*" and "*nag-ga*." Then she had a playmate, a little Eskimo boy, about five or six years old, whose father had been killed by a savage walrus that he had harpooned, and which had dragged him into the water and drowned him. His mother, too, was dead. He was called Koodlooktoo, which means "orphan."

And E-klay-is-hoo, or "Miss Bill," as she was called, must not be forgotten. She was an Eskimo girl about twelve years old, who used to take care of Ahnighito. Miss Bill never

Nooktal, with the rest of the family, lived in a small round tent, or *tupic*, of sealskin, with big stones all around the edge of it to keep the wind from blowing it away.

The sun kept getting higher in the sky and warmer every day, till finally it did not set at all, day or night. The snow was melting and the rocks and ground were getting dry. Such a good time as Ahnighito had now! Her furs were put away, and in thick, warm woolen gowns, with a sunbonnet to protect her tender face,—for even up here the sun and wind in summer may burn the skin,—she was outdoors nearly all the time. She could creep and roll about a little now, and somehow she had so much to do!

There was the gravel slope back of the house in which to search for pretty round and white pebbles. As she rolled about over this in her gray gown she looked very much like a cunning little monk.

There were lots of little puppies to feed and to play with. Such plump, round, soft, playful little puppies! You could not believe that when they grew up they would be great, strong dogs, who could draw their masters on a sledge forty and fifty miles in a day, and even fight the great white polar bear. There was "Hector," the big St. Bernard, who would come to have his head patted by the baby. She was a little

afraid of Hector, however, he was so big and strong and rough in his playfulness. Finally, there were the flowers, yellow and purple and white, which must be picked and be played with.

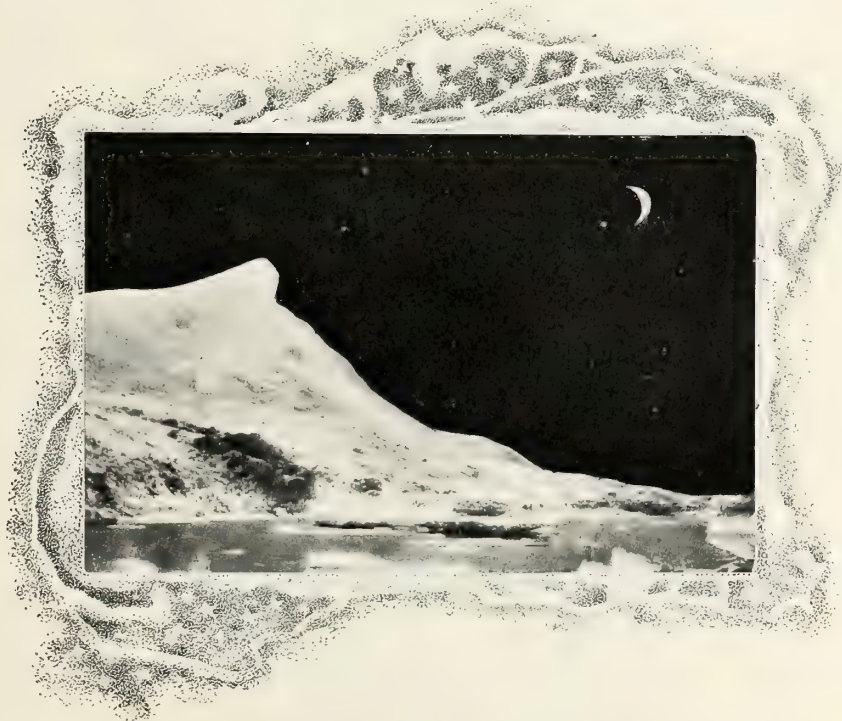
Days when there was not a bit of wind, and the sun was shining brightly, Ahnighito took her sun-bath out of doors. A deerskin was spread on the gravel to keep the sharp stones from hurting the tender little limbs, and on this, with all her clothes taken off, she rolled about, tossing the bright pebbles and talking to the sun, the puppies, and the flowers, till her skin was as rosy as the morning. So all through the summer months, June, July, and into August, Ahnighito spent the sunny days, well and happy.

and it steamed away south again to bring Ahnighito to her grandmother's and to the aunt who had never seen her.

When Miss Bill, the Eskimo girl, left her snow-land to come to the United States with Ahnighito and her mother, she left her father and mother and two sisters, who were very proud to have her go to the land of the white man, and see the animals and trees and houses and people whose pictures they had seen in magazines.

In a year, when the ship returned for Ahnighito's father, Miss Bill would come back and tell her people all about the strange things she had seen.

By the time that Philadelphia was reached,



IN THE REALM OF THE FROST KING.

At last, one day late in August, the same big black ship which had brought Ahnighito's father and mother to the snow-land came up the bay,—forcing her way through the ice, and throwing it in every direction, just as a snow-plow drives through a big drift,—and stopped just in front of the house.

Then Ahnighito and her mother took Miss Bill and some of the puppies on board the ship,

Ahnighito had begun to talk, and she called Miss Bill "Billybah." By this name she is known among her people to-day. Billybah was about twelve years old, and never in her life had she seen a house larger than the little one-story black house where Ahnighito was born; never had she seen a bush or a tree, and never a horse or a cow, a wagon or a carriage, and, of course, never a train of cars or a steam-engine.

She had never had a bath until Ahnighito's mother gave her one on board ship; and she could not understand why she must wash herself and brush her hair every morning.

This little dusky maiden, who was the youngest of her people to reach the land of sunshine and plenty, had everything to learn, just as much as Ahnighito. First, she must learn to talk, for of course she could not speak English; then she must learn to eat, for in the snow-land her people eat nothing but meat. She must learn that meals are served at regular times, that we bathe daily, and retire and arise at given times. All this was new to her, for in her country the people eat whenever they are hungry; they have no tables or chairs, and they never prepare meals. Sometimes, when it is very cold, they will cut slices from the chunks of frozen meat which are lying about on the floors of their igloos, and steep them in water heated over their lamps. When they are sleepy they curl up anywhere and go to sleep. Bathing was unknown to them until they saw Ahnighito's father and mother; indeed, they never washed even their faces. But perhaps this was because water is very scarce during the greater part of the year; everything is frozen, and their only fire and light is what they get from their *ikkimer* (lamp).

And this *ikkimer*, or lamp, is a shallow stone dish, on the center of which is heaped pieces of blubber (fat), and across the front edge is packed dried moss. This moss acts as a wick, and as the fat melts it is absorbed by the moss, and this is lit with flint and steel. This is the only heat and light to be found in an Eskimo hut at any time.

Billybah had to learn, by sad experience, that she could not put her toys down anywhere in the streets of Washington and find them again hours afterward, as she could do in her own country.

Her trunk was a regular Noah's ark. A bit of whatever was given her during her stay was always carefully put into it, to be carried back home and explained to her friends.

In July, it was decided, the great ship should sail to the land of the midnight sun to bring home Ahnighito's father, and that Billybah would return to her family.

She was very happy at the thought of home, but wished Ahnighito might go too. When she reached the snow-land there was great rejoicing among her people, and feasts were given of fine raw walrus, seal, and bear meat in honor of the young member of the tribe who had been to the land of white folks and had seen the sun rise and set every day for a whole year.

About two hours after landing, Billybah was seen with a piece of meat weighing about five pounds, enjoying her first "really good meal" in a year!

While Ahnighito's father remained behind in the snow-land, one day, after he had been riding on his sledge for days with some of his Eskimo bear-hunters, he came to a mountain where he found a great piece of brown iron which many years ago had fallen from the sky, and from which these Eskimos had made their knives.

The Eskimos called this piece of iron a woman, because their great-grandfathers had told them that *their* great-grandfathers had said that when it first fell from the sky it



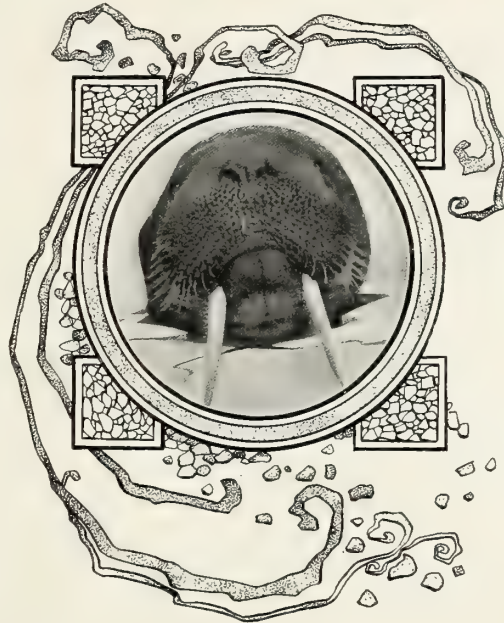
AN ESKIMO MAN STANDING BY A NARWHAL'S SKULL.

looked like a great brown woman. Now so much of it had been pounded off for knives that the old shape was gone; but the Eskimos believed that the spirit of the woman still remained. Near by was a smaller piece of iron, which the Eskimos believed had been her dog somewhere up among the stars. These great pieces of iron were so wonderful that Ahnighito's father thought he would like to take them back to America, where every one might see them.

So the ship came back after him, the brown woman and her dog were hauled over the rocks and snow and ice to the ship, and hoisted on board. When Ahnighito's father had brought home the two heaven-born stones,—the "woman" and the "dog,"—he told several scientific gentlemen in New York that there still remained in the snow-land another and much larger stone which had fallen from the sky. These gentlemen were very anxious to have the largest one also. So, in 1897, Ahnighito, with her father and mother and her good colored nurse Laura, boarded the ship and sailed for the snow-land to bring home the last of the stones. Ahnighito was now nearly four years old, and looked forward with pleasure to seeing again the snow-land and all the queer little brown people.

On the way north, Ahnighito, who was not seasick, enjoyed the brisk cool wind, and never tired of the beautiful icebergs which floated past. A stop was made at Godhaven in South Greenland to get a supply of drinking-water. Here the natives are almost like white people. They have been living with the Danish families who occupy this part of Greenland for such a long time that they have become quite civilized both in looks and manners. The Danes compel them to go to school and also to church;

in this way they and their children are becoming better taught every day.



HEAD OF A WALRUS.

They had seen Ahnighito when she and her mother came from the snow-land three years ago and Ahnighito was only one year old. Now they were anxious to see her again, and crowded to the ship, bringing her all sorts of presents and receiving others in return.

The nurse Laura was the first colored woman these natives had ever seen, and they thought her a great curiosity. She was invited everywhere with Ahnighito; but Laura was afraid to accept anything from these queer-looking people

until Ahnighito and her mother went with her, and she found how kind every one was and anxious to please her.

It happened that there were no Danish children in this place, but many little Eskimos, all eager to see the doll, and to play with Ahnighito. Only a few hours were spent here, and then Ahnighito and Laura were brought to the vessel in a little boat, and the great ship pushed toward the north again.

The sun did not set at all now, and at any time Ahnighito could see his big face shining down upon her. This was very pleasant, for, although it was quite cold, Ahnighito, wrapped in her furs, spent most of her time on deck, watching the gulls that were circling about the ship, and the seals that kept popping up their black heads to gaze in open-eyed astonishment at the big black ship that came rushing through the water toward them. These seals are funny little creatures, so full of curiosity that when they see anything moving toward them, they keep their heads above water until the object is close to them; then they quickly dive, but come up again at a safer distance to resume their gazing. They are often harpooned by

nighthito's father into the port-hole through which the light came. Ahnighito was now quite satisfied, and slept soundly until breakfast-time. When it was time to rise, the hat was pulled out, and lo! the room was flooded with sunlight. In a little while Ahnighito would call, "Mother, it is daylight; time to get up!"

Finally the snow-land was reached, and the Eskimos were wild with joy when they caught sight of the ship, for they all loved Ahnighito's father, and knew he had brought them many useful presents. All wanted to see Ahnighito, and the women were particularly anxious to see how much she had grown, and if she still looked so white. One woman brought her baby, a wee boy whose birthday was the same as Ahnighito's, to compare the children. When she saw how much larger Ahnighito was than her boy, she smilingly stepped up beside Ahnighito's mother and showed how much taller the American woman was than she, and pointing to Ahnighito's tall father,



READY FOR "GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS."

the natives, who fasten a white sail across the front of the *kayak* (skin-boat) in such a way as to make it look as if a white piece of ice were floating along. In this sail a tiny hole is made, through which the hunter watches his prey. Even if the seal becomes suspicious, his curiosity gets the best of him, and he does not dive in time to dodge the harpoon which is thrown from behind the white cloth. The Eskimos are very fond of seal meat, and the skins are used for their clothing.

Ahnighito thought it very strange to have bedtime come when the sun was shining brightly; she declared it would be quite impossible to sleep at night if there *was* no night; so her mother made night for her in their little state-room by pushing a big soft-felt hat belonging to Ah-



AHNIGHTO IN HER WINTER SUIT OF FURS.

said: "No wonder the snow baby is so tall!" Another boat-load of Eskimos just then came aboard, and who should be among them but Billybah! How glad she was to see Ahnighito, and how much she had to tell her! She did not want to stay on deck where the others were, but asked if she might go down in the cabin with Ahnighito. Once away from her people, Billybah talked English with Ahnighito about the people she had known at Ahnighito's

buried under the snow, which was still falling fast. The great iron rock was soon found, however, and the snow removed; then the work of getting the rock to the ship was begun. This was no easy thing, for it was found to weigh nearly one hundred tons.

For a week everybody worked hard. The Eskimos, with Ahnighito's father to lead them, worked by night, for you know it was daylight all the time, even when the sun was behind the



"HECTOR, THE BIG ST. BERNARD."

home. She asked how Hector, the big St. Bernard dog, was, and if Ahnighito still had the little kitty Billybah used to take to bed every night. Then they played with the dolls, and looked at the picture-books together. Billybah gave Ahnighito a number of ivory figures of men, women, dogs, bears, walruses, and seals, which she had carved from the teeth of walruses.

After Ahnighito's father had selected the Eskimos who were to help him move the great heaven-born stone, the old ship turned her nose toward Meteorite Island, where this mass of iron lay. At last the island was safely reached, and Ahnighito's father, with the help of the Eskimos, at once began his search for the great meteorite. Everything was now

clouds, and the captain of the ship, with his men, worked during the day.

Billybah told Ahnighito how she had heard her great-grandfather say his grandfather had told him that when these stones first fell from the heavens they were red-hot, but after they had cooled they looked just like other rocks about them, and none of his people thought they were any different until one day one of the dusky hunters of the tribe had shot his last arrow into a polar bear, and the animal, though wounded, managed to escape, leaving the hunter without any arrows. He hastened to the shore, and began looking for sharp stones from which to make new arrow-heads. As he came upon the heaven-born stones it occurred to him that perhaps these would give him

luck, and picking up a large stone, he began to pound down upon one of the sharp brown ridges of the ironstone. Wherever he struck, the brown coat became spotted with silver, but instead of knocking off a splinter, the stone with which he struck flew into fragments. He then searched far and near for a piece of rock harder than the one he had been using, and after a long time he found a piece. Hurrying again to the meteorite, he began to pound and chip, and, to his joy, he saw that he was making an impression on the ironstone. After hours and hours of hard work he succeeded in getting off a splinter. How it glittered in the sunlight! And when he ran his finger over the edge, a bright red line taught him how sharp it was. This was more than he had hoped for; if it cut his finger by simply passing it over the edge, how much more apt would it be to cut into an animal when it was sent from the bow! On and on he worked until he had enough splinters or scales to make the arrow-head; then forth he went to try his luck. Not an animal escaped. Just as sure as he struck a bear or a fox or a seal with the arrow, just so sure the animal was his; and the more he used the arrow the sharper it became, until the thought came to him that this ironstone would make better knives than those of stone and ivory which his people now used, if he could only succeed in getting off the pieces.

He returned to his people, and told them of the good luck the heaven-born stone had brought him; and then he showed them the bright, sharp arrow-head, and they all agreed that good knives could be made of this ironstone. Then all the natives of this village set out at once and traveled many miles until they came to Meteorite Island. Here they camped, and while the women put up the tents and made them ready, the men cleared away the snow from the stones and began to work. For "many sleeps," as the Eskimos say, they pounded and hammered and worked, until they had fashioned a few arrow-heads and also some rude knives. Then came a hunt, which lasted a week. They could hardly believe their eyes when at the end of that time they saw the number of slaughtered animals. There

were more than had ever before fallen to their lot in a whole season! Nearly all the hunters would be able to have new fur clothing, and every family would have a new soft, warm deerskin for the bed.

The Eskimos warned Ahnighito's father, when he told them he would take the wonderful stones to his country, not to touch them, for something dreadful would surely happen to him. This was because some of their people tried to carry off a piece of the meteorite, and were drowned. When they found he was determined, nevertheless, to take away the meteorites, they helped him loosen them and take them down to the ship, but refused to assist him in putting them on board.

While the work of moving the rock to the ship was going on, Ahnighito had a merry time. After the sun shone again the snow melted rapidly, and she spent her time on shore, picking flowers and berries, which grew among the rocks and on the hillsides, and the Eskimo women built her play igloos, snow-houses just like their own, and taught her some new games, which she and Laura played with the brown, fur-clad children of the North.

After many days the great rock was ready to be put on board. Everything in the ship had been stowed, and the ship's hold filled with rocks on which the monster should rest. Ahnighito's father had built a bridge from the shore to the middle of the ship, where a big opening in the deck, called the hatch, gave an entrance for the big stone to the hold of the ship. Ahnighito was now told that she must christen the big brown stone with a bottle of wine as soon as it began to move. So she stood with her father just behind the car when the signal was given to start. It seemed as if nothing could make the meteorite leave its home; but at last a great shout from the men told that the sledge was slowly moving, and then crash! went the wine-bottle, and "I name thee Ahnighito!" the little godmother declared.

Having once started, the great stone moved slowly and steadily along the greased track until it rested over the open hatch. Then the men gave three cheers for Ahnighito, the "little godmother," and three more for her father,

who had overcome all the obstacles and at last succeeded in getting the largest known meteorite safely on board his ship.

It required a few more days of labor to get the unwilling monster into the hold of the ship, and then Ahnighito's father said they must not tarry longer, for already the new ice was beginning to form in the bay, and in a short time it would be too thick for the ship to force her way through, and they would be obliged to spend the winter in the snow-land. As no one was prepared to do this, every one felt a little anxious until the open sea was reached again.

But here a new trouble awaited Ahnighito and her friends; for a terrible storm arose, and the ship rolled and tossed about until it seemed as if the ironstone must surely dash through the ship's side. Of course Ahnighito's father had men watching all the time to report the slightest change, but everything had been so securely packed that nothing moved. Ahnighito was very glad when at last the storm was over, and the big waves calmed down, for she had had her first attack of seasickness, and she did not like it at all. After the storm the weather grew milder, and Ahnighito's father took her to visit her birthplace at the head of Bowdoin Bay, which pleased her very much.

Then again it seemed as if the weather had united with the spirit which the Eskimos had said protected the ironstones, and as if the wind and sea together tried their best to set free the great meteorite by pounding it through the ship's sides or turning the vessel over.

But the good ship withstood all their attacks, and finally the stormy wind calmed into a favoring breeze, and smoothed the tumbling waves into a smiling sea.

Ahnighito was now bound for home, and the vessel steamed steadily toward the south, stopping at one point to take on board a party of gentlemen who had spent the summer studying rocks and the ice rivers, or glaciers.

After a few hours Ahnighito was again on her way south, and the next stopping-place was a little town called Umanak, made up of only about a dozen habitations. There were three Danish families in this place, but in only one family were there children, and these chil-

dren, five in number, had never in all their lives seen another white child before. They were delighted with Ahnighito: each one tried to do more for her than any other; and while Ahnighito could not understand one word of their language, and they could not understand a word of hers, yet they had a happy afternoon together. Ahnighito's toys were as new to them as their quaint and mostly home-made ones were to her. They were



HOMeward Bound.

dear, generous, good-hearted little children, and wanted to make Ahnighito a present of everything she admired. They had funny little Eskimo dolls made of rags, and dressed just like an Eskimo girl. The dolls were not very pretty, but very odd, and unlike any Ahnighito had ever seen, and these little children were just as fond of them as Ahnighito was of her beautiful bisque dolls, which have real hair and can open and shut their eyes. They insisted on giving one of their dolls to Ahnighito to take home with her. Ahnighito felt very proud of this gift, and said she would keep it always in remembrance of the little strangers who were so kind to her. She gave them oranges, the first they had ever seen. It was not until she had peeled one and broken

it in pieces that she could make the eldest, a little boy who was about seven years old, believe it was not a ball, but a fruit and something good to eat.

When they had tasted of the orange, they could hardly wait to peel others before eating them. When Ahnighito saw that they liked this new fruit she sent them a basketful, all she had left, as soon as she returned to the ship. The Eskimos in this place brought pretty little seal-skin boots and slippers, decorated with bits of colored leather, to Ahnighito; also toy boats and sledges patterned after the large ones which they used. Laura, too, received her share of souvenirs, for she was a great marvel both to these Eskimos and also to the white people. Some of the natives had never even heard of the negro race.

Toward evening Ahnighito bade all these new friends good-by, promising surely to visit them if she ever made the voyage to "snow-land" again.

As the good ship sailed south, she gradually came into the zone where the sun goes down every evening and rises every morning. This Ahnighito did not like at all, for now she could not go on deck after supper, as she had been in the habit of doing, nor could she have daylight in her cabin whenever she pleased by simply pulling the old hat out of the tiny round window. Instead, she had the moon and stars to keep her company through the night.

One morning—it was the 12th of September—Ahnighito awoke, and found, on a little stand by the side of her bed, a beautiful cake



ESKIMOS IN THEIR KAYAKS.
AN ESKIMO'S PORTRAIT.

coated with chocolate. This was her favorite cake.

Upon it were four colored candles burning brightly. What do you suppose this meant? It meant that this was her birthday. All the gentlemen on board ship, whom she called her "brothers," had remembered the little girl, but her presents were different from any she had ever received on her other birthdays. There were ivory rings, an ivory locket and chain, an ivory cross. All

these had been carved by the Eskimos. Then there were two white foxskins and two blue foxskins, sealskin mittens, shoes, and slippers, a muff and neck-piece made of eider-down, and a lovely eider-down quilt with the beautiful green-and-black skins of the necks of the birds used as a border all around it. But the funniest thing of all was a big Eskimo doll, almost as tall as Ahnighito herself. Such a happy little girl she was that day!

In the afternoon the birthday girl invited her friends to share her cake and whatever else could be found in the "goody" line.



What a jolly time there was in the little cabin! Every one wished Ahnighito "many happy returns of the day," the captain hoisted the Stars and Stripes on the mainmast, and the engineer blew four loud saluting blasts with the whistle. This, he said, would let all the seals and walruses, and even the polar bears, if there were any within hearing distance, know that there was a celebration on board ship, and that Ahnighito, the snow baby, was four years old that day! If the polar inhabitants heard the whistle, they did not make any sign, for not an animal was to be seen.

It was still a week's sailing before the American shore would be reached, and Ahnighito began to grow eager to get home, where she had left her family of dolls, only taking her eldest with her; "for," she said, "they must miss a mother's care, poor things, and I am homesick for them, too. I wonder what they will say to the new Eskimo sister and brother that I am bringing to them. I hope they will be pleased, even if the new children are not beauties. Then, too, I am so anxious to tell all my dear ones what a good time I have had, and to show them my new presents, and also to give them the curious things I have brought from the snow-land for them."

At last the shore was in sight, and toward evening it was reached. That night Ahnighito slept in a hotel with her father

and mother, and very queer it felt to sleep in a bed that did not rock to and fro, and to wake in the night and miss the steady, even pulsing of the engine, together with the swish of the waves against the ship's sides, which had been always with her for nearly three months.

There was still a long journey to be made on the railroad, and Ahnighito thought it would never end. But at last, with a clanging of bells and a puffing of steam, the long, dusty train rolled into the station, and there, among the eager crowd, Ahnighito saw her "Tante," and the gentle, kindly face of "dear old Grossma," both glad to have their baby back again safe and well.

Of course there was much to hear and much to tell, presents to give, friends to see, and her own family of dolls to look after, and

the new ones to be introduced, until when night came it was a very tired Ahnighito that mother tucked away in the little white bed.

"Good night, mother dear," she said. "I have had a very nice time, and I am glad to have seen the snow-land again, and Billybah, and the little brown Eskimos, and those dear little children who gave me the Eskimo doll; the christening of the meteorite was great fun, and I liked the big ship and our funny little room, and I liked my big brothers on the ship: but I like Grossma's house best of all, don't you?"



MARIE AHNIGHTO PEARY.



WHEN MARCH WINDS BLOW. TWO LITTLE SAILORS ON THE ICE.



A DOG'S COMPLAINT.

BY ELIZABETH CARTWRIGHT.

"WILL some one kindly pity me?—
I need it, if you please!
My little mistress seems to think
Pet dogs were made to squeeze.

"I try to bear it patiently;
Of course I ought to know
The reason I am almost choked
Is that she loves me so!"

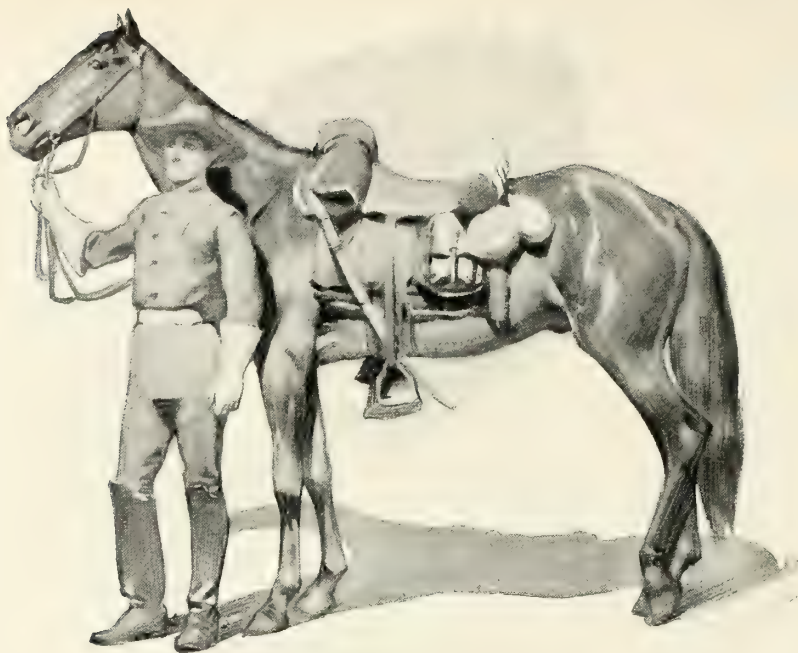
PRINCE O' DIMPLE CHIN.

BY HARRIETT F. BLODGETT.



My mighty Prince o' Dimple Chin!
High on his throne sits he,
And by his footstool here I wait,
His serving-maid to be.

My learnèd Prince o' Dimple Chin!
With wisdom all his own,
He muses on affairs of state
There on his wicker throne.



HOW ARMIES TALK TO EACH OTHER.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES D. RHODES, U. S. A.



ARMIES, or different parts of the same army, are in one way like individuals. If acting together, especially if acting to bring about some special common purpose, there must, in order that each may

act knowingly, be constant communication between them. But with armies the importance of the messages which pass between them is such that the lives of thousands of men may depend upon their certainty. It would be all very well if two large bodies of troops could, like two individuals, always sit quietly down alongside each other, and calmly and at their ease discuss matters. And if only slightly separated, it would be a very simple matter, especially if time were no object, for one general to send a staff-officer or a courier, depending on the impor-

tance of the message, to carry his orders or his news to the other. And again, where the space between the armies is of greater extent, the telegraph might be used as a means of sending word. But suppose there are long distances between the troops, and, in addition to the danger of either sending couriers or of building a telegraph line through hostile land, suppose time is an important item; then the quickest and safest means of sending messages is by signals, and a system of signaling and a skilled corps of operators become a very important part of a large army.

While an army signal corps must act more or less as the eyes and ears of the main body, and should give information of all that passes under its observation to headquarters, its chief duty consists in the sending of messages, and for that reason it may be called "the tongue of the army." To seize high and commanding points in front, when the army is advancing,

or in the rear when retreating, and inform the main body of the position, strength, or movements of the hostile forces; or, on the other hand, to call for reinforcements from a distant reserve, or to direct the movements of an assisting force on land or sea—all these are duties the performance of which may decide the fate of a battle.

The Signal Corps of our army was organized during the Civil War, and did excellent service to the end. After the war its training was neglected, and, absurdly enough, it became really part of the Weather Bureau. So that with many of you the term "signal corps" may suggest little arrow-bedecked maps, which are to be seen in railroad stations and elsewhere, accompanied by reports from many points, showing the intensity and direction of the wind, the fall of rain, and the position and progress of storms. But at a later date all this work was once more wisely handed over to our Department of Agriculture, at Washington, and the reorganized Signal Corps under Lieutenant Greely, of Arctic fame, once more began its rightful duties of "long-distance talking" for our army, and in the Spanish War it proved its efficiency and its value again and again.

Meanwhile, signal-drill has never been forgotten, and at least two months in each year is devoted by the line of our army to the practice of selected officers and men in military signaling; and this practice is continued until at least one officer and four men in each company, troop, and battery of the entire army are reported as skilful.

The code is an alphabetic one, similar to that in use in the American Morse telegraphic system. The same code is used whether signaling with the flag, torch, heliograph, or flash lantern.

U. S. SIGNAL AND TELEGRAPH CODE.

ALPHABET.

A ---	F ---	K ---	P ---	U ---
B ---	G ---	L ---	Q ---	V ---
C ---	H ---	M ---	R ---	W ---
D ---	I ---	N ---	S ---	X ---
E ---	J ---	O ---	T ---	Y ---
	Z ---	& ---		

NUMERALS.

1 ---	3 ---	5 ---	7 ---	9 ---
2 ---	4 ---	6 ---	8 ---	0 ---

PUNCTUATION MARKS.

Comma ---	Interrogation ---	Parentheses Pn
Semicolon Si	Quotation Qn	Brackets Br
Colon Ko	Paragraph ---	Dollar-mark Sx
Period ---	Exclamation ---	Dash Dx
Hyphen Hx	Underline Ux	

NOTE.—A fraction is made by inserting a dot between the numerator and denominator. Example, $\frac{3}{4}$.

Beginners are required first thoroughly to memorize the alphabet and numerals, which are printed for the purpose on small cards, and, as they progress, receive light wooden wands with which to practise making the letters. As soon as the code is thoroughly known, a flag takes the place of a wand, and practical signaling begins. Signal flags are square in shape and of various sizes and colors. In size they vary from two feet to six feet, and in the center of each is a small but conspicuous square patch of a color different from the rest of the flag. The colors may be red or black with a white square in the middle, or these colors may be reversed; and different-colored flags may be used, depending upon the color of the background behind the operator.



A SIGNALMAN WITH THE "KIT."
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

For you can well imagine that the black or red flag, outlined against the bright sky above some high mountain peak, could be seen from a distance much better than the white flag; while, at a signal station in a dark valley, it would be the other way.

The flags, when in use, are tied to jointed staffs by means of small pieces of tape; and when not in use the flags may be rolled up in small bundles, and the staffs unjointed and packed in canvas cases, making the whole "kit" very portable and compact.

To use the flag, the learner is made to stand

erect, facing toward the distant station, and holding the flag with both hands straight up in the air, and directly in front of the center of the body. Then, to make a "dot," the flag is lowered directly to the right and almost to the ground; a "dash" is made directly to the left; while a "space" is made by lowering the flag

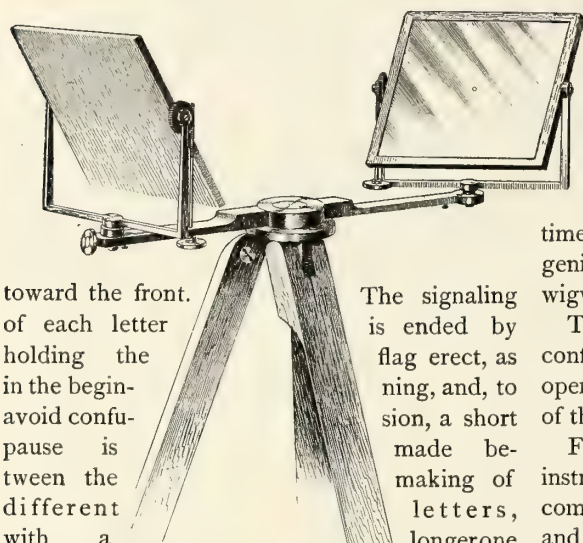
means that the message is to be repeated. For important secret messages a cipher code is used.

By the cadets at West Point this system of flag-signaling has with characteristic fitness been termed "wigwag." And this term, like most West Point slang, seems to bear the marks of a green old age, to judge from the following incident which happened during my stay at the Academy. Members of my class at a signal-drill were frantically waving the square-shaped flags to others across the green parade, when the late General Sherman approached. After watching us with amusement for some time, unobserved, he remarked in his well-known genial manner: "Well, boys, it's the same old wigwag, after all; is n't it?"

The use of flags for signaling is, however, confined to short distances only, as when the operators are widely separated the movements of the flags become confusing.

For long-distance signaling, use is made of an instrument called the heliograph. Its name comes from two Greek words meaning "sun" and "write," and in using it, the dots, dashes, and spaces of the code are communicated by means of flashes of sunlight. This method of signaling is not a new one; for the Indians in their campaigns have for years sent messages over considerable distances by means of small mirrors, held in the hand.

What is known as the "service-heliograph" consists of a horizontal metallic bar, at each end of which either a mirror or a mirror and a vertical sighting-rod are held in position—the whole being mounted on a light wooden tripod. When the sun is in front of the operator, looking toward the distant station, only one mirror need be used, for the sun is flashed from the glass by one reflection. It is then a very simple matter, by sighting through a small hole in the mirror over the top of the sighting-rod at the other end of the horizontal bar, and by certain simple motions, to direct the sun-flash accurately on the desired point. But when the sun is behind the operator, two reflections of the rays are necessary, and consequently two mirrors are used, and they are not so easy to manage—at least, it seems so. Then comes



THE MIRRORS THAT SEND THE FLASHES OF SUNLIGHT.

toward the front.

of each letter holding the in the begin-avoid confu-pause is tween the different with a between of dif-

words. For example, to make letter A, the flag is lowered right, then raised, and without pause lowered to the left, then raised to the upright position again, and a slight pause made. The "space-letters," so called, are the letters C, O, R, Y, Z, and &; and, as has been said, the space in these letters is made with a front motion of the flag. The letter C, for instance, would be made with the motions "right, right, front, right," corresponding to the "dot, dot, space, dot," of the letter.

Each signal station is known by its "station letter," and when it is desired to send a message, this station letter is signaled over and over again until the attention of the operator at the distant station is attracted. This is done, and the receiving-station, in turn, signals back the letter I three times repeated, when the message may be begun. After the correct receipt of the message, "O. K." is signaled back to show that fact. "R. R." signaled to the sending-station

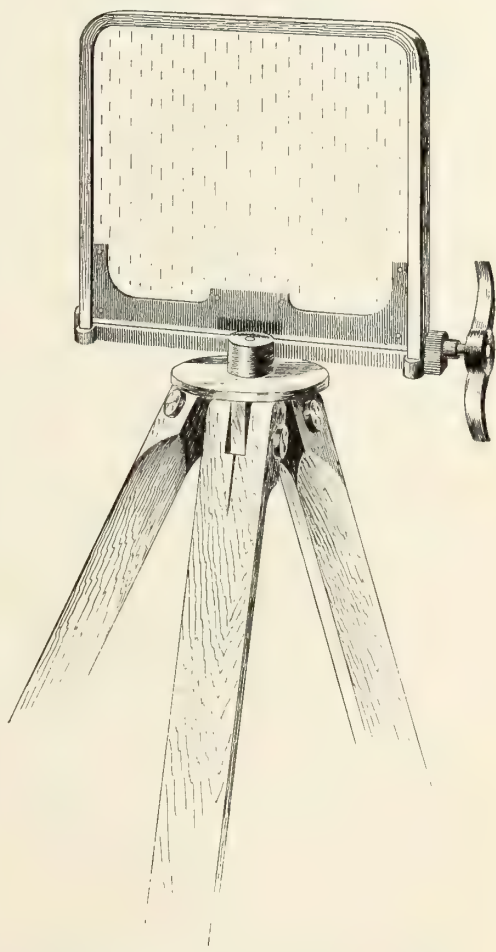
The signaling is ended by flag erect, as ning, and, to sion, a short made be-making of letters, longerone the spell-

ferent the let-to the The "space-letters," so called, are the letters C, O, R, Y, Z, and &; and, as has been said, the space in these letters is made with a front motion of the flag. The letter C, for instance, would be made with the motions "right, right, front, right," corresponding to the "dot, dot, space, dot," of the letter.

another little embarrassment. As the sun apparently moves through the heavens from east to west, the rays from the heliograph will also move, and would soon be lost sight of by the soldiers who are watching them. So that one operator must stand constantly by the instrument, and by means of two small screws, which tip the mirror any way desired, keep a tiny "shadow-spot" exactly upon a small paper disk. This done, we may be reasonably sure that the flash is directed in the right direction. But the width of the heliograph flash at a distance of one mile from the mirror is nearly fifteen yards, and at forty miles is about six hundred yards in width. So a man standing anywhere within this width can, if he looks in the right direction, see the flash — brightest, of course, if he stands at the middle point. After the mirrors are ready, a small screen, mounted on a light tripod, and turning on hinges by means of a small handle, is set in front of the flash of light so as entirely to cut it off. The screen is turned down by means of the handle, and, the pressure being released, a small spring quickly snaps it back into place. Thus a tiny flash of sunlight is allowed to escape toward the distant signal station, where it is read as a "dot"; a longer flash is read as a "dash"; while a slight pause, when no flash at all is seen, is, to those who are reading, a "space."

Much practice is needed either to send or receive messages correctly with the heliograph, and various things tend to confuse messages. So that it is generally thought best not to establish signal stations too far apart, because they may be cut off by haze, smoke, fog, or even low clouds. Windy weather, too, disturbs the mirrors, and often causes such a shaking of the parts that the flash resembles a jagged flash of lightning. Of course, on extremely cloudy days heliographing must stop. But, as a matter of interest, it may be stated that, under the most favorable conditions, the flashes from an eight-inch mirror have, with the assistance of field-glasses, been read at a distance of one hundred and eighty-three miles. This was accomplished by an officer of the United States Signal Corps, who, in September, 1894, signaled messages successfully from Mount Ellen, Utah, to Mount Uncompahgre, Colorado.

Somewhat similar in its idea to the heliograph, but intended to be used at night, is the "flash lantern." The latter has almost entirely replaced the "torch," which for night-signaling was formerly used in a like manner to the flag. The flash lantern in its present form is like an ordinary lantern, but provided with a powerful reflector and a screen door. A sliding key is so connected with the latter that it can be very quickly opened and shut by the pressure of the hand. The same alphabet is used as in telegraphing and heliographing, and the letters are known by the length of the flashes which are allowed to escape. For long-range night-signaling, experiments have been



THE SCREEN THAT CUTS OFF THE REFLECTION, TO MAKE SIGNALS.

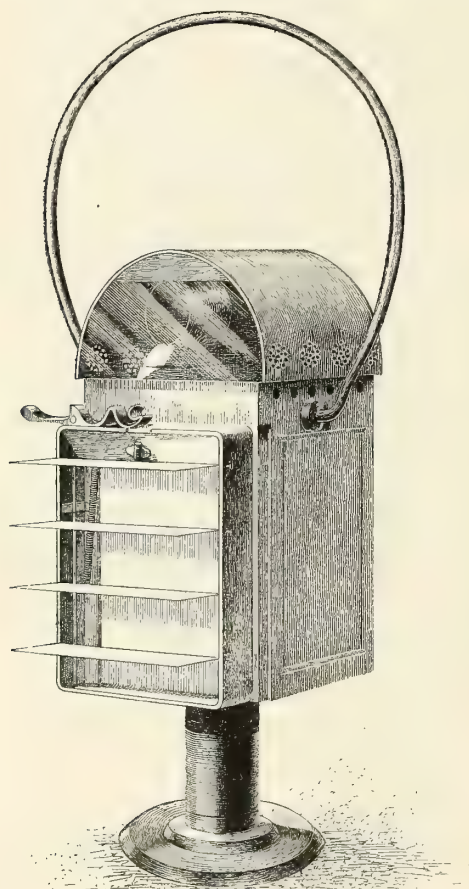
tried with a lantern burning magnesium ribbon, and doubtless at no very distant day the elec-

tric light will be used entirely, since from balloons or air-ships electric signal-flashes may be read for hundreds of miles over land and sea.

The fullest and most interesting series of experiments in heliograph signaling attempted and carried out in this country were those made during the spring of 1890 in Arizona and New Mexico. This desert portion of

of an extended heliograph system was drawn at the headquarters of the department, showing the exact position of each of the proposed stations, and the connecting stations with which each was intended to talk. The system extended from Whipple Barracks, Arizona, to Fort Stanton, New Mexico—a distance by shortest lines of over five hundred miles. But the whole network of connecting lines embraced in all its parts a total distance of about two thousand miles. In two weeks of general practice, over thirty-seven hundred messages and ninety-two thousand words were exchanged by about a hundred and sixty officers and soldiers, operating on twenty-five different stations, and using forty-one heliographs. As a matter of progress and improvement in signaling, the results attained were most gratifying; but, added to this, the knowledge gained of the country, and of the position of the prominent mountain peaks, was such that, in case of future warfare by Apache or Mexican forces, a ring of signal stations could at once be established which would quickly send to one another and to bodies of troops news of movements along the border, so that couriers need not go on that dangerous and difficult duty. The heliograph was used this way during the Apache fighting of 1885 and 1886; and, although the system was still an imperfect one, that wily chieftain, Geronimo, was several times prevented from slipping away into Mexican territory by the timely warning of the heliograph. It is said that some of the Apaches were amazed by the mysterious sun-flashes, and supposed the troops were actually talking with the Sun Spirit, and that as a spirit he was advising them in regard to their actions.

During the heliograph practice of 1890, of which I have made mention, my camp was situated in a most uninviting spot—a sandy plain in southern New Mexico, utterly devoid of verdure of any kind, except the ever-present cactus and Spanish bayonet. Stretching immediately above camp was a conical-shaped hill, on the summit of which, within a space of about twenty feet diameter, was established my signal station. In the center a stout oaken post was planted firmly in the ground, and to it was screwed the large station-heliograph, intended



THE "FLASH LANTERN," FOR SIGNALING AT NIGHT.

our country was the best adapted to the purpose, because of the long periods of cloudless weather, the clear atmosphere, and the wide stretches of perfectly level country varied by mountain peaks, from whose lofty summits the widest extent of country was seen. Before this general practice, military reconnaissances were made from the army posts in these two Territories, and from the reports sent in a map

to send signals to the two farthest stations on the main line,—one distant sixty-six and the other thirty-nine miles,—while near to it was

by heliograph, and by us signaled eastward and westward over the main line to all stations in the system. It arrived at the extreme stations



MAP OF THE STATIONS USED IN SIGNALING IN 1890.

the smaller service-heliograph, on a light tripod, and intended to connect with the nearest military post, situated off the main heliograph line, and thirty-one miles distant. Although there were seven operators besides myself on duty at the station, we were kept quite busy; and when the official messages began coming in from the chief signal-officer, we were all on our mettle to receive and transmit them as skilfully and as accurately as possible. According to previous instructions, the first few days were devoted to local practice, in order to perfect all the instruments before more important work was begun. Then came the official "through messages"—orders from our chief, intended to be sent along the length and breadth of the system. And finally a test message in *verse*, consisting of one hundred and fifty-nine words in the body of the message and twenty-seven words in signature and address, was sent to us

in a very short time with very few errors. I well remember how eager we all were when we knew this long-looked-for test-message was coming.


Stretched out at full length on the sandy hill, seven anxious pairs of eyes looked most intently at the little interrupted flashes of light which sparkled from the home station, thirty-one miles away; and as letter after letter and word after word were read aloud, they were duly recorded on paper. Although the flashes could easily be read with the naked eye, we preferred to run no risk, and, accordingly, all our field-glasses were brought into use; and so afraid were we of losing a single word that not a man moved a hair's breadth from his position until the whole of the message was received, and the steady "open flash" announced that the senders awaited our "acknowledgment." Then, with a jump toward the big heliograph,

we soon had the message flashing over sixty-six miles of air space toward Bowie Peak, and safely started on its long journey across the breadth of Arizona. At the same time, the "service-heliograph" being adjusted on our eastern neighbor, the poetic verses were soon hastening toward the misty outlines of the San Andreas Mountains.

This interesting practice of the heliograph systems of Arizona and New Mexico was the most successful work of the kind ever accomplished, not only in this country, but in any other, and put the use of the heliograph

as a means of signaling on a firmer basis than ever before.

As a matter of fact, a knowledge of signaling can be made extremely useful, at times, even in the ordinary walks of life; and a rough signaling outfit may, on the spur of the moment, be made out of the commonest materials at hand. With a few feet of flannel tied to light poles, or even with a handkerchief tied to a cane, good results may be obtained for short distances. And I once knew a young officer who, with an old looking-glass, communicated over a distance of fifty-five miles.



SEWING SONG

BY
LAURA E.
RICHARDS

Air, "A Hundred
Pipers and a'."

Oh, it's thread and needle and thimble, too.
It's wax and scissors and emery, too,
O wonderful, wonderful things I'll do,
With my thread and needle and thimble, too.

Ill make a bag for my own Mamma,
I'll hem a kerchief for dear Papa;
And a doll I'll dress for our little wee Bess,
With a frock and mantle and petticoat, too.

Oh, it's cutting and basting and hemming, too.
It's stitching and felling and gathering, too;
There's really no end to the things I can do
With my cutting and basting and gathering, too.

And oh, what pleasure to sing and sew.
And feel I am helping Mamma, you know;
And still more pleasure beyond all measure,
When work is finished and off I go!

The Snake Charmer's Tune.



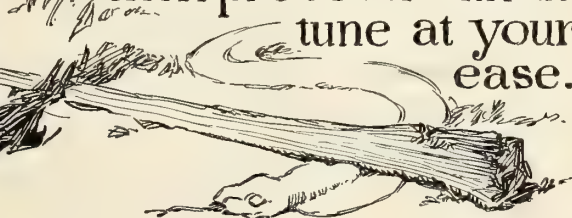
P.S. — You can't
play it on a
piano.

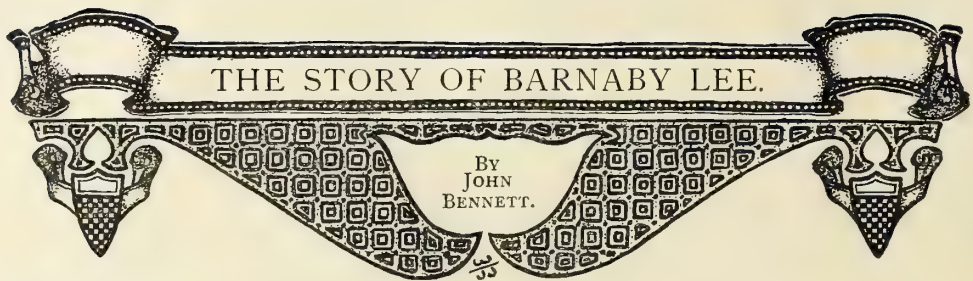


“There’s a tune,” said
a sly Bengalese,
Which will charm any snake
that you please:
Take a long, heavy stick;
Hit the snake with it—quick!

* * *

Then proceed with the
tune at your
ease.”





[This story was begun in the November number.]

CHAPTER XI.

A LAND OF DREAMS.

So they tucked the English cabin-boy down in a little bed by the fire, and left him to rest and to dream.

But when morning came, sleep had not done for him all that they had hoped it would do, for he lay in a stupor until noon, and then, but half arousing from his stupor, he wandered in his wits all through the night, and the next day, and the next. His mind was far away. He talked of strange countries where the trees were as tall as the tower upon the village church, and bore nuts the size of a man's head; and he told of water-spouts that tossed great vessels about like chips; and of fish that sang in the starlight, and of others that sailed with little sails like a fleet of fairy boats; and of winged fish that sprang from the sea and flew like birds in the air; and whispered of fires that burned in the water at night, the spirits of the drowned, and, shuddering, murmured of murder and of sudden death.

Often and often the girl who sat beside him and dampened his burning lips with water would put her fingers in her ears and hurry from the room, her blue eyes full and her voice trembling with indignation. "Mother, how could they treat him so?" she cried. "I did not think that there were men so cruel in all the world!"

The boy would often cover his face with his hands as if to shut out things he had seen.

At times the blood in his head throbbed so that it seemed to him as if it were some one beating tattoo on a water-butt with a hand-spike. His ship seemed to be going up and down in the trough of a troubled sea, years without end, over thousands of miles where no land was; and the shambling water gurgled and would not be at peace; but everything went up and down until he could bear it no more, and cried out, "Stop it! oh, stop it, and leave me to rest!"

Then out of the reeling helter-skelter of the dream came a firm, cool hand that laid itself on his forehead and steadied him a little, and a woman's voice that said cheerily, "Yes, we will stop it as soon as we can. So take this, now, down thy red lane, and then we shall be better anon." Thereupon something was put into his mouth which was both bitter and sweet; the horrible sense of rolling ceased, and he drifted away to sleep.

At last he came to a still, white place where the dreams and the stupor ended, and he came back to himself again, half-way between sleeping and waking, with a curious giddiness in his head, which seemed somehow to be strangely akin to an emptiness in his stomach.

Half unconscious, he lay quietly collecting his scattered wits, as yet not knowing at all where he was, nor being wide awake enough to wonder.

The rolling of the sea was gone; the sliding waves were still; and instead of the stifling in the ship, he smelled so sweet a perfume that he thought he must have fallen asleep in a garden walk bordered with wallflowers.

His skin was cool and pleasantly moist; all his weariness was gone, and he had not an ache from his top to his toe; but he was as weak as a rag; so he discovered as soon as he tried to move. And then, all of a sudden, he was aware

bringing with it a warm, rich odor as of flowers blooming in the sun, so fragrant, thick, and fruit-like that he could almost taste it. Everything about him was so linen-sweet and pure, and he so clean and free from pain, that he



"HE WAS LYING IN A TRUNDLE-BED BESIDE A CHEERY FIRE, IN A WHITE-WALLED, BEAUTIFUL LITTLE ROOM."

of a wonder of linen about him, as sweet and fresh and clean and cool as newly gathered flowers. With the wondrous, grateful sense of absolute cleanliness came the deeper sense of a perfect peace in which no sound jarred heavily, or was abrupt or noisy, but was softened and fell smoothly on his drowsy ear. Across his upturned face a little breeze was blowing gently,

thought he must certainly be dead and somehow come into heaven.

He straightway opened his eyes to see the glory and wonder around him, and for a moment almost stopped breathing. He was lying in a trundle-bed beside a cheery fire, in a white-walled, beautiful little room, with dark oak-beams above him; and all the place was full

of light and of comfort and good cheer, and all about was the pleasant sound of human habitation.

On a trivet in front of the fire a bowl of stew was warming, and there was a brisk and busy sound of bubbling in a pot. The air of the room was perfumed with an odor like that of spikenard, and on a stool by the hearth lay a bunch of wild bergamot diffusing a pungent fragrance.

In all his life before he had never seen a place so clean, nor dreamed that there could be one so free from dirt and grime. There was not the slightest trace of smoke upon the chimney-curtain; shovel and tongs, poker and andirons, the nose of the carved bellows, the very chain upon the spit, and the trammels that held the pot, were scoured until they sparkled like bits of burnished silver.

The plastered walls were as white as cream, and the wainscot shone like satin. The nails in the high-backed chairs twinkled in the fire-light; even the saucepan on the hearth gleamed like a golden mirror; the very floor was as white as the page of a book, and over it white sand was strewn in wandering latticework patterns as crisp and clean as winter frost upon a window-pane.

The chimney-corner and hearth were laid in snow-white tiles, glossy and clean enough to have eaten from if one had had a mind to; and the jambs of the open fireplace were set about with tiles on which impossible little blue farmers were driving improbably little blue horses up tiny blue hills where little blue mills were waving their stubby blue sails, and chubby blue boats as round as cheeses, with little blue skippers as round as churns, were floating along on blue canals. On each side of the fireplace were high-backed chimney-seats, cushioned with leather, and curtained overhead to ward off the whispering draughts, while across the mantel was stretched a trim little curtain of print as fresh as the skirts of a demoiselle.

Everything was as crisply sweet and exquisitely clean as a new-blown April daffodil, and full of a cordial wholesomeness that filled the boy's heart with delight. Peacefully smiling, he looked about and merrily laughed to himself.

As he did so he grew conscious of a high-

keyed, humming sound that arose above all the other slighter sounds, and filled the air like the hum of a hundred yellow bees or the note of a distant organ.

Thrusting his arms behind him, he sat up, although at first his head went round and round with a sudden giddiness.

It was afternoon, and the day was so bright that the sunshine dazzled him. The window-sash with its leaded panes was open, and the snow-white linen curtains moved softly in the light breeze. Beyond the window he saw a tree against the sky, its leaves shaking in the wind, and making a sound like the ripple of water. He could hear a far-away bleating of sheep, and the distant sound of a shingler's hammer, and now and then the far-off blowing of a horn.

On the window-sill stood an hour-glass in which the sand was running—a wavering streak of dusty light between two sunlit bubbles; and seated in the open door, at a little spinning-wheel, with her eyes upon the hour-glass, sat a young girl spinning flax.

Her little foot made the treadle fly. She had slipped off and set aside her shoe, and her slender, crimson-stockinged ankle danced in the sunlight. Her lips were slightly parted; her blue eyes were bright; her slender fingers seemed bewitched as they drew out the shining thread. The sunshine falling across her face filled her lips with a ruddy glow; the flying shadows played among the hollows of her braided hair; her own slim shadow on the floor was pretty as a picture. She was fairer than the fairest English girl the cabin-boy had ever seen; but of who she was or where he was he had not the least idea. He watched the thread spin out like the cobwebs of a dream.

Then, all at once, she snapped her thread and stopped the flying wheel, slipped on her small buckled shoe, and, springing to her feet, turned with laughing countenance to the hour-glass. "I have beaten thee again, old snail!" she said merrily. "I have spun three skeins, and still thou art not run out. Thou art a lazy-bones!" She took up the glass, and was shaking it to hurry the lingering sand, when her eyes met those of the wondering boy.

Her bright face paled with quick concern,

then flushed with eager pleasure; for by his questioning expression she saw that he had come to himself.

Quickly laying her finger upon her lips, she hurried across the room. "Mother," she called at the inner door, "mother, the boy is himself again."

When Barnaby Lee awoke from the sleep into which he fell shortly thereafter, the day was done, the candles were lighted, and the little fire was glowing cheerily on the hearth. The bowl of stew was empty, and upon a settle by the bed was a glass of Moselle in which a few sharp herbs had steeped. "That 's very bitter," said Barnaby, making a faint grimace.

"Things that are good for us always are," said the girl, who stood by the bedside; "and some of them are bitterer than feverwort. Nay, do not answer me," she said; "speech is not good for thee. Thou hast been ill for a month or more, and thy brains are no bigger than that." She held up her little finger-tip, and her merry blue eyes twinkled.

He did not speak, but still looked up at her with a questioning, troubled face.

"Nay, now thou art thinking," she said; "and it is not good for thee. Think not at all; content thyself with rest; there will be plenty of time for thought when thou art grown stronger. Sleep, boy, and rest thy weary bones, and I will do thy thinking for thee. I am a master thinker. I know what thou wouldst ask without thine asking; I have a wizard in my wits, and I know many wonderful things. But let this be enough. Thou art in the Director-General's house in the fort at New Amsterdam, and thou shalt soon be sound again if care can make thee so. Then what shall befall I know not; that exceedeth my knowledge. But when thou hast gotten thy strength again and the Director-General cometh, then we shall see what we shall see, and know what we shall know, for *he* is the father of the law, and sitteth in the judgment, and Justice goeth behind the door until he hath had his say. And that is enough for thee to know until he comes; I shall not tell thee any more lest thou shouldst have a nightmare."

Then, stooping by the bedside, she smoothed

the crumpled pillows. "Sleep, lad," she said, "and the just Lord God shall say what will betide. We are the sheep of his pasture, and our days lie in the hollow of his hand. Dost say thy prayers? Then pray with me that God will keep us every one in safety. And sleep, for thou hast much need of it."

For an instant she bent and brushed his hair back from his forehead. With the cool, sweet firmness of her fingers a sense of peace and rest seemed spread across his mind. "Good night; rest well!" she said, and turning, she blew out one candle, and taking up the other, left the lad to his own thoughts.

A little while he lay awake, striving to knit his wits together; then the tired brain said, "No; we need a good sleep more!" and silence came and filled the little room with peace.

And this was Whitsun-Tuesday, in the end of the month of May.

CHAPTER XII.

THE DIRECTOR-GENERAL.

It was an evening, and the rain was pouring down. The lights had been out this good while, and there was no sound but the hoarse calling of the sentinels on the wall, and the dash of the rain beating against the windows.

Now and then a door would open somewhere in the house, and the lead-cased window-sashes would rattle with the draft. Men's voices came and went by intervals, half muffled by the rain, with the tramp of weary horses and the heavy clash of arms. There was a new sound in the house. The rain-drip seemed to come indoors, to gather into footsteps, and to walk with a heavy, measured tread about the floors. Then the voices and the footsteps ceased and everything was still.

Barnaby lay sleeping in a press-bed in the wall. His strength had grown with the flying days, and he slept very soundly.

A press-bed is a strange one, built into the wainscot like a closet, with folding-doors which stand open at night, so that the sleeper may have fresh air. The mattress rests upon a shelf which runs the length of the closet, and the pillows lie at the head of the shelf behind

short curtains of print. The sleeper in a press-bed, like a hermit in his cave, peers forth unseen, reviews the world, and takes no part in its affairs.

So, like a hermit, Barnaby lay oblivious to everything, ten thousand miles away in dream-land. How long he slept he did not know; perhaps it was an hour. Then a rustling of papers, the rattling of steel, the scraping of damp powder from the pan of a flint-lock pistol, the smell of meat, and the thumping of an unfamiliar footfall, gathered through the roar of the down-pouring rain, and with them light, that crept into the crannies of the wall: Barnaby grew conscious of a presence.

At first he thought he dreamed it; then, waking, was assured of it. In through the cracks of the press-bed came a streak of candle-light, and in the room beyond the little sheltering curtains of print was the almost inaudible, unmistakable, constant whisper of sound that reveals a living presence in a room. Drowsily turning over, Barnaby pushed open the shutter, and drawing back the little curtain, looked out.

The hearth where a little fire had burned to ward off the constant dampness was dark and cold; but on the center-table six candles, standing in a clump, were burning together in a haze of light. In an arm-chair by the table sat a dark, brooding man, with a platter of bread and meat before him and a flagon of wine by his side. He was clad in raiment somber in color and severe in style, but of rich material and handsome make. His broad white linen collar drooped upon his shoulders; his jacket was black velvet with slashes at the elbows, through which his fine white shirt-sleeves puffed like bursting cotton-bolls. Upon his breast was a golden brooch with a coat of arms upon it, token of honorable service in wars long since gone by, and now forgotten by the world, but not by him.

On the wall behind him his shadow hung like a cloud; but his grim face, lighted by the candle-glow, stood bright against the gloom. He was dark-skinned, dark-eyed, iron-mouthed, and stern, with a high-arched nose like an eagle's beak, and a fierce but scholarly brow. His chin was bare, but his upper lip was fringed by a short mustache. On his head he wore a

tight skull-cap of fine black India silk, which seemed to add new darkness to his already gloomy countenance.

At his elbow, over the back of a chair, hung a heavy cloak, from which the exhaling dampness rose in a faint gray cloud of steam. Over the cloak hung a leather belt, with a short, straight, common-appearing sword, beside which leaned a cross-topped, ivory-headed staff.

In the shadow under the table was one foot thrusting a buckled shoe against the table-leg. There was only one; the other was gone, and the leg of the man was gone with it. He wore instead a wooden leg, fashioned of ebony strengthened by silver bands, and strapped fast to his muscular thigh. The lower end of this wooden leg protruded across the floor, unbending and comfortless, and forever unfitting the wearer for leading a soldier's life.

But when Barnaby Lee saw that ebony leg with the silver bands upon it, his heart sprang up until it seemed to be beating against the cords of his throat, and all at once he was hot and cold as if with a chill and a fever. For along the Atlantic coast men well knew that wooden leg—wooden leg, iron heart, and the hand of the mighty hater, who made the English along those shores go quaking in their shoes.

It was Peter Stuyvesant, the Director-General of the colony of the Dutch, a man more feared by his jealous foes than were all the rest of the Dutch together. They called him the "Bull in the China-shop" and the "Lame Peacock"; but they feared him. They called him "old." He was not old, but only worn with bitter care and many disappointments. They called him "His Majesty," "Peter the King," and mocked him behind his back; but when they met him face to face they honored him. Shrewd of head and ready of hand, the English marveled at him, and, opposed by even those whom he ruled, he sat upon his throne as fierce, as dark, and as solitary as an eagle on a cliff. His leg he had left at St. Thomas, in battle with the Spanish, and here, in the director-generalship of a struggling New-World colony, he was pensioned off, like an old lame dog, with a kennel and a bone—and a poor enough bone, in all conscience. But there was that in the gleam of his haughty eyes, and in his air of harsh

authority, that drew men of fine, high temper to him like swords to a magnet; and Barnaby, fascinated, lay there, peering at him through the curtains, unable to turn away his glance, and scarcely daring to breathe.

On the table before the governor lay long ac-

upon each side of it, and so perused it to the end. Then he suddenly raised his fist with a look of uncontrollable fury, and struck the open page as if it were the countenance of a man whom he hated. "Had I thee here," he said, "I would hang thee as high as Haman! I



"HE SUDDENLY RAISED HIS FIST, AND STRUCK THE OPEN PAGE."

counts and letters on which his dark eyes glowed like smoldering coals. As he read, he was eating meat and cheese with a crust of hard black bread, and drinking wine from the flagon. But as he read he ate less and less, and finally not at all. He held the flagon of wine awhile untouched in his upraised hand, then set it down, his face dark with gathering wrath, and spreading the rattling paper out before him upon the table, he set his clenched hands one

would have thine head from thy shoulders for these wild deeds of thine! Appeal to Holland? Thou shouldst appeal with thine head upon a tray!"

Then he sank back into his chair with his hand above his eyes, and a gloom came upon him like a shadow. "I am playing my cards alone," he said, "like a fool at a king's court. What is to be done?" Here he sighed heavily. "Nay, not what is to be done, for that is

plain to see; but how to do what needs be done! I cannot see the way." He shook his head, and dropped his hand with a weary, baffled gesture upon the table, and in their hollow sockets his dark eyes gleamed fitfully. "There needeth a man, or we are all undone. And given the man, what then? Nay, I cannot see how to contrive!" With a gesture of despair, he took up a pen and began the draft of a letter.

"To the Honorable, Wise and Prudent, the Very Discreet States-General!"

"'Wise and Prudent'? Bah!" said he. "Long Island is lost and gone from our hands. The farmers at the Red Hill are driven from their steadings. The English throng upon us everywhere, and flourish like evil weeds. They even beard us in our gates, and make a mock of us. Oh, for the power to wage just war! I would still hold them off!"

Then he was silent, while his pen ran over the paper.

"Haste; make haste, mynheeren!" he wrote below the letter when finished, *"In God's name, haste!"*

"They would not haste if the Binnenhof were falling upon their heads."

With that the sorely handled pen split up between his fingers, and a great blot streaked the page. He sat up with blazing eyes, and did not trust himself to touch the ill-starred letter-draft again. "Mynheer Van Ruyter," he called. "What! Here!"

The thin man in the snuff-brown suit came in hastily from an anteroom, and fell to snuffing the candles to cover his nervousness. "Your Excellency," he began, "Most Gracious and Valorous!—"

"Tsst!" said Stuyvesant, "don't waste the time; take that all for granted, and come to the point."

Mynheer Van Ruyter trembled so that he put out the candle he was snuffing.

"Let be, mynheer; we are dark enough now!" said Stuyvesant, impatiently. "Nor cross me more with empty words: I am troubled enough already. Copy me this letter, and quickly; it must go on 'The Keys of Calmar' at ebb-tide in the morning."

The Director-General sank back into his chair again with his chin on his breast.

There was no sound then but the nervous scratching of the Secretary's pen and the ceaseless rush of the rain. Barnaby slowly moved himself, for he had grown a little stiff, and his shoulder ached from lying in one position. Softly rubbing his cramped arm, he lay back upon the pillow. There was so much comfort in the bed, and the linen was so sweet and cool, that he relaxed his tired muscles with a little sigh. The Director-General raised his head at that, and looked around the room. But as he did so the Secretary pushed the finished letter from him, and taking up the sand-box, shook sand across the sheet to absorb the undried ink. The Director-General turned back, and staring at the candles, said bitterly, "Mynheer, are we but a puppet-play, that men may handle us with strings and laugh to see us caper?"

The Secretary clasped his hands apprehensively beneath the table.

"I am to pay the burgomasters and sheriffs out of the municipal chest, and the municipal chest is empty," continued the Director-General, savagely.

The Secretary bowed his head, and looked uncomfortable.

"And I am to build the city wall, and there is nothing with which to build it. And I am to exterminate the savages; yet the mad tradesmen of this city sell them guns, and powder by the keg. I am bidden to hold our boundaries against whatever trespass, and to maintain our title against every claim with adequate resistance; but I must use no force. I am to wage successful war, and never shoot a gun."

"War?" stammered the Secretary. "What mad, unhappy thought is this? Your Excellency, it is such peace that not so much as a dog doth wag his tail."

Stuyvesant looked into the Secretary's flinching eyes.

"Mynheer Van Ruyter," said he, slowly, "I say unto you, in the words of the old proverb, 'Beware of a dog that does not wag his tail.' You call it peace, and are content because everything seems still. I tell you, Mynheer Van Ruyter, there is danger in the wind."

Van Ruyter turned suddenly pale.

"A crisis hath arisen," continued Stuyvesant, "which we must meet with instant action, or

reap a hurricane. I need a man for a critical mission. He must be crafty, wise, and true, sure and ready, quick at argument, smooth and soft, a gentleman and a courtier, brave, and able to stand for himself, unsupported, as if the universe backed him. If not these, we are undone. Name him, mynheer; I need him."

CHAPTER XIII.

"A SWORDER AND A BRAVO."

"NAME me the man for this mission, Mynheer Van Ruyter," said the Director-General, beating on the table with his fist.

The Secretary wrung his hands until his knuckles cracked: "I know none such, your Excellency, unless, perchance, you go yourself."

Stuyvesant looked at Van Ruyter in scorn. "A fool," said he, "doth truckle when he is asked for truth. There is no man whom I dare trust except Captain Martin Kregier; no man save him alone of whom I may command devoted service."

The Secretary bit his lip. "Your hand hath lain too heavily to be beloved, your Excellency."

"To be beloved?" said Stuyvesant, with a grim look. "Nay; men take me like a medicine—not for love, but because they must. It is the penalty of power that I have lost my friends. I trust I shall never prove so weak as to lose mine enemies!"

As he spoke he turned, with a bitter face, to the papers upon the table. "Willem Beeckman writeth me that there have been no arrests; that Gerrit Van Sweringen still goes free, and hath not given bail, but hath appealed to Holland in defiance of us all."

The Secretary shivered. "Gerrit Van Sweringen is here."

"Here?" said Stuyvesant. "What doth he here?"

"Whatever pleaseth him, your Excellency, as he doth everywhere," said Van Ruyter, twisting his hands together under the table.

"Then why have ye not taken him?" exclaimed the Director-General. "Why have ye not taken him and hanged him out of hand?"

"He hath been—he hath been in Bushwyck," the Secretary stammered.

"Then why didst say that he was here? Thou saidst that he was here."

"Here, there, and everywhere," replied the Secretary, desperately. "One cannot lay finger upon him, and dare not if one could. He walketh the streets as bold and free as any other man, with a long sword dangling by his side, and pistols in his belt. He is a rapier-rattling firebrand, a swarder and a bravo."

Peter Stuyvesant knit his brows and stared at the candle-flame until the pupils of his eyes were scarcely more than pin-points in the light. "'A rapier-rattling firebrand, a swarder and a bravo,'" he muttered bitterly to himself. "It hath a merry sound. He hath two feet, and goeth through the world like a soldier. 'A rapier-rattling firebrand, a swarder and a bravo'! Who would not be a bravo with all that the fellow hath? A head to think, a hand to fight, and youth to back it all—a bold heart and a ready sword. Why, the world is at his feet!"

His wrath had died into a melancholy thunder. Then suddenly a sparkle lit up his fierce, unhappy eyes; he sat up swiftly in the chair, and struck his fists sharply together. "Upon my soul," he muttered, "there have been worse adventures." His voice, for one moment, caught the ring of eager youth. "Ay, there have been worse adventures, and on hazards more forlorn!" Then suddenly he almost laughed at a strange, fantastic humor which had filled his mind. "I know him for a man of parts; he hath a stinging wit; he writeth like a counselor, and cometh of noble blood. Is Captain Martin Kregier here?" he asked, suddenly turning to Van Ruyter; and now his dark face was all alight. "Call Captain Kregier." Then he sat with a new, eager air, until Captain Martin Kregier came striding into the room.

A fearless old mustache, was he, in action resolute, bold of heart, and blunt in his demeanor, and from head to foot the brownest man in all New Amsterdam. His face was browned by the wind and sun; his hair was short and curly, and made a crisp brown fringe along the edge of his old brown steel cap. His high-topped leather boots were brown; so were his shabby breeches. His dented breastplate was weathered brown and scarred by many a long and hard campaign. The sword

which swung at his side, like himself, was short, stout, and brown, and when he spoke his very voice seemed almost brown, it was so burly and bluff. "Your Excellency, here am I," he said, and stood there like a ramrod, with his hand to the rim of his cap.

"Kregier," asked the Director-General, "dost thou know Gerrit Van Sweringen?"

The soldier's quiet eyes awoke. "Mynheer Gerrit Van Sweringen?"

"Either with or without the 'mynheer'?"

A flush crept up the soldier's cheek. "I fought him once," said he.

"So?" exclaimed the Director-General. "Then thou knowest him passing well."

"I know him well enough. He threw my sword into the cabbage-patch. I do not speak with him."

Peter Stuyvesant's dark eyes began to dance as if with the far-away ringing of swords; a light wakened in their depths, yet still he frowned grimly. "They tell me he hath been lording it here in our streets like a master."

Captain Kregier's head went back, and his broad, square shoulders straightened. "Why not?" he said quietly. "He maketh it good, and that is a soldier's title. The streets belong to the brawny and brainy. The rest may go walk in the alleys."

"Then I would that thou wert a brainy man," cried Stuyvesant. "I would lay thee a street that should reach from here to everlasting glory; for thou art faithful and true, and devoted in our service. I would trust thee with my life — and with my honor, too."

The captain's quiet eyes were steady. "I am but what I am," he replied. "The good God did not give me brains. Perhaps it was his purpose; brains are not required by the regulations of the army." His voice was as steady as his eyes. "I can do as I am bid."

Stuyvesant's voice shook. "We know that, Kregier," he said, "for we have used thee hard and long, and on many a trying campaign. 'T is good; but alas! it is not good enough — like the heel of the old Achilles. There cometh a place where bidding ends, and a man must think for himself. Captain, I need a man

who thinks, and need him most bitterly." With that he was silent, and leaned upon the chair-arm, his chin set in his half-clenched hand, and his eyes flaming sullenly. "What doth Gerrit Van Sweringen here?" he asked.

The captain looked the governor square in the face. "He doeth very many things that others leave undone."

Mynheer Van Ruyter's telltale eyes began to cringe.

"It was he," continued Kregier, "and Jan Reyndertsen, the gunner, who headed the volunteer company that took the English picaroons."

"That took the English picaroons!" exclaimed Stuyvesant. "Mynheer Van Ruyter, I was not informed of this."

The Secretary tried vainly to meet the Director-General's gaze. "Your Excellency," he began, "there were some other things —"

"That were more to thy credit," said Stuyvesant.

The Secretary shrank beneath that withering scrutiny, and fumbled nervously among the papers upon his desk.

"If thou wouldst shuffle less and deal more manfully," said the Director-General, with scorn, "thou wouldst not have to lie awake so many nights for shame. Get thee to bed; there is no place for cowards in my council; I will call the corporal to see thee safe home."

When Van Ruyter had gone, Stuyvesant turned and looked at Kregier. "Captain Kregier," he said, "who doeth as he is bid, suppose I bade thee take this man, this Gerrit Van Sweringen?"

Kregier answered quietly: "I should order me a coffin, a well-made nut-wood coffin with silver handles to it; then I should go and try to take him."

Stuyvesant smiled; it was a grim, pleased smile; then for a moment he was silent. "Suppose I bade thee fetch him here?"

"I could make a fair endeavor."

"Then make thy fair endeavor," said the Director-General; "for I would speak with him."

Kregier touched his battered cap, turned on his heel, and was gone without a word.

THE YOUNG "ROUGH RIDER."

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE.

I.



"YOU SEE THIS MUSTANG HERE? WELL,—

II.



HE 'S WILD AND VICIOUS, AND —

III.



HE MUST BE THOROUGHLY —

IV.



BROKEN!"

Kemble.

GIANT THUNDER BONES

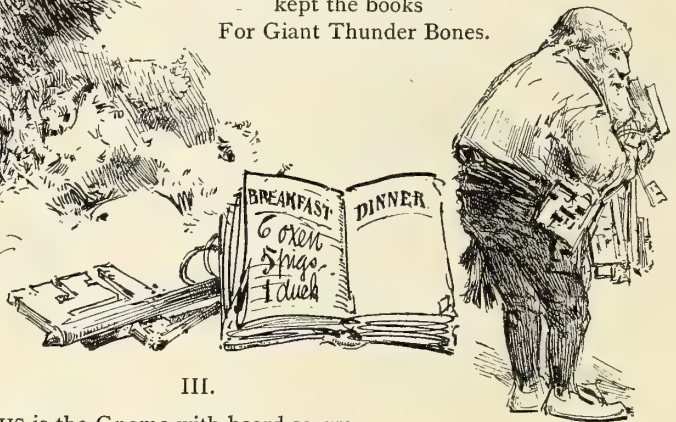
I.

This is Giant
Thunder Bones



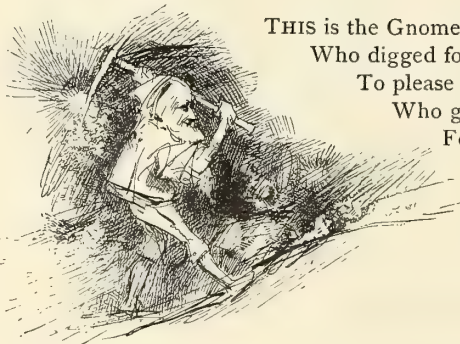
II.

THIS is the Dwarf with anxious looks
Who guarded the castle and
kept the books
For Giant Thunder Bones.



III.

THIS is the Gnome with beard so gray
Who digged for gems all night and day
To please the Dwarf with anxious looks
Who guarded the castle and kept the books
For Giant Thunder Bones.



IV.

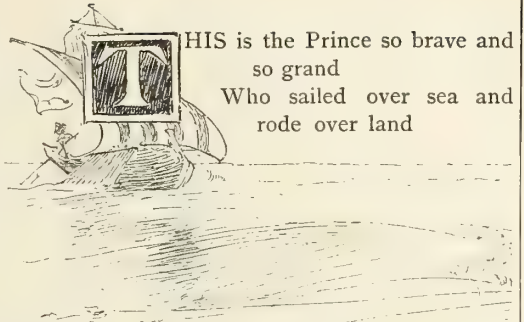
This is the Princess of Wandeltreg
 Who, while playing a game of Mumblepeg,
 Was caught by the Gnome with beard so gray
 Who digged for gems all night and day



To please the Dwarf with anxious looks
 Who guarded the castle and kept the books
 For Giant Thunder Bones.

V.

THIS is the Prince so brave and
 so grand
 Who sailed over sea and
 rode over land



Till he found the Princess of Wandeltreg
 Who, while playing a game of Mumblepeg,
 Was caught by the Gnome with beard so gray
 Who digged for gems all night and day
 To please the Dwarf with anxious looks
 Who guarded the castle and kept the books
 For Giant Thunder Bones.

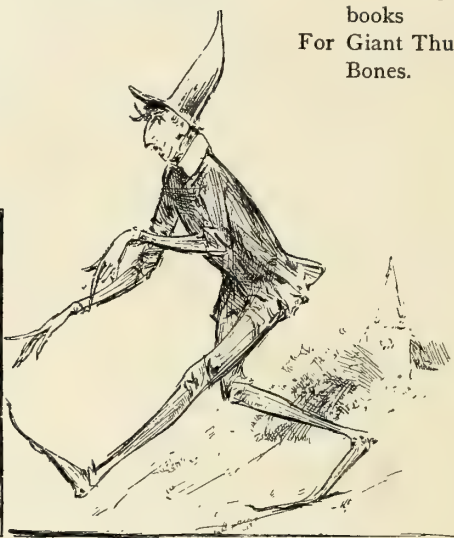
VI.

This is the Goblin
with fingers so
frail

Who hopped with ease over
mountain and dale
As he chased the Prince so brave and so grand
Who sailed over
sea and rode
over land



Till he found the Princess of Wandeltreg
Who, while playing a game of Mumblepeg,
Was caught by the Gnome with beard so gray
Who digged for gems all night and day
To please the Dwarf with anxious looks
Who guarded the castle and kept the books
For Giant Thunder
Bones.



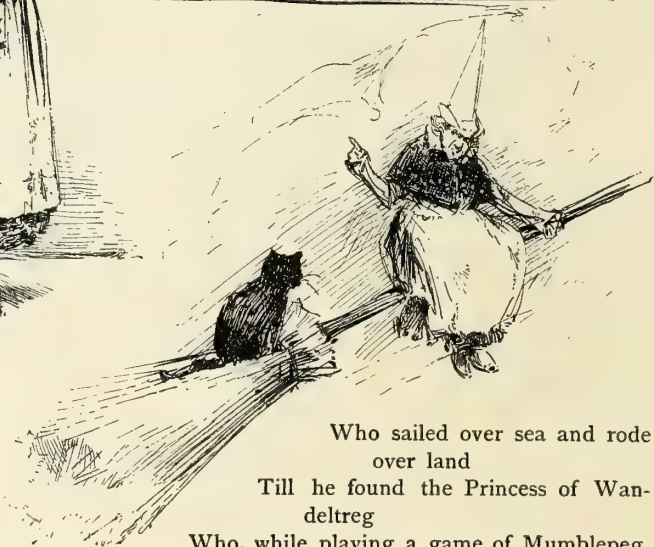
VII.

This is the Witch
with Broomstick
and Cat

Who sputtered and snarled and
shook her tall hat
When she missed the Goblin with fingers so
frail
Who hopped with ease over mountain and
dale
As he chased the Prince so brave and so grand

Who sailed over sea and rode
over land
Till he found the Princess of Wan-
deltreg

Who, while playing a game of Mumblepeg,
Was caught by the Gnome with beard so gray
Who digged for gems all night and day
To please the Dwarf with anxious looks
Who guarded the castle and kept the books
For Giant Thunder Bones.

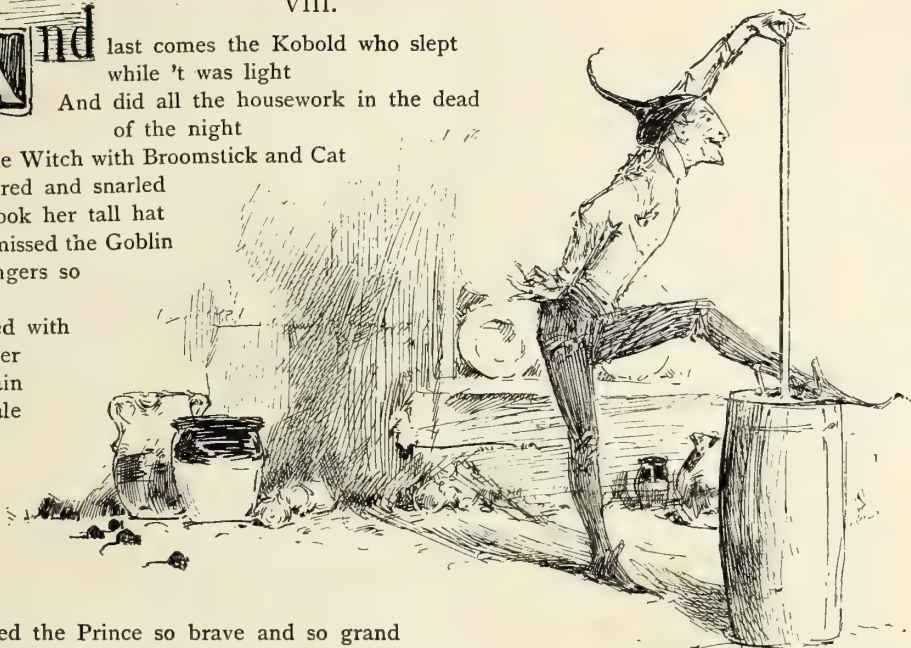


VIII.



And last comes the Kobold who slept
while 't was light
And did all the housework in the dead
of the night

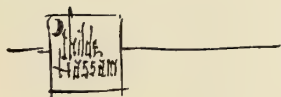
To worry the Witch with Broomstick and Cat
Who sputtered and snarled
and shook her tall hat
When she missed the Goblin
with fingers so
frail
Who hopped with
ease over
mountain
and dale



As he chased the Prince so brave and so grand
Who sailed over sea and rode over land
Till he found the Princess of Wandeltreg
Who, while playing a game of Mumblepeg,
Was caught by the Gnome with beard so gray
Who digged for gems all night and day

To please the Dwarf with anxious looks
Who guarded the castle and kept the books
For Giant Thunder Bones.

Stella Doughty.



A FRIGATE'S NAMESAKE.

BY ALICE BALCH ABBOT.

[This story was begun in the November number.]

CHAPTER XI.

"Now, Miss Thurston, I should really consider it a great favor if you would tell me exactly what you think of it all."

The speaker was Mr. Gillette, the owner of the steam-yacht "Daisy," which at that moment was pushing her shining black nose through the waters of the Hudson on her way to meet the war-ships in the lower bay.

It seemed to Essex that the question came at the first moment that she had had time to draw a long breath since the party of three had left Trinity Churchyard. On their return, they had found Miss Bruce awaiting them with the news that a message had been received from the yacht that the start must be an hour earlier than according to the original plan. A few hurried mouthfuls of breakfast had been followed by a rapid drive to the dock, where a boat was in readiness to carry them to the jaunty steam-yacht lying at anchor a short distance out in the stream.

With the arrival on deck had come rather a trying ordeal for Essex. The rest of the party was made up of gentlemen, all apparently friends of Mr. Bruce and his aunt, for all had come eagerly forward to pay their respects to the lady as soon as she was seated beneath the stern awning.

Essex, standing at Miss Bruce's elbow, shyly acknowledging her own introductions and watching the delight with which the lady's bright greetings and replies were received, had felt a wave of wonder go over her head as to how such a brilliant and sought-after person could have seemed such a perfect companion for her little-girl self.

Then, just as the thought had begun to bring

with it a slight shadow of loneliness, Miss Nancy had said to her nephew: "Henry, do take this child forward; the idea of confining her to the stern in this aged fashion!"

After that Essex's place was in the bow.

With a sudden thrill, the little yacht bounded forward, out past the Battery, black with the waiting crowds, and on into the broad reaches of the bay.

As she came abreast of Governor's Island, a dull boom sounded far away to the southward.

"Fort Hamilton and Fort Wadsworth saluting!" exclaimed Mr. Gillette. "It won't be long now before we shall see them."

"Take my glass, Miss Essex," said Mr. Bruce. "Your eyes can see farther than mine, and I want to prove that my lenses are better than those in Mr. Gillette's field-glass."

On flew the Daisy, with the two motionless figures in her bow, each with a field-glass turned toward the far gap in the southern and northern shores.

"Miss Essex," asked Mr. Gillette, "have you ever seen a war-ship?"

"No, sir."

"Ah, then my chances are certainly the best!"

Essex made no response. At that instant two objects had appeared in the vision of her glass, the one dark, the other light, side by side, with masses of smoky haze hovering in the sky above them. She gave a quick little gasp.

"I think — yes, I am almost sure — that there are the cruisers!"

"I declare, Bruce; I believe she's right!"

There was a moment's waiting for complete assurance, and Mr. Bruce's glass was returned with a hasty "Thank you so much!" Then back over the deck flashed a pair of heels as fleetly as if the polished surface were the home slope at Thurston Island.

Alas for the manners which had hitherto

been martialed in such fine array! Forgetful of everything but the news she bore, cap in hand, and with every lock that could be coaxed from the flying braids afloat in the lively breeze, Essex danced up to the group in the stern, crying breathlessly:

"Miss Nancy — oh, Miss Nancy, they are really coming! Mr. Gillette and I played the 'guessing game,' and I won!"

Stern and steady, the double line of magnificent steel monsters came proudly up the bay.

It seemed to Essex like some strange, wonderful dream — the dissolving view of steep, steel-plated sides, and grim gun-mouths frowning from turrets and casemates; of gold-laced officers standing in motionless state upon lofty bridges, and strange foreign faces peering down over the railings; last, and perhaps most fascinating sight of all, the changing emblems afloat at the sterns, as squadron after squadron swept by: the red cross of England, the black of Russia, France's horizontal tricolor, and Holland's vertical bars, the flaunting scarlet and yellow of Spain, the green of Italy and Brazil — never was a prettier lesson in flag-geography.

And still, at every gap between the foreign vessels, the glances of Miss Bruce and the little girl at her side, like iron to a magnet, went over to where the gleaming hulls of the American "White Squadron" showed in fairest relief against the green New Jersey shore.

Two thirds of the column's length, the Daisy suddenly wheeled about.

"Gillette wants to be up at the Battery in time to see the 'Miantonomoh,'" explained Mr. Bruce to his aunt. "She is to fire the salute at the unveiling of Ericsson's statue. We shall be able to see the rest of the fleet from there."

So back over her course raced the Daisy, coming up just in time to see the low-lying decks and immense turrets of the powerful coast defender emerging from the cloud of smoke following the last of her twenty-one-gun salute.

"You said she was a monitor, did you not?" asked Essex.

She had been standing at the rail beside Mr. Bruce, gazing with all her eyes at the interesting monster resting so easily upon the water.

"Yes, my dear; that is what they call her," was the answer; but it was a strange voice that

spoke. Essex had been so deeply absorbed in the Miantonomoh that she had failed to notice Mr. Bruce's departure.

Now, looking up quickly, she saw standing at her side the member of the party who, even in the embarrassment of the moment of introduction, had immediately been classed by her as one of "the people who look as if there were stories about them." Broad-shouldered and over six feet tall, with a grand head covered with masses of iron-gray hair, and a face whose expression might have been too stern had it not been for an expression of sadness in the deep-set eyes, the stranger was one to attract attention in any gathering.

Essex faced her present situation with a decided feeling of awe.

"She does n't bear much resemblance to the first of her line as I remember seeing her thirty years ago," said the gentleman.

There was no sign of fear in the face turned to his. "Do you mean, sir, that you saw the real, true Monitor?"

"I certainly did; and on her way to meet the Merrimac, too. It was one afternoon when I was crossing the ferry between New York and Brooklyn, just around the corner, there," pointing to the southern side of the Battery. "A large tug steamed down the river, followed by the strangest-looking marine structure that most of us had ever seen. It was the craft afterward known as 'The Yankee Cheese-box' — Ericsson's much-discussed invention, on her way, as was then thought, to Washington. A few days later all the world knew what had been shut up in that 'box.' Do you think, my dear, you could tell me what it was?"

The sudden question brought the color to Essex's cheeks. "I am sure, sir, that you know much better than I."

"But it would be most gratifying to me if you would prove your remark true."

Essex felt that there was nothing to do but to undertake the task.

"There was Admiral Worden," she said, thinking her way slowly, "and Lieutenant Greene — and the men — and the guns — and what they accomplished, not only driving away the Merrimac, but all the saving —"

"What saving?" inquired the senator.

"The 'Minnesota' and the other frigates, and the ships at Annapolis and Washington; then there was the proving that Ericsson and the navy men who believed in him were right."

"Anything else?"

Essex knit her brows. There *was* something else, but the question was, how to express it. Suddenly a satisfactory way out of the difficulty seemed to present itself. Facing suddenly about, she stood perfectly quiet, pointing in eloquent silence to the noble fleet still passing up the Hudson to its place of anchorage.

"I congratulate you heartily, my dear," was the gentleman's pleased comment. "I shall be glad to feel that some of the present generation realize the debt the world owes to Ericsson. Ah! here is Mr. Gillette. I wonder if he can tell us how soon we are to make a landing."

"That depends entirely upon your word, Senator Caxton; I have persuaded the rest of the party to remain for luncheon and afterward to go for a short run up the river; but if you would prefer to be put ashore —"

Essex did not hear the rest of the conversation. The knowledge that she had been talking with so great a person as a United States senator completely overwhelmed her, and she began to feel decidedly shy and uncomfortable. A beckoning smile from Miss Bruce came as a most welcome diversion, and, with a shy "Excuse me," she crossed the deck to that lady's side.

"What did you and the senator find to talk of?" asked Miss Nancy.

"The Monitor—not the Miantonomoh, but the Merrimac one. He saw her when she started for Hampton Roads, but I do wish I had known about his being a senator before I talked to him."

"What difference would that have made?"

"Why, I should n't have dared to talk at all."

"And that would n't have been best, at all. The senator is very fond of young people. My grand-nephews are devoted to him."

"Are you and he quite well acquainted, Miss Nancy?"

"Yes, indeed. He is one of the senators from our State, and lives in the next house to

that of my brother Robert, with whom I make my home when I am there."

Essex wondered if it would be what her mother condemned as "idle curiosity" if she should inquire if the senator always looked so sad. She had made her decision to be on the safe side by not risking the question when Miss Nancy spoke again:

"Essex, in the story I told you last night, do you remember the name of the boy whose life my brother saved?"

"James Caxton," answered Essex, promptly. "Oh," with a quick catch in her breath, "is the senator a relative of that boy?"

"He was the boy himself, dear."

CHAPTER XII.

LUNCHING aboard the *Daisy* was a most delightful experience.

With her first glimpse of the bewildering little saloon, with its sea-green and silver fittings, its polished table all a-glitter with glass and silver, having as centerpiece a wonderful trophy-cup filled with a yellow glory of nodding daffodils, Essex knew that her ideas of yachting-meals must needs be enlarged at once. And later on, in the enjoyment of the four hours following the pretty meal, she came very near deserting her preference of sailing as the most desirable means of locomotion.

With the bluest of skies above and of water below, in the teeth of the strong fresh wind, the *Daisy* sped away northward; under the grand overhanging cliffs of the Palisades, along by the soft outlines of the Croton hills, and out into the broad reaches of Haverstraw Bay; the little yacht then, just in sight of the lofty Dunderberg, poked her saucy prow in at the southern gate of the Highlands, paused, turned on her heel, and started back to the city.

"I am sorry you must miss the finest part of the river," said Mr. Gillette, as the yacht swung around.

But Essex was quite content. "It does n't seem as if there was any more sight-seeing left in me," she confided to Miss Bruce, as they steamed down the river. However, when they came once more to the Palisades, she discovered that she was quite ready to change her mind.

The sun was fast dropping to its setting, and inshore, beneath the tall cliffs of the western side, the river was already in deep shadow. But over by the eastern bank the afternoon sunshine fell in all its brightness upon the two

was standing between her and his aunt, ready to answer any questions as to the names and classes of the vessels.

"You mean any of our ships?"

"Yes, sir; I mean any of these we see to-day."



"SHE STOOD QUIET, POINTING IN ELOQUENT SILENCE TO THE NOBLE FLEET STILL PASSING UP THE HUDSON."

"Supposing they should, what would be your idea as to their probable behavior?" he asked in return.

"Mr. Bruce!" There was no mistaking the note of indignation in the little girl's voice.

"So you think there would be no question as to their invincibility?"

"Oh-h," exclaimed Essex, "I beg your pardon. I thought you asked something quite different."

"Then your answer to my first question would have been—?"

"Just as the United States Navy always has behaved!"

"But whether they would be victors or not?"

"Why, nobody could tell that, could they?" asked Essex, seriously. "So many things might make a difference. But of course there could be only one answer to the other question."

Mr. Bruce, apparently satisfied, turned next to his aunt.

"What is your opinion of the new navy, Aunt Nancy?"

"Opinion!" exclaimed Miss Bruce. "This is no time for making opinions. The sight of those white beauties has made a girl of me again. And really, at this moment, old lady that I am, I believe I would give anything I

mighty columns of cruisers, with the tiny caravels swinging at their head.

This time, much to the satisfaction of two of her passengers, the Daisy passed directly beside the American ships. The "Philadelphia," the "Atlanta," the "San Francisco," the "Baltimore," were left astern.

"Do you suppose any of them will ever do any fighting?" Essex asked Mr. Bruce, who

possess to have had a hand in the equipment of one of them." As she spoke, so beautiful a flush deepened in the soft cheeks, and the dark eyes flashed in a fashion so enchanting, that for one instant Essex felt as if she stood face to face with the charming young girl Miss Nancy must once have been.

One instant only, then the lady's pretty, low laugh dispelled the illusion.

"The idea of a person in caps and spectacles forgetting herself in such crazy fashion! It is well that no one but you, Henry, and Essex—who, of course, is as foolish as I—heard the nonsense."

But some one else had heard. Essex, happening to turn at that moment, caught sight of Senator Caxton standing a short distance away, and from the expression of his face she knew that Miss Bruce's words had been overheard, and that in some way they had pained him.

With the guilty feeling of having surprised a secret, the little girl immediately gave her attention once more to the river, wishing at the same time, with all her heart, that she might know more about so interesting a person as this senator seemed to be.

It certainly did seem as if "wishes were to be horses" during this wonderful visit, for a short time later, as the carriage containing Miss Bruce and her little guest drove away from the dock, the former remarked:

"Essex, there is a favor I am thinking of asking you to do for Senator Caxton and me; only, before telling what it is, I want you to know a little more about that friend."

Essex lifted her face from the great bunch of daffodils which Mr. Gillette had thrown into her lap as the carriage had started.

"Miss Nancy," she exclaimed, "how could you have known!"

"Partly because it is exactly what I should have wished at your age, and partly because, after hearing the story I told last evening, it is right that you should hear this one also.

"It begins very much in the same way as that one, with a boy growing up with a longing to go to sea. But in James Caxton's case there was no one to sympathize with the longing, for he was an only child, and his mother had died when he was a baby. His father was one of

the most prominent of the merchants engaged in the great Oriental shipping trade here in the city. When he was fourteen, and his father told him of the plans made for his going away to school, James at once declared his determination to go to sea.

"The commander of the frigate 'Yellowstone' being in his office one morning, and happening to speak of his need of a ward-room boy, Mr. Caxton offered James for the place, but on the sole condition that no favors whatever were to be shown him. And, much against his own wishes, Captain Cross consented."

"Did it cure the boy?" asked Essex.

"That, dear, is what no one has ever been told. Whatever the cause, the fact remains that, returning from his first voyage, that of which I told you, he left the frigate and went to school, thence to college, and afterward into the office.

"When he was twenty-eight his father died, leaving him at the head of one of the largest importing houses in the city. He filled the position admirably for two years, and then the surprising news went abroad that he was about to leave the city.

"Of course there were many conjectures as to what the next move would be; one rumor was of Australia, one of California, and one of a five years' voyage around the world.

"Of all his friends, perhaps we were the only ones who did not take part in conjecturing.

"It happened that just at that time the doctor had pronounced the sentence of exile upon my younger brother, Robert, saying that only by such a life as could be spent in the open lands of the West could he hope to regain and hold his health. And then, as a solution of Robert's difficulty, James Caxton came forward, saying that he had decided to settle in the West, and asking as a favor that he might accompany Robert. So they went together, and have been the closest of friends, neighbors, and business partners ever since."

"Have they always lived in Wineegan?" asked Essex.

"Yes, dear; and a very good thing it has been for that State. James Caxton was one of the first delegation sent to Congress; he has twice been governor, and might be again if he would consent; now he is serving his

second term as senator. It is a great record, is n't it? But in no way too great to match the sacrifices with which it began."

"Miss Nancy, are you sure his giving up the sea was a sacrifice?"

"As sure as anything but the senator's own word could make me; and also as sure as I am that whatever were his plans after closing up his business, they were *not* to settle in Winegan till he heard about my brother."

Essex regarded her daffodils for a moment, then said slowly: "That makes another brave story for me to remember."

"Suppose," said Miss Bruce, "that you put it in the same list with your especial favorites—the sea ones, I mean: for the senator's might so easily have been one of that kind. Only you and I know it is all the braver for being as it is."

CHAPTER XIII.

As the butler closed the door behind them, Miss Bruce placed a caressing hand on each of Essex's shoulders, and looked closely down into her eyes.

"I am wondering if it is n't my duty to order this little frigate close-hauled for the night. Don't you suppose if mother were here she would consider that there had been 'action' enough for one day?"

"Oh, Miss Nancy! I am not one bit tired; at least, my legs are not. Of course hearing and seeing so many new things has made me feel rather 'jumpy' in my mind. But I sha'n't think them all over now. I shall wait till I can do it with mother. Don't *you* like to save your 'thinkings over' for especially nice times?"

"I am afraid my 'thinkings' are not quite so easily managed," laughed Miss Bruce; "but I want you to promise to do your best at taking a nap. We shall dine an hour later to-night, so there will be plenty of time."

Essex gladly gave her word, skipped up to her room, and straightway prepared to carry out Miss Bruce's bidding. But alas for her fine intentions! Hardly had her head touched the couch-pillows and her eyelids shut themselves down with a snap of determination, when through her mind flashed a disturbing thought. She suddenly remembered that Miss Nancy

had never told what that mysterious "favor" was to be!

How could she be expected to rest? But there was her given word; so, selecting the one of her "putting-to-sleep" methods which usually served for such extremely wakeful occasions as the nights before Christmas and Fourth of July, she prepared to do her best. Before the close-shut lids rises a long, low wall broken by two broad gaps. Over the one at the left comes jumping a fat white sheep, which trots steadily along to the break at the right, leaps again, and vanishes just as sheep number two appears at the left; then comes another, and another, and then—

Essex sat up and rubbed her eyes. Mary, the maid, was lighting the gas. The new white dress lay on the chair beside the fire, and over the low fender were hanging the long silk stockings, while beneath them gleamed the silver anchors on the little black slippers. Mary crossed the room.

"Miss Bruce said, miss, that I was to help you dress as quickly as possible, and as soon as you are ready, you are to go in to her."

It was a very sleepy little head that submitted itself to Mary's offices; in fact, Essex felt as if she were not more than barely awake even when the maid exclaimed:

"There, miss, if you will just take a look to see if everything is as you like, I think that is all."

Essex turned to the glass. There was certainly no fault to be found with the two shining braids, plaited in their smooth and shining strands by the maid's deft fingers.

"It looks beautiful!" was the little girl's enthusiastic comment; "only," as her glance reached the unadorned tasseled ends, "did mother forget to put in my white ribbons?"

"No, miss; but Miss Bruce directed that I was to tie on no ribbons whatever."

"Oh!" and Essex was wide awake in a moment. "Then that is all, Mary; and thank you very much."

"My dear," exclaimed Miss Nancy, as Essex came forward to where the lady was resting on the couch by her bedroom fire, "will you allow me to say that some one—and I think it *must* have been your mother—seems to have

designed the prettiest dress-up sailor-suit that could possibly be imagined. I wonder" — she paused to unroll a little package that lay in her lap — "whether it would spoil the effect to ask you to wear these."

There was no mistaking the white-starred

I meant when I spoke of your doing a favor for Senator Caxton and myself. I have always felt sure that it would be a pleasure to him to see the ribbons worn; but until now I have never found the person whom I was willing to have do the wearing. See," taking up the ribbons,



"THE FIRST TO WEAR THEM AFTER FIFTY YEARS' KEEPING."

lengths of dark-blue ribbon; Essex drew one quick breath.

"Miss Nancy, they have never been worn!"

"No, dear; but I have decided that it is quite time that they should be. This is what

"there are two widths; the narrow, intended originally, I suppose, for sleeve-ties, will do nicely for the knot under your collar and for your hair; and this wide is in two lengths, one of which will be just right for your sash. You

see, little girl, I am taking your consent for granted; but you understand you are to do exactly as you wish."

Exactly as she wished! Essex could scarcely believe her ears. Only last night she had been hardly daring to hope that some time in the future, when she and Miss Bruce had become old and tried friends, she might, perhaps, be allowed a glimpse of the precious ribbons; but now to be the first to wear them after fifty years' keeping—it was little wonder that her breath should be quite taken away. However, Miss Bruce seemed to understand. Without waiting for a spoken answer, she pointed to her dressing-table, saying:

"Then, if you will bring me my scissors to trim the ends, we will put the 'Union-Jack' finish to this little navy costume as soon as possible."

Very still indeed did Essex stand as the shining silken lengths were tied into bows at the ends of her braids and fastened about her waist. The only drawback to her delight was the fear that it might be a sad experience for Miss Bruce.

But when she faced about for the arranging of the knot beneath her collar, she saw no trace of sorrow in the face so near her own. There was only a beautiful, grave sweetness, that changed suddenly into the loveliest smile as, with a final caressing touch to the carefully tied knot, Miss Nancy leaned forward and kissed the little face above it.

That made everything right, and Essex Thurston went downstairs in the most contented frame of mind. Crossing the long drawing-room, she went on into the fire-lit library.

A slight metallic rattle attracted her attention. Turning quickly, she saw a stranger step out from one of the heavily curtained recesses—the most gorgeous stranger, resplendent in gilded buttons and glittering epaulets, who bowed low to the little figure standing on the hearth-rug, saying:

"Pardon me for having disturbed you. This weapon seems to be refractory."

As he bent his head above the scabbard, Essex made an attempt to rally her bewildered wits. Who could the gentleman be, and was his uniform that of the army or navy?

A moment's attention seemed sufficient to adjust the sword; then the officer came forward, and offered his hand, saying:

"Now let us proceed to become acquainted. I suppose you must be one of the Wineegan Bruces?"

"Oh, no, sir," was the quick reply. "I am only Essex Thurston."

"Only Essex Thurston," the gentleman repeated. "I should say that was a statement which needed an explanation. Let me see. I have heard of an Essex earl, an Essex countess, a county, and a frigate, but never of an Essex little girl. I wonder—" Here a swift glance took in the whole of the little figure before him, from the white-starred ribbons and the symbols on the collar down to the gleaming ornaments on the little slippers. "I declare," he exclaimed, "I believe the frigate must have had something to do with the business! Am I not right?"

There was no resisting the genial face and voice, so Essex shyly gave a short explanation of her name.

As she finished, the officer's courteous "Thank you very much, my dear, for satisfying an old man's curiosity," made her wish that there was some polite way of securing the same service for an equally curious young woman.

Miss Bruce's entrance solved the difficulty.

"Commodore Leigh!" she exclaimed. "This is indeed a happy surprise. I had no idea that you were to be in the city."

"Neither had I, madam, until two days ago. But the ships proved too strong a magnet, and I found myself turning up this morning, just in time to cheer them as they passed up the river. I met Henry an hour ago, and he insisted on my dining here."

"I consider it a most fortunate happening. It seemed strange that we were to have no representative of the navy with us at such a time. Essex, my dear, I am more than glad to have the opportunity to introduce you to Commodore Leigh. If I had only known of it before,"—and here Miss Bruce looked decidedly mischievous,—"I think I should have found the time to tell you another story."

"So Miss Nancy has been spinning yarns for you, Miss Essex. Suppose you confide to me the subject of her latest one."



VAN BREIJK
JEAN BART
AQUIDABAN
ARÉTHUSE
BLAKE

HUSSARD
ETNA

AUSTRALIA
NUEVA ESPAÑA
GIOVANNI BAUSAN

TARTAR
REINA ISABELLA
NUEVO DE JULIO
KAISERIN AUGUSTA
SEADLER

THE CARAVELS

AN ARTIST'S SKETCHES OF THE FOREIGN SHIPS IN THE NAVAL PARADE OF 1893,
OF THE CARAVELS, AND OF SAILORS IN THE SHORE PARADE. (SEE PAGE 447.)

At that instant, with an appropriateness that made Essex actually jump, Senator Caxton appeared in the doorway.

"Will you excuse Essex one moment, Commodore?" And Miss Bruce laid an arm about her little guest's shoulders, drawing her close to her side as she stepped forward to meet the advancing guest.

Essex never knew whether the senator's attention was attracted to the ribbons in some silent way, or whether his keen eyes—Essex's own were fixed on the floor—discovered the fact for themselves. But when at the words, "My dear, I wonder if you realize what a privilege is yours to hold such a place in Miss Bruce's affections," her hand was taken in a hearty grasp, and she gave one glance into the gentleman's face, in some way she knew without question that Miss Nancy's hopes had all been realized.

As Commodore Leigh and the senator exchanged greetings, Mr. Bruce came into the room, followed directly by the announcement of dinner.

The commodore stepped quickly forward.

"I hope, Miss Nancy, that it will cause no confusion in your arrangements, but as senior officer present, the command of this little craft certainly devolves upon me."

Miss Bruce smiled her assent, and Essex laid her hand upon the gold-banded sleeve. Then, during the short march to the dining-room, she addressed all her powers to the difficult task of keeping the new slippers from fairly dancing with excitement from the proud experience of keeping step to the rattle of a real sword and scabbard.

As was to be expected, the conversation during dinner was principally of war-ships and their management and construction. Essex found it very interesting but somewhat difficult to understand. However, by the time Miss Bruce rose she thought she had at least succeeded in learning the distinction between barbetstes and turrets.

At Miss Nancy's suggestion, Essex bade the gentlemen good night before leaving the room, coming last to the commodore, who held the portière aside for Miss Bruce and herself to pass.

"Miss Essex," he said, as he took her hand, "did you ever hear what the sea-serpent said when she caught sight of your famous namesake rounding the Horn?"

"No, sir."

"Snuffers and extinguishers! There go the lights of London town!"

Essex's soft laugh showed her immediate appreciation of the remark; but Mr. Bruce said:

"One moment, Miss Essex; I refuse to laugh where I do not understand, so I demand an explanation."

"I suppose," said the little girl, "that it was because she captured so many whalers. Uncle told me that he once read that Captain Porter dimmed the lights of London for two years."

"Just so," was the commodore's comment. "And now good night. I am very sorry that my duty will take me elsewhere to-morrow, but Friday morning I shall return to my present command, and she will please understand that no orders but mine will hold good for that day. Do I make my meaning clear?"

"Yes, sir," was the demure answer given by the lips, but the blue eyes supplied most satisfactory emphasis as Essex turned and followed Miss Bruce from the room.

At the foot of the staircase they paused, and Miss Nancy stooped to say good night.

"I hope, dear, that the visit is proving all you expected."

"I was just thinking," said Essex, slowly, "that I should n't wonder if this is going to be the happiest day I have ever spent."

Essex's verbs were rather perplexing.

"Going to be?" questioned Miss Bruce.

"When I have told mother about it, I mean. Of course it could n't be *the* happiest till she has had something to do with it; could it?"

"Certainly not; and when an even happier day comes, I hope the mother herself will be with you."

What could it possibly be?

But Miss Nancy only smiled into the wondering eyes. "There are chances for a great many kinds of happiness ahead when one is only twelve," she said.

And with this happy prophecy sounding in her ears, Essex went upstairs to bed.



"DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP!" SOME of the readers of Miss Abbot's serial, "The Frigate's Namesake," may have seen in newspapers a statement that Captain Lawrence never used the words so long connected with his last battle. A Hartford newspaper, indeed, printed a story that the expression, "Don't give up the ship!" was invented by an editor who wrote an account of Lawrence's death during the fight between the "Chesapeake" and the "Shannon."

It is unpleasant to doubt that the brave Lawrence made use of the heroic words, and our readers will be glad to learn that the evidence is all in favor of the truth of the story. In fact, the surgeon's mate of the Chesapeake, in giving sworn testimony about the battle, said: "He . . . ordered me to go to the deck, and tell the men to fire faster, and not give up the ship."

While this is not exactly proof that Captain Lawrence used the words *before* he was carried below decks, yet it shows that the idea and heroic resolve were in his mind, and, in connection with the tradition, makes it seem probable that he did give the order as has been believed.

REVERENCE FOR PRINT. THERE was a period when it was not altogether absurd to say: "It must be true, for I saw it in a book." Then few books were printed, and those few were meant only for the learned. Whatever was put into print was first carefully weighed and considered to see if it were worth keeping. But now print is so common that every sort of idea, saying, or notion may be sent out to the world in the decent black of printer's ink, and so dressed may outwardly compare well with words of true wisdom and worth. Therefore young readers must look on

print with less reverence than it gained from their fathers or grandfathers, and must be on their guard against foolish or false words and statements.

It has recently been well said: "If we are to believe advertisements, the 'opportunity of a lifetime' is something that occurs every few days." You must judge of printed statements by their source—just as you judge what is said to you by the worth of the speaker.

AUTOGRAPHS. A BRIGHT boy sends an excellent list of books, every one of which he has read and enjoyed, and asks our opinion as to collecting autographs. This question is easy to answer: It depends on the method used in collecting them. A distinguished man or woman should be treated with the same courtesy as if undistinguished, and a favor should never be asked as if it were a right. To write one autograph is a trifle; to write a hundred is an onerous task. If you can obtain autographs without being a bore or intrusive, by all means collect them; but it is better never to collect a single autograph than to lose your self-respect by begging for them without right or reason.

ADVICE ABOUT READING. ONE of the greatest pleasures connected with literature is the benevolence of telling others where they may find what will interest them. If a boy, for instance, is interested in military matters, and enjoys accounts of forts, it is delightful to recommend to him the English translation of Viollet-le-Duc's "Annals of a Fortress," in which the distinguished French engineer and antiquary tells of the art of taking fortified places. He selects an imaginary bit of elevated ground, and tells its story from the earliest days

to the present, showing how it was attacked and defended by the Gauls, the Romans, soldiers of the Middle Ages, and by armies using artillery. Boys who like the subject will be absorbed in the book. Others may prefer another volume, wherein the same author tells the history of a house in a like manner.

CARE OF THE EYES. IN this department one or two items have been published in regard to the eyesight. But so close is the connection between books and the eyes that it will be well to return to the subject once more. Much reading is done by young folk at night, by artificial light. No doubt you are already aware that the light should be bright, not too far away, and preferably at the left and a little back of the reader. There is another precaution, however, not so often borne in mind. If the light—such as a lamp—is within a foot or two of the eyes, it is wise to interpose a screen that will shut off the heat between the flame and the eyes. Otherwise the warmth of the light tends to dry the eyeball, and to irritate its surface. If the reader has not tried this simple remedy for tired eyes, he will be surprised to learn what a difference such a non-conducting screen will make.

WHAT CHILDREN LIKE TO READ. IN a Massachusetts library a record was kept of the books taken out by boys and girls, and then a statement was made to see what reading they preferred. About half of the books chosen were fairy stories, which were read by both girls and boys; a quarter of the whole number came under the head of "history," meaning, it is explained, histories relating to the American Revolution and Civil War; and next in number were works of adventure and travel. Children, it is said, do not like to be bothered by rules and regulations in a library, and the less of these they deal with, the more likely they are to take out books and to enjoy them.

REAL "FAIRIES." THE learned Oxford professor, John Rhys, thinks it likely that the fairy folk about whom there are so many stories and legends handed down from remote times in Ireland and Great Britain were a real race. He believes that the fairy stories are based upon experiences with this queer people, who seem to have been small

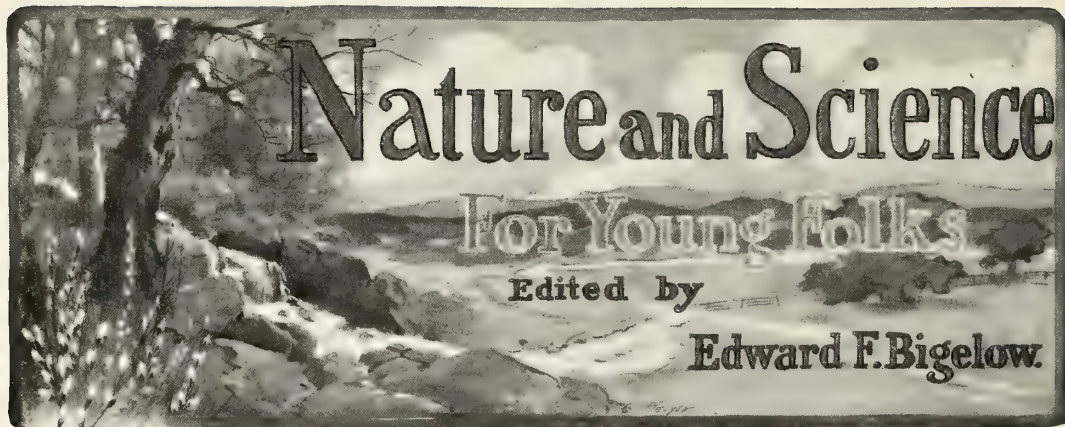
in stature and dark in complexion. Probably they lived underground,—not knowing enough to build houses,—and supplied themselves with food by hunting and fishing. They were fond of music and dancing, but were far from honest, stealing whatever they could lay hands upon. Like most small races, they seem to have been sly and shrewd, and to have been looked upon as workers in magic by the larger races.

It is not difficult to see how, in an age of ignorance, strange stories would be told of the "little people," and how these tales might grow into the fairy stories of later days.

DON'T HURRY. CHILDREN are often eager to read the books which are best known and oftenest spoken about. They like to be "grown up," and long for the time when they can read the books written for their elders. When told they will be wise to wait, they wonder why, and become full of curiosity and impatience. They often tease their parents into letting them read novels and "love-stories" long before the proper age, and if allowed to satisfy their desire are almost always disappointed. Even if they do not confess it, they find the "celebrated novels" very dull and slow, and wonder how grown people can admire them. Still worse, by reading too early the works of some really great author, they form the opinion that he is "not worth reading," and never look at his pages again.

It is hardly necessary to point out the absurdity of such conduct; yet many a reader has spoiled Thackeray or Dickens or Trollope or George Eliot for his own future reading by attempting to digest their novels long before the literary teeth are ready for such food. Remember that there are plenty of good books for all ages—more than you can possibly read. Wait until some one in whom you have confidence tells you you are old enough to read certain books of established reputation. Scott's works, for instance, will be a daily joy and blessing if you do not take them up too early. And when you read a book that is worth while, do not skip everything but the conversations and adventures. If you find a book that is not worth while, skip all you can.

PRIZE CONTEST. RESULT of second contest will be printed next month in this department.



NATURE AND SCIENCE.

No natural object can be ugly, repulsive, uninstructional, or unentertaining if we see it as it is, and have knowledge of its place and purpose.

CHARLES C. ABBOTT, M.D.

The wonderland of childhood must henceforth be sought within the domains of truth. The strange facts of natural history, and the sweet mysteries of flowers and forests, and hills and waters, will profitably take the place of the fairy lore of the past.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

ORIGINAL OWNERS OF OUR SEAL FURS.

THE first wearers of sealskin coats, which are of special interest in February and March, were, of course, the fur-seals; and as we usually think of furs in connection with snow and ice and cold weather generally, it may seem a little strange to learn that some seals should wear fur jackets directly under the burning sun of the equator. By far the best skins, however, and the greater number used for making cloaks, come from the Pribilof Islands in Bering Sea, and the Commander Islands, off the coast of Kamchatka. Not very long ago, over one hundred thousand seals were killed on these islands each year; but, unfortunately, many are now killed at sea, and their numbers are growing less year by year. Still, enough are left to seem very many to one who never saw the thousands upon thousands that once lived on these little islands, although if any one actually counts a great herd of seals, he will find that a thousand seals spread over the rocks make a great show.

One can get nearer to the home-life of these fur-seals than to that of any other wild animal, and by using a little caution, and taking care not to stand so as to show against the sky-line, it is quite possible to go within twenty or thirty feet of the fur-seal families, and to study them as well as if they were in the New York Zoo. Happy families they can scarcely be called; there is too much growling and quarreling



THE VERY RARE AND CURIOUSLY COLORED RIBBON-SEAL.

Only a very few of these seals have been discovered, and but little is known of their habits. On a smooth ground-color of either blackish brown or yellowish gray, it seems as if nature had sportively laid on some broad yellowish-white ribbons.

among the big male seals for that. As for the females, they take life more easily, and, save for an occasional snap or snarl at one another, or at some strange little seal that has ventured too near, pass most of their time in sleep. Now and then they go off to sea for fifty, a hundred, or even a hundred and fifty miles to catch

diving for stones and shells, sporting in the surf, or playing "king of the castle" on the rocks just off the shore; and when they are tired of this they come on shore and tear up the long ribbons of kelp, or climb up the rocky hillsides and hide in the nooks and crannies among the big boulders, or wrestle with one another, growl-



A GROUP OF THE ORDINARY FUR-SEALS.

"The original owners of our seal furs."

fish, coming home in a week or so to care for their baby seals. Only one of these little fur-seals is shown in the picture, because when a few days old the little fur-seals move back from the ground occupied by the old seals, and there they stay for a month or so until they are ready to go into the water and learn to swim. When they have mastered this art they have fine times

ing and biting in play just as the big seals growl and bite in deadly earnest. And after all this sport they curl themselves up by dozens and dozens and sleep. This is a pleasant part of a seal's life, but there is another side to it, when the young seals leave their island home and start south to pass the winter in the sea and get their own living. Just what happens

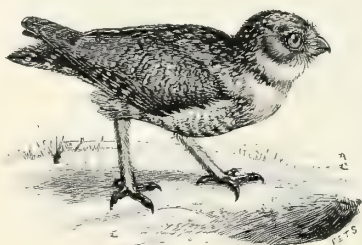
to them we do not know, nor is it pleasant to think of; but of all the thousands that leave not more than half come back, and of all the fur-seals that are born probably less than one third live until they are large enough to be used for making cloaks.

F. A. LUCAS.

United States National Museum,
Washington, D. C.

A BIRD THAT LIVES IN THE GROUND.

In many parts of our Western prairies there are large colonies of the burrowing owls, that usually occupy the deserted burrows of the



THE BURROWING OWL.

little marmots called prairie-dogs; but the owls have been known in some cases to nest in the burrows while occupied by the dogs.

The birds come in great numbers to these

deserted towns, and live for years. They also often inhabit rabbit-burrows or badger-holes far from any prairie-dog town. The usual note



DIAGRAM OF THE BURROW, SHOWING USUAL LOCATION OF THE NEST.

of the owl is a gentle *pooh-oo*, sometimes like the coo of a dove.

The owls are about ten inches long, grayish brown profusely spotted with white, of pretty appearance. They have the very curious habit, when they alight on the ground, of bowing several times in a dignified manner, as nearly like a person as could be expected of a bird. When disturbed or angry they will bow excitedly or circle about the heads of the intruders, uttering all the time weird whistling cries.

The eggs are deposited at the end of the burrows, and lie upon the dirt, bones, and fur



A VILLAGE OF PRAIRIE-DOGS.

A burrowing owl is seen on the first mound at the left.

which the owls have left from their feeding. The eggs are pure white, not so round as most owls' eggs, and there are more of them than is usual for owls—as many as nine in one nest.



PRAIRIE-DOGS.

Sometimes the baby owls are brought up from the nest for a sun-bath, and they sit in a circle around the edge of the hole, looking like little puffs of white cotton. The full-grown birds mingle freely with the dogs, not occupying any particular burrow except when nesting, but dodging in and out of any of them as occasion requires. During the warm months the birds feed chiefly on insects, but at other times on small animals—a rabbit, a snake, or sometimes a young prairie-dog. On the other hand, the dogs sometimes enter the burrows that are occupied by the owls in nesting season and help themselves to the eggs while the owl is away; but woe to the dog that goes in when Mother Owl is on the nest! She is abundantly able to protect herself from the attacks of the dog, though sometimes an owl is killed by a polecat or weasel.

Rattlesnakes sometimes occupy a few of the burrows, but not upon friendly terms. The popular stories regarding the partnership and coöperation of the dogs, owls, and snakes in these colonies are not founded on fact so far as relations of perfect friendship are concerned.

The little prairie-marmot is called a dog because of its short, "yappy" bark. It digs a deep burrow, the entrance to which is surmounted by a mound of earth, and sometimes there are as many as several thousand of these occupied burrows in a prairie-dog "village."

The observation mounds are usually not near the burrow, but often twenty or more feet away. As many as three "dogs" run to one mound at the same time and stand upon it. These mounds are made of gravel, sand, or cinders,

and are cone-shaped. The ground about them is wholly bare of vegetation.

Prairie-dog towns are sometimes suddenly deserted in regions which are being settled. Sometimes cattle step into the holes, thus breaking their legs, or crops are so damaged by these hungry little rodents that a bounty is offered for their skins. The dogs seem to take alarm when any disturbance begins, and whole colonies migrate to other homes. Neither prairie-dogs nor owls seem afraid of people so long as they are in the saddle. An owl will stand on mound or fence-post and fluff out its feathers and hiss. At sunset the prairie-dogs disappear for the night, and then the owls seem to mount guard, *poo-oo-ing* and calling until about midnight, when they, too, go to bed.

ANOTHER EARLY BUTTERFLY.

WE may well regard the "mourning-cloak" (pictured and described on page 367 of *Nature and Science* for last month) as the February butterfly, because it usually makes its appearance in February, though it sometimes is seen on unusually warm days even in December or January. Closely following this is the "Compton Tortoise" (*Eugonia j-album*), which is another hibernating butterfly, that is, one that spends the winter in the winged state. This species has



THE "COMPTON TORTOISE" BUTTERFLY.

been seen as early as in February, but is usually not found till the last of March.

It is the largest of the butterflies, and has ragged-edge wings. It may be seen during the last part of this month in high open forests and on roadsides in the vicinity of woods. It is very shy and flies with great speed.



ENJOYMENTS OF WINTER.

BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think winter is the most enjoyable season because there is Christmas, the happiest day in all the year; and then there is skating, bob-rides, coasting, snow-balling; and all this time the cold, snappy atmosphere to raise our spirits. None of these things happen in summer, which is so hot and dreary. By far, I think winter the most enjoyable season.

Yours truly,

(Age 13.)

FLOYD DOANE GODFREY.

This opinion coincides with that expressed in many letters received in reply to the question on page 174 of *Nature and Science* for December regarding Bradford Torrey's statement that the school-boys like winter better than summer.

He also says in regard to his own childhood:

The sports of winter-time have been the very crown of the year. How vivid my own recollections are! Other seasons had their own distinctive felicities; the year was full of delights: but we watched for the first snowfall and the first ice as eagerly as I now see elderly and sickly people watching for the first symptoms of summer. Winter was never too long or too cold. But the frolics out of doors! It makes the blood tingle even now to think of it.

I can't agree with Torrey and the boys — except when it's winter. I change my mind in the spring, again in the summer, and also in the fall. Each season has its peculiar attractions, and should be greeted like an old friend. For me it is difficult to compare one with another.

BIRD NESTS AND MOSSES.

910 WEST FOURTH STREET, WINSTON, N. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy not yet eight years old. I live near the woods and sometimes we walk in them. One time I found two birds' nests. One was a sparrow's, the other was a cat-bird's. In the cat-bird's was a letter with a man's name on it. I send you

some of three different kinds of moss that we recently found. We call them fern moss and velvet moss and lichen. I am interested in mosses.

ARCHIE BOGGS TAYLOR.

I am glad you walk in the woods and keep your eyes open to see all the interesting things to be found there. How do you suppose that letter got into the cat-bird's nest? Did the bird use it to help build the nest? Stranger things than this have been done by birds. The names you give the mosses and lichen are good ones, but not the ones by which they are more often called. We know them as the "little cedar" or "evergreen moss," the "chenille moss," and the "reindeer lichen," because the last is "the favorite food of the arctic reindeer."

THE SWAMP-FLY.

BROOKLINE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: There is a kind of fly on Cape Cod which we call the swamp-fly. It is about half an inch in length, and has a green head. When we came here, on the 1st of August, there were a great many of these flies. Their bites are very painful, and, naturally, we did not enjoy their company. One day one of the inhabitants of this town told us that on the 11th of August swamp-flies would leave. We did not see how it could be so; but, sure enough, on the day many of the flies had gone. On the 12th there were fewer, and by the 13th almost all of the swamp-flies had departed. Can you tell me what is the reason for this? I send you a drawing of the fly.



DRAWING, BY THE WRITER OF THIS LETTER, OF A VIEW OF THE SWAMP-FLY AS SEEN THROUGH A HAND-LENS.

Very sincerely yours,

FLORENCE E. LAHEE.

The fly referred to is the green-head horse-fly, *Tabanus lineola*. The larva lives in swamps and wet places, and the fly is abundant in marshy places. The mouth-parts are very large, its jaws like lancets, so that it can make deep bites and draw a big drop of blood. When very numerous these flies may worry horses and cattle so as to cause their death.

Some other observers do not agree that the fly does disappear at a certain date under all conditions, and it is evident from the letter that our young friend has not made a sufficient number of observations to warrant the conclusion. Do not depend wholly on the statement of "one of the inhabitants" or upon one year's observation.

The presence of the fly is usually governed by weather conditions. Cooler weather and high winds drive them into sheltered places, and may kill large numbers, causing a local disappearance. More evidence from careful observations, with notes on condition of the weather, is needed to settle the question.

Here is a question to be decided. Who will make observations the coming summer? Let us hear further from our young observers in regard to these flies.

RUNNING SPIDERS IN THE GARDEN.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One day, when weeding in the garden, I noticed a rather large spider, and, stooping



BACK OF SPIDER.



UNDER SIDE.



SIDE VIEW.

down to examine it more closely, I was amazed to find it was completely covered with baby spiders, who, I suppose, were too little to look out for themselves. I became very much interested, and I gently knocked several of the babies

off, in hopes of seeing the mother gather them up again. But she was like the "Old Woman in the Shoe," and let them all scramble away. To punish her I put her in a preserve-jar and carried her to the house to sketch.



MOTHER AND BABY SPIDER.
(Length of mother's body, $\frac{3}{4}$ inch.)



PREPARED FOR BATTLE.
(Legs, $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches.)

A few feet away from where I first saw her, there was another spider with different markings, whom I supposed to be the father. At the time I did not capture him; but later on I found one with, I think, the same marking, and he was placed in another preserve-jar. Both the male and female were brown with yellow marking; but where the male had only one stripe the female had two. I have tried to give you the male in several positions; but spiders are very active, and preserve-jars are not the best prisons. The mother had lost one leg in the wars; I tell you this so you won't think that my drawing is in fault.

Ever your affectionate reader,

MAUD ASHHURST.
(Age 17.)

Your spiders belong to the genus *Lycosa* of the "running spiders" family, commonly known as wolf-spiders. They run very swiftly, as they depend on the use of their legs in capturing their prey, and do not make webs.

Your figures represent two different but closely related species. Both are common throughout the eastern United States.

NEEDLE FLOATING ON WATER.

MARBLEHEAD NECK, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you about three years, and it really seems as if I liked you better every month. I am very much interested in the Nature and Science department.

In the August number it told about the pond-skaters, and said that most boys had managed sometime to make a needle float on the water in a tumbler. I read that, and wanted to see if a girl could n't do it too,

so I tried it. At first I did n't fill the tumbler quite full, and holding the needle a little above the water, dropped it in. It went to the bottom at once. So I tried again, and I found out that the easiest way I could do it was to fill the tumbler full, hold the needle very close to the top of the water and drop it on. I could even carry it from one room to another without its sinking. I put the glass in the sun and it looked just as it said it would in ST. NICHOLAS, for the water seemed to go down under it, and up on the other side. It was very interesting to watch it.

I am your loving reader,
FREDRIKA GURNSEY HOLDEN.

Rub one end of the needle with a small magnet. Turn the tumbler slowly around or move the needle around very carefully by aid of a sharp-pointed stick. See if the needle persists in pointing one way. Which way? Why?

PRIZES FOR IDENTIFYING AND DESCRIBING.

IN response to the prize offer, "Because the Editor Wants to Know," on page 1032 of *Nature and Science* for September, 1900, many excellent letters were received within the time limit, before December 1st. A large number of the observations were so original and so well stated that the decision as to the prize awards was very difficult. Some letters were very brief, stating only the name and a very few particulars. Others occupied several pages of detailed description.

It has been decided to award two prizes, one for the best letter regarding the birds, and one

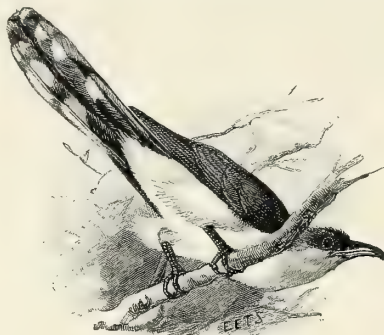


THE BROWN THRASHER.

for the best regarding the insects. The following is the best letter regarding the two birds:

GERMANTOWN, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Bird No. 1 is the brown thrasher. It is easily distinguished from the thrushes (which it closely resembles) by its long tail and white-



THE YELLOW-BILLED CUCKOO.

wing bars. Its flight is very much like the cat-bird's, with short strokes of the wings and a queer flirting of the tail. Its song also closely resembles that of the cat-bird. The thrasher generally builds its nest in a low bush, and sometimes on the ground; from this it is given the name of "ground-thrush," though it is not really a thrush at all. The nest is made mostly of twigs, bark, and small roots. The eggs are dull brown, speckled with reddish. They usually raise two broods in a year. The brown thrasher is a rather shy bird, but if its nest is disturbed it shows great bravery in defending it.

No. 2 is the yellow-billed cuckoo, that is always easily distinguished from the other birds by the large white patches at the ends of the tail-feathers, and by the lower mandible, which is bright yellow. The tail, back, wings, and top of head are slaty brown, and its sides and breast are dull white. I think the cuckoo is a rather weird bird, as it slips quietly from tree to tree. Its note is like this, repeated rapidly, slower at the end: cow-cow-cow-cow-cow. The English cuckoo is the only one whose note sounds like "cuckoo." The nest is a very loosely made affair, of sticks and small roots, generally built rather near the ground. The eggs are greenish blue. I have often lain in a hammock and watched the cuckoos in the branches of a large walnut tree over my head. Once I saw one catch a gray caterpillar in his bill; it was amusing to see how quickly it disappeared.

SAMUEL MASON, JR.

(Age 13.)

Both birds as seen on the wing are long and slender, whitish underneath, with long tails. Beginners can prevent confounding the two by remembering that the breast of the thrasher is heavily spotted, while that of the cuckoo is pure white. The flight of the thrasher is uneven and tilting, while that of the cuckoo is like the course of an arrow shot from a bow.

A good description of pictures Nos. 3 and 4 is given in the following letter, and a prize is awarded also to its author:



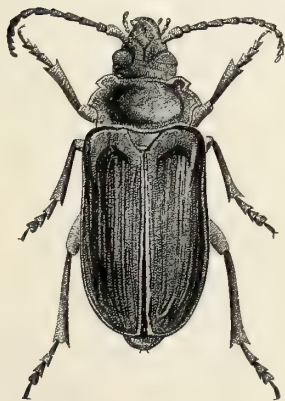
THE DOG-DAY HARVEST-FLY (CICADA), COMMONLY BUT IMPROPERLY CALLED A "LOCUST."

COLLINSVILLE, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One day my kitten caught a large insect which looked very much like No. 3 in the September ST. NICHOLAS. Taking it from her, I found it to be what is called a "locust," or cicada. This insect has two pairs of wings; the larger pair is joined to the thorax, while the smaller pair is joined to the body. The body is made up of about eight rings, which are black on the outer side but rather white on the under side. The six legs are joined to the thorax, which is black with greenish-brown stripes on the back. The eyes are placed on the side of the head and have a bulging appearance. Between the eyes are three little spots which look very like bright copper dots. From his head is a long needle-like projection. Certain years are marked by the appearance of vast numbers in swarms of these locusts. They do great damage to the apple-, peach-, and quince-trees, spoiling large crops of fruit. The cicada lays from four to five hundred eggs in the bark of trees. Soon after this she dies. The eggs are arranged in pairs and look something like the grains on an ear of wheat. These eggs hatch in about two weeks.

The active grubs are provided with three pairs of legs. Some kinds live seventeen years in the larva state and then in the spring change to the pupa, which differs from the larva by having small wings. There are many different kinds of cicadas. One kind in the Southern States appears every thirteen years.

Upon looking into my collection for No. 4, I found it to be the Broad-necked Prionus, which is very destructive to the Lombardy poplar. Two



THE PRIONUS BEETLE.

long antennae, each separated into twelve joints, are joined to the head above a pair of dull black eyes. Under the antennae are two large "pinchers"; below the pinchers are two pairs of small feelers. This beetle has two pairs of legs joined to the body, and one pair joined to the thorax. Each leg has six joints. The body is quite long, having a pair of sheath-wings under which is a pair of brown gauze wings which fit into a hollow under the sheath-wings. The under side of the body consists of shiny black rings. Beneath the wings is a sort of weapon of defense which the beetle shoots out when he gets angry. This beetle is a very delightful one to study, seeming as if put together with the greatest of skill. I should like to know more about both of these insects.

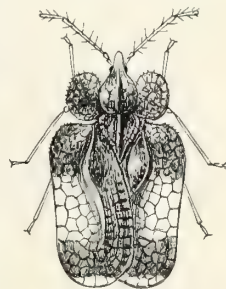
ELSIE L. EATON.
(Age 15.)

Only a few of the letters mentioned No. 5. Of these the following is the best:

CHESTER, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: No. 5 is the *Tingis* of the sycamore-tree, and is a great pest of that and other trees. Many specimens may always be found under the bark. Comstock says: "It is the only insect that is clothed from head to foot in fine white Brussels net."

G. ELLIS ROLAND ULLMAN.
(Age 12.)



THE "LACE-BUG"
(TINGIS).

Comstock also says, "Dainty as fairy brides are these tiny, lace-draped insects." The illustration is from a view of the insect enlarged about ten times. It is often called the "lace-bug."

A few letters gave accurate identifications of all five. Only a few incorrectly named the objects represented. The following are especially entitled to

HONORABLE MENTION.

Serena Gould, 2607 University Avenue, Austin, Texas.
Earle R. Greene, 470 Jackson Street, Atlanta, Georgia.
J. D. Perkins, Coatesville, Pennsylvania. (Description of all the insects.)

Irwin G. Priest, 12 Flint Street, Mansfield, Ohio.
Catherine Lee Carter, Wayside, New Jersey.

Rest H. Metcalf, Hinsdale, New Haven.
Francis U. Adams, 46 Grove Street, Plainfield, New Jersey.

Charles T. Sweeny, 1370 Pacific Street, Brooklyn, New York.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

WHO nobly strives the goal to win,
To him a double meed is given:
The prize for which he strove, and then
The joy of having nobly striven.

If any one will look over the work of the League to-day and compare it with that of the earlier months, it will not be necessary to tell that person at least that the League and its work is a success. Some of the young artists and writers who have contributions in this number have been represented in former numbers. The improvement in their work is so evident that the briefest comparison will convince the last skeptic, if there is any such, that the League is what we have always claimed for it—a great art and literary school.

As we have so often said, the winning of prizes, or even seeing one's work beautifully printed, is not the highest recompense for having nobly striven, but recognition is very sweet to us all, and the hope of having our work fairly judged and given an artistic setting must encourage even the most careless ones to try, and keep on trying, and so to develop to perfection the gifts of which nature bestows only the beginnings.

Speaking of careless ones brings to mind once more those who maintain a lofty indifference to the rules and requirements of the competitions. A good many—mostly boys—disregard the rules concerning ages and indorsements; and these generally say, "I have wrote a good poem," and the poem in question is usually "wrote" on both sides of the paper, followed by a number of questions which the League leaflet would have answered if they only had read it.

But the puzzle-answers are more forgetful than all the others combined. Perhaps there is something about digging out puzzle-answers that makes a boy forget how old he is, or who his parents are, or even his grandmother, supposing he wanted any one of them to indorse his work, which he probably does n't. The glory of having untied the knots is doubtless enough, without a gold or silver badge, and he scorns any certificate of honest effort or clear conscience. Joy be with him.



"A MARCH DAY." BY SANFORD TOUSEY, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 15.

IN making the awards, contributors' ages are taken into consideration.

VERSE. Cash prize, five dollars. Margaret Widmer (age 16), 2031 North Nineteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Gold badges, Eleanor Hollis Murdock (age 13), Cold Spring-on-Hudson, New York; and Helen King Stockton (age 13), 15 Gramercy Park, New York City.

Silver badges, Helen Bartlett Maxcy (age 16), 26 Berwick Park, Boston, Massachusetts; and Minnie Sweet (age 12), 60 Vine Street, Dayton, Ohio.

PROSE. Gold badges, Gordon H. Graves (age 16), 307 North Seventh Street, Richmond, Indiana; M. Effie Lee (age 15), Wilberforce, Ohio; and Gordon Burton Smith (age 11), 53 Forest Avenue, Atlanta, Georgia.

Silver badges, Winifred Dean (age 13), Falls Village, Connecticut; and Julia McCormick (age 13), 331 North Geneva Street, Ithaca, New York.

DRAWING. Cash prize, five dollars, Fred Carter (age 17), Park Crescent House, Bradford, England.

Gold badge, Sanford Tousey (age 17), 330 West Twelfth Street, Anderson, Indiana; and Beth Howard (age 13), 3216 Briggs Avenue, Alameda, California.

Silver badges, Melton R. Owen (age 13), 64 Grove Street, Brooklyn, New York; and Margaret Lentz Daniell (age 9), 820 Manitou Avenue, Los Angeles, California.



BY F. CARTER (ENGLAND). (CASH PRIZE.)

PHOTOGRAPH. Gold badges, Wendell R. Morgan (age 16), Oneonta, New York; and Frederic C. Smith (age 12), 1229 Franklin Street, Keokuk, Iowa.

Silver badges, Ellen Dunwoody (age 14), 1522 Thirty-first Street, Washington, District of Columbia; Gay M. Dexter (age 14), 48 West Fifty-fifth Street, New York City; and Gertrude Monaghan (age 13), Swarthmore, Pennsylvania.

WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH. First prize (gold badge and five dollars), "Antelope," by Mary Love (age 15), B. F. C., Lexington, Missouri.



"WHAT I PHOTOGRAPH MOST." BY FREDERIC C. SMITH, AGE 12.
(GOLD BADGE.)

Second prize (gold badge and three dollars), "Opossum," by Anna B. Moore (age 14), Chatham, New Jersey. (No third award.)

PUZZLE. Gold badges, S. B. Murray, Jr. (age 12), 5509 Hunter Street, West Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; and Frances M. Richardson (age 13), 12 Park Street, St. Johnsbury, Vermont.

Silver badge, William S. Ward (age 16), 15 Holcomb Street, Watertown, New York.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Gold badges, Bertha B. Janney (age 14), 189 Court Street, Keene, New Hampshire; and Sara Park (age 12), Merion, Pennsylvania.

Silver badges, W. P. Palmer, Jr. (age 14), 30 South Oxford Street, Brooklyn, New York; and Miriam Leonard (age 12), 1809 Portland Avenue, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Prize awards are usually sent within ten or fifteen days following their announcement.

A MARCH FESTIVAL.

BY GORDON H. GRAVES (AGE 16).

(Gold Badge.)

How high the wind was! The little boy popped into bed and pulled the covers up close around his neck. He heard the wind whistling through the trees and making their branches tap, tap on the roof. The great moon was shining through the win-

dow. The little boy noticed all these and then went to sleep. Presently he woke up. The wind was still sighing, the branches still tapping against the roof, the moon still shining through the window. The little boy got up and looked out into the moonlight. What was that? Why, a rabbit. It scurried across the yard and ran on toward the woods. Then he saw that there were a great many running in the same direction.

The next thing he knew, he had unfastened the gate and was running down the lane. How he had left his room he could not tell. The wind whisked his nightgown hither and thither, but he was not cold. He soon reached the woods and crept on from tree to tree. At length he saw ahead of him an open space where the rabbits were assembling, so he lay down in some leaves and peeked over a log.

The rabbits sat in a great circle. They sat as still as could be. Presently the little boy heard some wild, sweet music, far away, but coming nearer, and in a little while six tiny woodmen marched into the circle. They were dressed all in green, and each was blowing a fairy pipe with all his might. They climbed upon a stump, and then up jumped the rabbits and danced to their piping. Round and round they went. The little men piped and piped, and the rabbits danced and danced. The little boy thought how strangely the music rose and fell, and how strangely the moon shone through the bare branches, and how warm it was among the leaves. Why! he was in bed, and the wind was sighing outside and the moon shining through the window.

IN BOOKLAND.

BY HELEN KING STOCKTON (AGE 13).

(Gold Badge.)

THERE is a country where we all may enter,
Through which we journey, banded or alone.
It is the land of books, where oft we center
Our thoughts, our hopes, our fears, and all we own.

There we may see Jeanne d'Arc, with golden glory
Around her sacred banner and bright mail;



"WHAT I PHOTOGRAPH MOST." BY WENDELL R. MORGAN, AGE 16.
(GOLD BADGE.)



"WHAT I PHOTOGRAPH MOST." BY ELLEN DUNWOODY, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE.)

Or we may meet once more, in olden story,
King Arthur's knights, who seek the Holy Grail.

There we may wander down through all the ages,
Meet hero, saint, crusader, scholar, king;
And live again in history's thrilling pages,
Or in the songs that all the ages sing.

MARCH DAYS ON A GEORGIA PLANTATION.

BY GORDON BURTON SMITH (AGE 11).

(Gold Badge.)

LAST year, in March, I visited my grandfather's plantation, on the Flint River, in Southwest Georgia. On a Georgia plantation there are many interesting things to see and do.

Down on the old muddy river, and near the freshet-water ponds, you may see the long-necked cranes flying and flapping clumsily about. Then when you leave the river and start for the house, which is up on the highlands, you cross a field covered with driftwood, which has been thrown there by some recent freshet. In this field you will notice one of the many strange things; for all the trash is piled on the northern side of the trees and bushes, the reason for this being, the river flows south, and washes the trash on to the north side.

Just as you are nearly across the field, a little white-and-gray streak darts out from under one of the brush-heaps, and your negro guide gives a shout that nearly makes you fall off your horse: "Look a-yonder! Look a-yonder! Dar's a sage-field!" A sage-field is a species of rabbit, named this by the negroes because its beds are always found in fields of sage-brush. This kind of rabbit is noted for its running. As you pass a cane-brake, a large black-and-gray rabbit jumps out of the canes. He does not go nearly so fast as a sage-field, but goes with a stately hop-hop-hop that makes you think he must be old. However, he does not go slowly on account of his age, but because of his weight and size. This rabbit is called a cane-cutter, because he cuts the canes with his sharp teeth and eats the pith out of them. The molly cottontail, known all over the United States, is neither one of these, but is also found here.

Near the river on this plantation there is a bluff about one hundred feet high. Along the side of this bluff the railroad runs, and in sight is the railroad bridge over the river. On the top of the bluff there is a circular breast-

work; and during the Civil War a body of Confederates guarded the river bridge from this point. The bluff is called Indian Bluff, because an Indian village was once there. An old pine-tree on the highest point is near the spot where the wigwam of an Indian chief stood.

MY FAIRY-BOOK PRINCE.

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER (AGE 16).

(Cash Prize \$5.00.)

DEAR little prince of Fairyland,
The rose you hold in your outstretched hand
Is not half so sweet as the loving look
You bend from your page of my picture-book
On the calm little princess over the way.
Do you win her, or lose? Do you go or stay?
Ah, you wed, I know! I have but to look
Over the page of my picture-book.

Dear little prince of Fairyland,
Is the red, red rose in your tight-clasped hand
For none but your princess, cold as fair?
Surely she's many a love to spare!
She never would care if you went away!
Could you not step from your page, and stay
With a lone little maid who would love but you?
(And ah, little prince, I would love you true!)

Cold little prince of Fairyland!
Silently, haughtily, still you stand.
"To none but my princess," you seem to say,
"My rose and my love, though there come who may!"
And you'll wed the princess—the book says so;
And I know you lived many a year ago;
Yet—ah, little prince, if you could but look
Loving but me from my picture-book!

A MARCH KING.

BY JULIA MCCORMICK (AGE 13).

(Silver Badge.)

ONCE, long ago, in the year 1785, at the beautiful palace in Versailles, France, there was great rejoicing,



"WHAT I PHOTOGRAPH MOST." BY GAY M. DEXTER, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE.)

for on the 27th of March, a little child, Louis Charles, afterward Louis XVII., was born to Queen Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI. Though not welcomed as his brother, the first Dauphin, had been by the people, he was destined to succeed his brother.



"ANTELOPE." BY MARY LOVE, AGE 15.
(FIRST PRIZE, "WILD ANIMALS.")

The little Louis XVII. was a charming child. His blue eyes, clear complexion, and curling chestnut hair made him look like an angel. He was more sensitive than most children of his age. One evening his mother played and sang to him a little cradle-song. The little Dauphin, who was listening, did not stir. "Hush! he is asleep," said Madame Elizabeth, his aunt. But the child raised his head eagerly.

"Oh, dear aunt," he said, "can one sleep when mama queen is singing?"

At his birth he was given the title of Duke of Normandy. The name should have brought him good luck, but alas! it did the reverse. His career is one of the most pathetic in history, and is only equaled by the little King of Rome's.

But when he died, in 1795, at the close of the terrible French Revolution, he was deeply mourned by every one save the cruel Revolutionists; and the peasant children respectfully removed their red caps when his funeral passed down the Champs Élysées. He is buried in the Cathedral of Saint Denis, at Aix-la-Chapelle. Poor little Louis XVII! Must he be entirely forgotten because he did not live to become a great man? And I think that when the 27th of March arrives, both American as well as French boys and girls should remember and respect his birthday.

AMONG HER BOOKS.

BY HELEN BARTLETT MAXCY (AGE 16).

(*Silver Badge.*)

SHE had few other playmates than her books;

And far more real these shadow-comrades seemed
Than all the living people whom she knew.

Her books were real; 't was in the world she dreamed.

She talked with Natty Bumpo in the wood,

And gay Charles Stuart whom she loved so well,

With Uncas, and with merry Robin Hood,

Or roamed with her child-playmate, Little Nell.

She wept with Marie Antoinette in prison,
And burned to rival brave Horatius' deed,
To be a Jeanne d'Arc or Leonidas,
And die as bravely for her country's need.

They called her lonely, but they little knew
The host of friends she had unseen by men.
She found some comrade whatso'er her mood,
And little needed earthly friendships then.

MY BOOK AND I.

BY MABEL FRANK (AGE 17).

THERE 's a shady, moss-grown bed,
Where the trees sigh overhead
In the spring.
There I often used to lie,
While the robins flitted by
On the wing.

Oh, how sweet it was, indeed,
Thus to lie alone and read
From a book;
Or to watch the noisy bees
Flitting round the flowers and trees
By the brook.

And when shades of evening fell,
And I scarce made out to spell
From my book,
If a squirrel chanced to peep,
He would find me fast asleep
By the brook.

THE WINDY DAY.

BY MARY E. KLAUDER (AGE 6).

LUCY CORMAN was frolicking around
in the wind with her little brother, as joyful
as could be; and both were singing,
while their dog "Towser" was barking
about with them.

All at once Teddy's hat flew off, and
they both had to run as fast as they could
to get it, and the dog nearly got it before
they did. Laughing, they both managed
to get it.

Then the wind began to blow faster,
and both, tired out after their run, out
of breath, slowly trudged home.



"OPOSSUM." BY ANNA B. MOORE,
AGE 14. (SECOND PRIZE,
"WILD ANIMALS.")



"WHERE I LIVE." "MY SCHOOLHOUSE."
BY EDWARD T. GEORGE (NEVADA).

MY COMRADES.

BY MINNIE SWEET (AGE 12).

(Silver Badge.)

THE sweetest comrades of my life
Are on the book-case shelf;
I wander in their magic realms
Until I lose myself.

And when school-work is over,
Done, every trying test,
And holidays at last are come,
I hug them to my breast.

With Crusoe, Alice, Gulliver,
And something good to eat,
I climb up in the apple-tree,
And take my favored seat.

But now around that pleasant seat
The snows fall fast and thick;
But I recall those happy hours
While writing for ST. NICK.



BY KENNETH G. CARPENTER, AGE 13. (WINNER OF GOLD BADGE IN AUGUST.)



"STOLKJERRE," IN NORWAY. BY CONRAD LAMBERT, AGE 15.

SUGAR-MAKING IN MARCH.

BY WINIFRED DEAN (AGE 13).

(Silver Badge.)

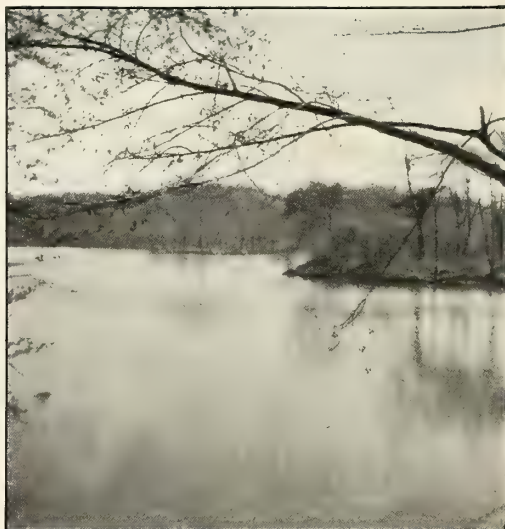
PROBABLY a good many of the ST. NICHOLAS readers do not know about the process maple sugar goes through, so I thought I would give them an idea, although I cannot tell them all about it. First they bore a hole in each of the trees with an auger, and put in a spout made of wood, iron, or tin. They call this tapping the trees, and do this in February or March. Then they hang the buckets on the spouts. As my father owns a good many trees, he hitches the oxen on the sled, puts a rigging on, and carries them to the trees in this way. Then he waits for the sap to run, until there is enough to pay for boiling. Then the oxen are hitched on the sled again, on which is a barrel with a hole for the funnel. When they get the barrel full of sap they go to the sap-house, and the sap runs out from a hole which is in the end of the barrel into a tank. From the tank it goes into a pipe, and from there into the evaporator, where the sap is boiled. After it has boiled an hour or more, it is taken out in pails. In this condition it is called syrup. Many a time the school-children, on their way home from school, have stopped at the sap-house for a sip of the delicious syrup. And what fun it is to sit in the sap-house and read, once in a while getting up to

see if the fire needs replenishing, or to look out in the grove and see a nuthatch running down a tree and crying, "Quank, quank!" After it becomes syrup it is taken to the house, where it is put on the stove in a kettle. When it was put in, the kettle was not one quarter full. Then they have to be careful that it does not run over. To keep it from doing this they stir it with a stick, and it will go down. After it gets to be about so thick, they dip it out with a large spoon, put it in tins, and set it in a place where it will cool. When it gets cold, they take it out of the tins, and it is ready for us to eat.

MY BOOKS.

BY LUCIUS A. BIGELOW, JR. (AGE 9).

AMONG my brother books (all dear)
The one most prized (I love the rest)
Has on its cover, "Lamb's Shakspeare";
For rainy days it is the best.



BY EDNA E. FRANK, AGE 15.

A MARCH WIND.

(A True Story.)

BY EDNA BENNET (AGE 11).

It was about the middle of March. In the night the wind had waked us by rocking our beds. When we went out the wind took our breaths away, and almost blew us away too. That day we went to school. In the afternoon my younger sister, Helen, could not go, but Coit and I went. Our mother put a veil over our faces, and then we went after Coit's teacher, and a little girl, to go to school with us. The wind beat the sand into our faces, and we could hardly walk. When we reached the school we were all right, but coming home it was worse than ever. Coit was afraid to move, and clung to the fence. A boy saw us, and came and helped us home.

It was a terrible wind which will long be remembered. It blew the chimney down, and we could not cook, except on a little coal-oil stove, with which we managed to get along until a man could fix the chimney. It also blew a great many shingles from nearly every house in town. It blew fences and even whole houses down. It blew one day and two nights. It blew plaster down upstairs; it came down with a big crash. We could not go upstairs to sleep one night, and we had to make beds on the floor. We children thought it great fun. It blew nearly every well-curb down in town. I don't think it ever will be forgotten.



BY GERTRUDE MONAGHAN, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

MARCH.

BY LILIAN E. WELLS
(AGE 11).

ONE bright March afternoon, as I had a holiday, I thought I would take a walk through the woods and over the hills back of our house. And these are the things I saw: All along the way were tall, gaunt trees, with tiny buds just trying to open. The grass also was beginning to peep out between the damp leaves that lay scattered everywhere. Patches of snow still lay in the fence corners, but they were small patches, to be sure. As I passed, little red squirrels would look at me so queer, as if to say: "What are you doing here?" I heard a robin or two warble a few notes and then let them die away. And once in a while a blue jay would sit on a twig, and, perking his little head, would wink at me out of his wicked little eyes. In a sheltered nook I found some little blue violets. As the sun was setting I walked on home; and on the way I could not help

repeating Longfellow's poem, "When beechen buds begin to swell."

Any reader of ST. NICHOLAS, or any one desiring to become a reader, may obtain a League badge and instruction leaflet by sending a written application accompanied by a *self-addressed and stamped* envelope.

League members whose badges have been lost or destroyed may obtain new ones on application.

THE BOOK SHE WANTED.

BY JOSEPHINE JAYNE BAILEY (AGE 11).

A LITTLE maid, a pretty maid
With very dainty looks,
Walking on Broadway one fine day,
Went into a store of books.

A little man, a funny man,
Walked out and to her said,
"I s'pose you want a book, my dear,
That you have never read.

"And we have every kind of books;
Our stock is quite a marvel.
Now here is 'Janice Meredith,'
And here is 'Richard Carvel';

"Here 's a new book, 'To Have and to Hold';
Here 's 'Captain Kidd,' a sailor bold.
And now, young lady, which will you choose?"

"If you please, sir," she said, "I want 'Mother Goose.'"

BY LOUISE SLOET VAN OLDRUITEN-
BORGH, AGE 14.

THE OLD BOOKS.

BY HELEN JANET RIPLEY (AGE 14).

BRAVE old books, all torn and tattered,
Marked and thumbed, and ink-bespattered,
You have lived a life of glory, and 't is time that you should rest;

You have made the time pass quickly
When outside the snow whirled thickly,
And, whate'er the time or weather, you have always done your best.

When I've been so tired and weary
That all else appeared but dreary,
You have always been a blessing, and a precious solace, too.

'Mid the summer's balmy breezes,
Or 'mid winter's snows and freezes,
You have e'er remained as faithful 'neath a sky of gray or blue.

You have bravely done your duty,
And though lost is all your beauty,
I shall always, always love you, and each dear old broken back.

Gently on the shelf I lay you,
In a vain attempt to pay you,
By a long rest, for the many years of resting that you lack.

MARCH DAYS.

BY DOROTHY BULL
(AGE 13).

WHEN you wake up in the morning there is a clear sky and spring is in the air. You say to yourself: "We will have beautiful weather."

It remains clear all through the day, but in the evening a tremendous wind springs up. The shutters bang, the panes rattle, and the wind whistles through the key-holes and roars in the chimneys.

It grows rapidly colder, and you light a fire. Soon the room is filled with smoke and soot.

Rain begins to fall, mingled with snow and hail.

This keeps up all night and part of the next day. Then the sun comes out, and you say, "This is March."



BY PAULINE CROLL, AGE 15.



BY DOROTHY LYMAN WARREN, AGE 12.

MISS ALCOTT'S BOOKS.

BY BEULAH FRANK (AGE 14).

OF all the books I ever read,
Or ever hope to read,
I think Louisa Alcott's books
Do surely take the lead.

When we read in "Little Women"
About the sisters four,
Like Oliver Twist we are inclined
To speedily ask for more.

For Alcott's books are all so good,
So fresh, so full of fun,
I'm sure that every boy and girl
Must love them every one.

AN ENERGETIC POET.

BY JEANNETTE C. KLAUDER (AGE 15).

TOMMY thought he'd be a poet,
Write thick books and get good pay;
So he started one fine morning
To think what was best to say.

First he shut the door and locked it,
Then he got himself a chair,
And he thought 't would be more classic
To run his fingers through his hair.

To finish all these
various fix-
ings

He gave a cough
and made a
frown —

But just then his
mother called
him,

And asked if he
would go to town.

Up jumped our poetic
Tommy,
Grabbed his hat and
soon ran off;
Never thinking of his
poem
Or his frown and put-on
cough.

THE KING OF BOOKS.

BY CECILY ISA-
BEL SHEP-
PARD (AGE
12).

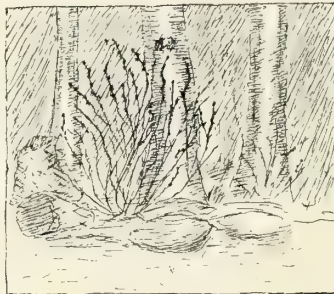
BOOKS upon the
table, lying
all around,

BY BETH HOWARD, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)

Some of them are paper, some of them are bound.
Picture-books, school-books, story-books and all;
Some of them are large books, some of them are small,
Some of them are new books, some of them are old;
Between some of the covers fairy-tales are told.
And there I see ST. NICHOLAS, with many a pretty story,
With pictures drawn by R. B. Birch, and cover by
Miss Cory.

PUSSY WILLOWS.

BY EUNICE CLARK BARSTOW (AGE 12).



"PUSSY-WILLOWS."

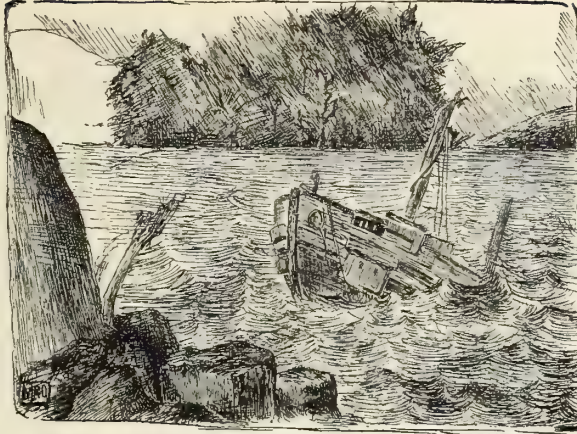
PUSSY-WILLOWS
grow in swamps
or near brooks.
They can be found
in March and
April. The pussies
grow alternately
on the stem. They
are fuzzy and soft
like real live pus-
sies.

They come from
little brown crad-
les, and are called
Mother Nature's
babies.

THE BOOK-WORM.

BY GRACE REYNOLDS
DOUGLAS (AGE
10).

CUDDLED in a parlor
chair
Lies a worm with gold-
en hair,
Feasting hard from
morn till night
Upon leaves so fresh
and bright;
But as its food is of
the best,
'T is most easy to di-
gest.
Here 's a secret I 'll
confess:
She 's feasting on St.
NICHOLAS.



"A MARCH DAY." BY MELTON R. OWEN, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

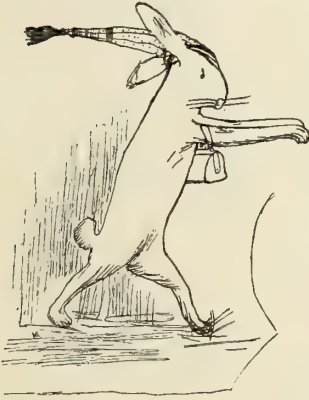
STORY OF THE MARCH HARE.

BY M. EFFIE LEE (AGE 15).

(Gold Badge Illustrated Story.)

Now ef you listen ah 'll tell you jes' how hit come 'bout.

Mis' Hare boun' she ain't goin' ter hab huh chile christen twel he a yeah ole, do' all de folks say "dey ain't heah de like," an' "by dat time he be big 'nuff ter christen hese'f." Seem lake de moah dey kick ergenst hit de moah boun' she git.



So on de fuss ob Mawch 'zackly a yeah aftah he bawn, she sen' foh de 'Sidin' Eldah, an' he come mighty ully (de young folks sez 'cause he heah dey gwine ter hab a beeg dinnah aftah de christenin').

Now when Miss Hare see de Eldah comin', she wash de li'l' Mawch Hare's face an' paht his haih on de side. Den dey goes in de pahlah where de company is, an' de christenin' begin. But when de Eldah say, "What dis young man name ter be?" "Mawch Hare 's my name," sez a sassy li'l' v'ice. "Don' yer reckon I kin talk foh myse'f?" When Miss Hare heah huh son sass de 'Sidin' Eldah, she make up huh min' ter spank dat chile when de company go, so she put down a mahk foh it.

Now de Mawch Hare knowed what he 'd git foh he sass, so all on a sudden he up an' out de doah, de Mawch win' blowin' behin' hem.

His ma sent Miss Squirrel aftah hem, an' she soon bring hem back. When he come in all a-pantin' an' grinnin', she sat dare an' roll huh eyes at huh son, an' when she got

Mawch Hare was so wile, all de hares stawt up de sayin', "wile ez a Mawch Hare," an' we got hit fum dem.

THE MUSIC-BOOK.

BY ELEANOR HOLLIS MURDOCK (AGE 13).

(Gold Badge Illustrated Poem.)

THE book is old, and the
leaves are torn,
And the notes are
brown and dim;
The faded covers are
dusty and worn,
And the lettering
quaint and prim.

A child steals through the
music-hall,
In her arms a violin;
She turns the page with
reverent hand,
Inquiring, looks with-
in;

Then softly raises the
instrument
With a proud and ten-
der look,
And casts her eyes on the
yellow page
Of the ancient music-book;



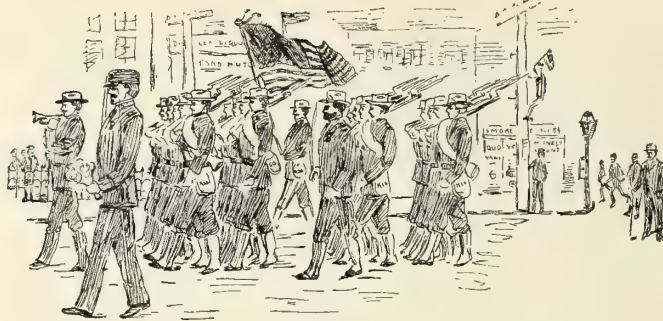
And arises from the magic frame
A weird and wailing lay—
A ghostly sound in the lofty hall,
That echoing dies away.

Only a simple minor scale!
Yet how strangely queer and
wild
It seems in that dreary old-world
place,
When played by a little child!

'T is over; the book is gently
closed;
The little one slips away;
And nothing is left but a murmur
soft
Of those strains of simple play.



"A MARCH DAY." BY MARGARET LENTZ
DANIELL, AGE 9. (SILVER BADGE.)



A "MARCH" DAY IN "KAINLUCK." BY PEIRCE JOHNSON, AGE 14.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

A LIST of those whose work, though not used, has been found well worthy of honorable mention.

POEMS.

Margery A. Ryerson
Caroline Clinton Everett
Louise McElhinny
John Burger
Mary Ellen Derr
Helen Stevens
George Marks
Arthur Edward Weld
Olive Dikeman
Charlotte Nelson
Alfred Kitchen
Gertrude Twiner
Denison H. Clift
M. B. Morgan
Robert Ashley Searle
Julia Williamson
Beatrice Baisden
Henry Gustin
Graham Hawley
Greta Wetherill Kernan
Roy May
Elizabeth Coolidge
Lætitia Viele
J. Peetrey Clark
Laura Lavinia Wilstenholme
Margaret Beatrice Child

Elise R. Loebman
Alice Wardell Baker
Nellie Anderson
Elizabeth Babcock
Margaret Darst
Philip West
Gertrude Kaufman
Fred Ames Coates
Rena Kellner
Teresa Cleary
Abbie Ingalls
Steele Wotkins
Emily Dunbar Wheeler
Enid Logan
S. Gold

PROSE.

Betty Lee
Florence Esther Blethen
Elsa Hildenbrand
Henry Sokoliansky
Mary P. Parsons
Wallace Dunn
Ruth Van Dyke Carlin
Elford Eddy
Howard P. Rockey
David M. Cheney
Eva Levy
Elinor L. Franklin
Laura Alleine Langford
Vallie A. Deming
Marjorie Mears
Harley Green Higbie
Theodora Shaw
Gertrude L. Cannon
Louis F. May
Ella F. Courter
Elsie E. Flower

Dora Helen Hill
Gussie Schwartz
Jane Elizabeth Bigelow
Catherine Lee Carter
Eunice Fuller
Belle Stork
Erica Thorp
James McLelland
Rachel Stuart Terry
Pauline Mallory
Beatrice Dunlap
Katherine L. Buell
Elsie Simonson
Una Z. Smith
Eleanor McCarter
Mildred Louise Roberts
Jessie N. Simon
Hope Bacheler
Jaret Everest
Elena Clarke
Helen Lathrop
R. A. Dyer
Mabel Stark
Lucille Owen
Erian F. Chittenden
Fannie Bridges
Katherine C. Gurney
Ethel Myers
Edith Guggenheim
Agnes Sweet
Elise Jones
William Reynolds
Coates
Lottie A. Dunham

Arnold Lahee
Walter M. Gorham, Jr.
Eric Schuler
Miriam L. Ware
Howard R. Patch
Donald Sweet
Dorothy McGregor
Helen C. Eustis

Lilian Endicott
Farragut Ferry Hall
Donald R. De Loria
Robert D. Hays
Kennedy Boardman
Margaret Hubbard Farrar
Bessie Alter
Leila Tucker

DRAWING.

Walter J. Schloss
C. Alfred Kilinker
J. E. Bechdolt
Edward H. Croll
Francis M. Sullivan
Viola Beerbohm-Tree
Elinor M. Hoyt
Romaine Hoyt
Alice Krause
Louis Moen

Mary Ward
Lucille Kupfer
Margaret Orinda Hazen
Josie Barney
Grace Jones
Albert Barr
Alice Porter Miller
Alvin S. Keys
Paul W. Cobb
William Wait Battles
Clinton S. Burr
Carol Bradley
Mabel Miller Johns
Thomas S. McAllister
Harrie S. Coe
Robert T. Judson
Aurora Hodges
Willard Morton
Grace B. Coolidge
Charles E. Wallbridge
J. D. Pursell
Essa Starkweather
Donald V. Newhall
Otto H. Lacher
Katherine Gordon Parker
Dorothy Belden
Miles S. Gates
Carl Titus Thompson
Molly Wood
Grace Stanley Brownell
Gorrell Cook
Marjorie Hopkins
Mary Jones
Ethel Osgood
Willie Landon
Gilbert Lacher
Mary Worthington
Frances Sager
Rhoda E. Gunnison
Addie Ruff
Catherine H. Harkins
William A. Jones
Addison F. Worthington
Margaret Corwin
Constance Hoyt



BY SETH HARRISON GURNEE, AGE 12.



BY JANE LYND, AGE 11.

Jewell K. Smith
Nancy Barnhart
Ysabel Garcia
Helen Murphy
Hilda B. Morris
George Parke Street
Harriet Park
John Suberbic
Edwin H. Weaver
Constance Fuller
Mildred Curran Smith
Virginia R. Duane
Edward Fox
J. Parrott

Ruth Noyes
Edith Sherwood
Elizabeth M. Fuller
Norman C. Trumpout



BY HENRY GOURDIN YOUNG, AGE 13.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

Dorothy C. Ruff
Alan M. Osgood
Morris S. Phillips
Paul Shipman Andrews
Wellsley T. Pole
Harold Bennett
Clarence A. Manning
Murray Waters Tinges
John Jeffries
Dorothy Hinkley
Margaret Wotkins
Earle Robinson
Gertrude Helen Schirmer
Yvonne Stoddard
Dexter Wheelock
Dorothy Rice
Noel B. Van Wagnen
Pauline Sawyer
Robert Donald Walker
Margaret Williamson
Jack Willets
Esther P. Denny
Ethel S. Wilson
Margaret P. Davis

Howard Morris
Susan T. Campion
Harold H. Jager
Martha M. Heriges
Mary Higginbottom
Henry E. Birkenbine
Elizabeth B. Griffiths
Florence Reed Crittenden
Muriel Carmody
Thyrza Benson
Henry Reginald Carey
Alice Bushnell
Mary Kent
Clara L. Cheesman
Rachel C. Holmes
Stanley C. Brooks
Priscilla Mitchell
Louise Slet van Oldruitenborgh
Marie Ortmayer
Margaret B. Copeland
Byron Boyd
Goldy Budd
W. Zinsser

Robert W. Foulke
Hadjie Dawson
Sidney Witkowsky
Kent Shaffer
John Langhorne
William Patch
Harry A. De Witt

Margaret Crossman Phillips

Helen Bigelow
Roland P. Carr
D. Mitchell Dey
Henry W. Nickel
Charles Strozzi
George Gifford Eysenbach
Earle B. Fowler

PUZZLES.

Elizabeth H. Sherman
Eleanor Whidden
J. Welles Baxter
John Mayhew Baldwin
Mary B. Camp
James Neill
Leonard A. Watson
Robert D. Sherwood
Asa B. Dimond
Thomas J. Pryce
Herbert Schroeder
Mildred Dorothy Woodbury
Elizabeth Farrelly
Helene Boas

Marion Tuthill
Jay B. Camp
Mason A. Freeman, Jr.
Miriam Williams Roberts
Dorothy Calman
Warren S. Carter
Tom McCall
Ruth Allaire
Wm. M. Becker, Jr.
Karl Kroch
Joe Fribley
Rosalie Jacobs
Janette Bishop
Beth Stephenson

CHAPTERS.

MUCH pleasant entertainment and mutual benefit result from chapter organization. Weekly meetings, at which recreation and mental culture are pleasantly and about equally divided, must in time result in great good to those who take part willingly and in the proper spirit.

Members and others forming chapters may have their buttons all come together in one large envelope, postage paid, and as many buttons will be sent as desired for actual use.

An error was made in November, Chapter 153 being put down as 152. The cry "Hallabaloo, Hullabaloo" belongs to 153.

No. 138 calls for more badges.

No. 140 was discouraged at first, but since they have adopted new amusements they think there "is

nothing like the St. Nicholas League."

No. 172 reports that they have such a nice chapter that everybody wants to join. Seven new badges are called for.

No. 178 calls for eight new badges.



BY DOROTHY SQUIRES, AGE 13.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 186. Orin Wakefield, President; Daniel Pratt, Secretary; five members. Address, 1512 George Street, Sioux City, Iowa.

No. 187. "Wild Rose." Carrie Swezey, President; Cora McLellan, Secretary; eighteen members. Address, Alamosa, Colorado.

No. 188. Henry Volkman, President; Henry Gommel, Secretary; nineteen members. Address, 188 Santiago Avenue, Rutherford, New Jersey.

No. 189. Samuel Sawyer, President; Ernest Fifield, Secretary; seven members. Address, Conway, New Hampshire.

No. 190. "Lewisia." Lucia Koch, President; Jennie Coale, Secretary; four members. Address, Bozeman, Montana.

No. 191. Reed Culmer, President; Madge Fellows, Secretary; thirteen members. Address, Box 120, Worthington, Indiana.

No. 192. "Sunshine Club." Grace Carlisle, President; Dorothy Calvin, Secretary; four members. Address, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. No. 192 meets every Saturday from October to May, inclusive. The officers hold office for a year, and there is a modest annual assessment of ten cents.

No. 193. Alice Simons, President; Louise Edgar, Secretary; six members. Address, Honesdale, Penn.

No. 194. Albert Brand, President; Herbert Bleir, Secretary; seven members. Address 8 West One Hundred and Thirty-first Street, New York City.

No. 195. "We Girls." Coral Himelhoch, President; Ruby Taggett, Secretary; fourteen members. Address, Caro, Michigan.

No. 196. "Glenwood Briar Chapter." Clara Cheesman, President; Eleanor Murdock, Secretary; five members. Address not given.

No. 197. Francis Winslow, Jr., President; Lois Wiggin, Secretary; three members. Address, New Milford, Connecticut.

No. 198. Margaret Wilson, President; Lillian Kahn, Secretary; seven members. Address, 352 Farwell Avenue, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

No. 199. Sixteen members. Officers not yet elected. Address, 328 Central Avenue, Orange, New Jersey.

No. 200. "The Searchlight." Alice Dean, President; Bessie Dean, Secretary; fifteen members. Address, Fall River, Connecticut.

No. 201. "Good-natured Club." Sarah Atherton, President; four members. Address, 36 West River Street, Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania. The "Good-natured Club" has some good by-laws:

I. All members must be good-natured and obliging.

II. Must take some outdoor exercise at every meeting.

III. Officers must be changed every twenty meetings, so every one will have a turn.

IV. Must accomplish something every meeting.

No. 202. "X. Y. Z." Alice Turner, Secretary; three members. Address, 14 Winter Street, Torrington, Conn.

LEAGUE LETTERS.

MY FAVORITE BOOKS.



BY RUTH B. HAND, AGE 14.

WHEN I was quite a little girl I read my "Brownie Book," And "Mother Goose" and fairy-tales, o'er these I'd ever look; And then when I grew older I thought "Lady Jane" was fine; "Lord Fauntleroy" and "Little Women" were favorites of mine. But one merry, merry Christmas, when the snow was on the ground, In my stocking in the morning St. NICHOLAS I found. And then, oh, all the dear friends I found in the many pages, Birds, beasts, and flowers, and children of all ages. Thrilling jungle stories; "Teddy and Carrots" so jolly; Saucy "Miss Nina Barrow," and our pretty, merry "Polly"; "Philip," the boy of ancient France; "Master Skylark" of England old; And the wild-geese chase of the "Biddicut Boys" for the dog that was often sold;

"Denise" and her dear little pony; "Tom Sawyer" and merry crew;

Of all my many favorites these were only a few. But the finishing touch was added when I saw in those columns so dear

"The St. Nicholas League for Young Folks," at the beginning of last year.

So with the very best of wishes for a long life so well begun,

Among your many readers please count me a loving one.

MARIE H. WHITMAN.

(Age 14.)

A GREAT many League members are interested in Katie Bogle's letter about birds. As before stated, it is one of the League aims to protect birds, and every member is pledged to do so without signing an agreement as suggested:

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read Katie Breckinridge Bogle's letter in the December issue of ST. NICHOLAS, and thought how nice it would be not only to try and prevent all we can of feathers and birds being worn on hats, but also of dogs' ears and tails being cut off, and docked horses, and blinders being on the horses. We would have pledges, and the ST. NICHOLAS would kindly print the names of those who sign each month. Not only children, but grown people also could sign.

Hoping my plan will be accepted, I remain, your devoted reader, PAULA GOLDZIER.

NEW BRIGHTON, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think the suggestion made by Katie Bogle in the December ST. NICHOLAS is just the thing.



BY TINA GRAY, AGE 16. (SCOTLAND.)

Since reading "Beautiful Joe" I have never been willing to wear birds in my hats. I remember once mama sent away for my hat, and when it came it had three little birds on it. I cried because I had to wear the hat, and so mama took them off.

I hope there will be many more answer Katie Bogle's letter, and that we can carry out her suggestion.

Your loving reader, T. GERALDINE WHITE.

SAN DIEGO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am one of your most devoted and interested readers in the West. I think your magazine the best published, and look forward with great pleasure and interest to the twenty-fifth of each month. I especially enjoy the League, for it is perfectly splendid, and I know it does much good in many directions. I wish very much to join it; so will you please send me a membership badge and a leaflet for instructions?

I have never seen the name of any girl or boy from San Diego in your magazine; so I am going to try very hard to represent my native town in some way or another.

I have delightful times here, and even if I have lived in this southwest corner of the United States all my life, almost fifteen years now, I never grow tired of the place, for in this lovely climate life is one long perpetual summer. Last spring I saw my first snow while visiting friends on a mountain sixty-five miles north of San Diego, at an altitude of 5500 feet. There are many native-born children of the "Golden West" who have never seen snow except on distant mountains. This would probably astonish many children of the East, who are so accustomed to it. Very few children born in California know anything of thunder and lightning either; but sometimes we have slight earthquakes. However, I think I prefer these to some of the Eastern storms.

Rejoicing in League's success, I am

Your true and loving friend,

CONSTANCE RESTARICK.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: I have taken a great interest in dumb animals.

Our dog made friends with our cat. The dog would let the cat eat first; then he would eat.

We were also in a habit of putting down a paper for his supper. One evening, however, we forgot it. He ate all but his bone. Then, looking around for a paper, he saw one over by the coal-bucket, and took his bone over there and ate it.

Yours truly,

GARNER E. HUBBELL.

(Age 12.)

Louise Sloet van Oldruitenborgh of Rue d'Arches, Liège, Belgium, Europe, would like to exchange stamps and pictorial postal cards with American members.

Other appreciative and entertaining letters have been received from Betty Lee, Grace E. Barstow,

Margaret E. Corwin, Louise Sloet van Oldruitenborgh, Nathan B. Chase, Pauline Croll, Elinore L. Hays, Richard Miller Kendig, Barbara Littlefield, Lucius A. Bigelow, Jr., Alice Karr, Fred Swigert, Victor L. D. Sherman, R. Newton Brey, Florence Davis, Olive P. Stevens, Louise Roberts, Adelaide Cunningham, Mamie H. Woodhull, Alice F. Guyer, Orrick G. Johns, Thomas Porter Miller, Lamar Q. Downtain, Kenneth J. C. Given, Anna Wetherill Olmsted, Katherine Woods, Gertrude M. Schell, Leona Bernheimer, Elizabeth Spies, Barbara R. Jones, Mary Selina Tebault, Anna L. Munson, Alice M. Gray, Edward H. Croll, Flora Dart, Howard Osgood, Vera Johnston, Gertrude L. Allen, Lex Chiquoine, and others.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 18.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers.

A SPECIAL CASH PRIZE. To any League member who during the first year has won a gold badge for any of the above-named achievements, and shall again win first place, a cash prize of five dollars will be awarded, instead of another gold badge.

Competition No. 18 will close March 20. The award will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for June.

VERSE. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author. Subject, "When School is Done."

PROSE. Story, article, or play of not more than four hundred words. It may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author. Subject, "A Happy Day."

PHOTOGRAPH. Any size, mounted or unmounted, but no blue prints. Subject, "My Home." May be interior or exterior, with or without figures.

DRAWING. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Subject, "A Heading for June." May be interior or exterior, suitable for League department or for poem or story.

PUZZLE. Any sort, the answer to contain some word relating to the June season.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

WILD-ANIMAL OR BIRD PHOTOGRAPH. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun.

For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird, taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

THE ADVERTISING COMPETITION.

A REPORT of the prize winners in Advertising Competition No. 3 will be found on advertising page 13, together with other information concerning this novel and successful contest.

Address:

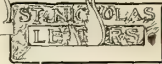
ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE,
Union Sq., New York.



BY MADGE FALCON, AGE 16. (ENGLAND.)



BY FRANK HALSEY, AGE 9.



THE LETTER-BOX



IN the contents of the December ST. NICHOLAS, the story "Christmas on the 'Mayflower'" was described as "A True Story." The opening paragraphs of the story were so written as to give the impression that it was true, but the author in an accompanying letter had expressly stated that it was "half fact and half fiction." Several vigilant and courteous correspondents have called attention to the misstatement in the contents, and we thank them.

"THE CROSSWAYS," PORT ELIZABETH, SOUTH AFRICA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just read the letter from John Nipgen McWilliams in the November number about his visit to Hampton Court, and how he was not allowed to go in without a coat.

I lived, for nine years, within three miles of Hampton Court, and know it very well, and I am quite sure there is no such absurd law about little boys not being allowed to go in without coats.

Little English boys wear blouses as well as Americans, and in England there is no restriction as to dress.

Dear ST. NICHOLAS, I don't like people to say such things about our laws; it sounds as if we had such very stupid ones.

Please do print this letter. I wrote to you once before, but you did not. I remain,

Your interested reader,
OLIVE M. MARTIN.

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking your magazine and like it very much. I am a little boy six years old. I lived in Arizona for two years and saw many Indians there. When I was there they had a carnival. When my Aunt Edith was taking a picture of one of the Indians he threw something at her. It makes them very angry to take their pictures. They think it is bad luck. I am your little friend,

STEPHEN BONSAL III.

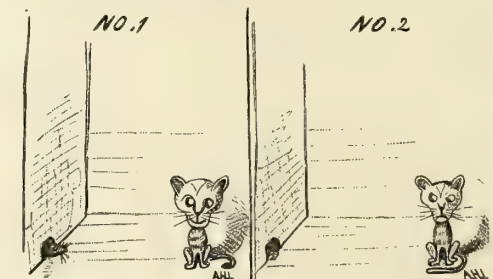
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been in Europe for six months with papa and mama, and have taken you all the time. Part of the while we were in Germany, and now we are staying in Italy, and every place we have been we have been glad to see the ST. NICHOLAS. I like to read every part of it very much. We are staying in Rome. We have a pleasant apartment that looks into the Quirinal Gardens.

One day we took a drive to St. Paul's, without the walls. We visited the road where St. Peter and St.

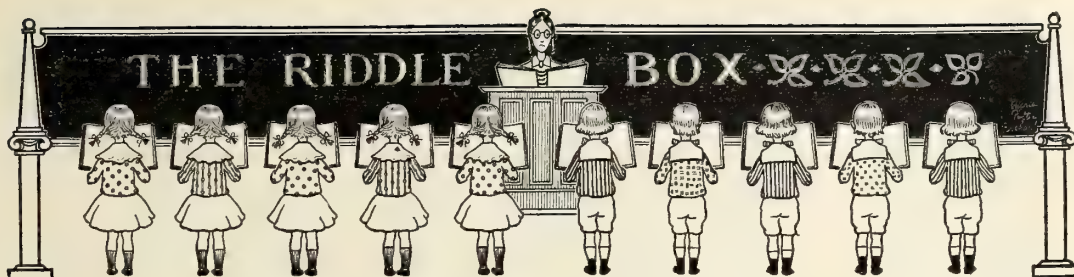
Paul said good-by to each other and then went different ways. Then we drove on to the church. We went in through a great portico. The pillars that hold the roof are made of one piece of marble. The walls, that were not quite finished, were adorned with all-colored marbles. Then we went inside the church, and the four rows of columns were very beautiful. There was a place where some one was buried, and over it was a canopy. The blocks of marble on which the columns stood were of beautiful green marble from Russia. There were pictures of different popes above the columns, made of mosaic. Some days we take walks in the Villa Borghese, and find ever so many violets. One day again we went to the Forum Romanum, and saw the old pillars and pieces of marble which have been dug out. We saw the remains of arches and buildings, and an old temple of which are left only ten columns. We saw the columns of Phocas and also the ruins of the house where the Vestal Virgins lived. We saw the place where they made their fire, and we saw the court and what people think are the rooms they slept in. We looked in an old kitchen and saw a mill where they ground their wheat. Yours sincerely,
LOUISE W. FARNAM.

ST. NICHOLAS thanks for their pleasant letters the young correspondents whose names are printed below:

Alfred Cohen, who says that through ST. NICHOLAS "at all hours of the day some child has found out something he or she did not know before"; *Linda Combes*; *Georgie H. Faison*; *Marie Goslen*; *Eno Hamm*, who writes from Mexico; *Margaret F. Howells*; *Lucile Marshall*; *Rachel Nauman*, who used the covers of ST. NICHOLAS to make a pretty decoration for her room; *Alice M. Pineo*, whose dog is clever enough to warm his foot by putting it on the fender; *Beatrice Reynolds*, who likes ST. NICHOLAS very much, and thinks that "all who have good taste agree with her"; *Howard S. Roberts*, who wishes some one to tell him how flint is formed, and why sparks come from it; *Carrie Dorothy Scott*; *Carrie Elizabeth Short*; *Oscar Soule*; and *Frances Wilson*.



DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS. (BY A YOUNG ARTIST.)



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Oom Paul.

CONCEALED QUOTATION. "Love sought is good, but given unsought is better."

A CIVIC DIAGONAL. Valentine. 1. Vancouver. 2. Waterford. 3. Salisbury. 4. Lakeville. 5. Plainview. 6. Manhattan. 7. Palestine. 8. Texarkana. 9. Baltimore.

RHYMED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Valentine. 1. Raven. 2. Grape. 3. Rally. 4. Wheat. 5. Panel. 6. Aster. 7. Stick. 8. Pansy. 9. Steel.

A NOVEL ACROSTIC. Valentine's Day. 1. Seventy. 2. Ball. 3. Cent. 4. Ties. 5. Cone. 6. Seed. 7. Rays.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 15th, from Elsa and John Dohse—Richard R. Stanwood—E. Kaskel—Claire van Daell—W. P. Palmer, Jr.—Emily P. Burton—Pierre Gaillard—Joe Carlada—Marguerite Sturdy—Miriam Leonard—Henry C. Berrian—Mabel, George, and Henri—Elsie L. Williams—Bertha B. Janney—"Allil and Adi"—Mary R. Walley—"Hiawatha and Wabeeka"—Agnes Rutherford—Kathrine Forbes Liddell—John S. Ware—Minnie Reese Richardson—George T. Colman—Sara Park.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 15th, from A. S. Dubin, 1—Amelia Jones, 1—Frances J. Seckels, 1—Bertha Inglis, 1—L. I. Laughlin, 1—Theodore W. Sill, 4—Laura L. Williams, 2—H. C. Brittingham, 1—Simon Blumenfeld, 1—Laura Van Keuren, 7—Anna Hubley, 1—Henry Millis, Jr., 3—Hugh Cassidy, 1—Helen Sears, 1—Gertrude Buckingham, 4—May Freeman, 1—Frank S. Hudson, 1—Hazel Cloyer, 1—Jacques Adams, 1—Jessica Bird, 3—Miriam Ware, 1—William W. Brown, 4—Edyth F. Vermeulen, 1—Harry S. Keeler, 1—Mabel and Charlotte Stark, 5—Elsie Fisher Steinheimer, 7—Daniel Milton Miller, 7—Clarinda Swan, 1—Helen J. Wells, 1—Helen F. Peabody, 1—Helen M. Glenn, 1—Emily S. Powers, 3—Addie F. P. Carbee, 3—Henry La Bregue, 2—Dorothy Monro, 1—Charles C. Atherton, 7—Helen A. Hedge, 1—W. B. Hay, 1—Floyd Crosby, 6—John W. Fisher, Jr., 7—Helen P. Metcalf, 3—Percy R. Morton, 1—Ruth Alice Bliss, 3—Vashti Kaye, 7—Fanny A. Faunce, 1—J. Welles Baxter, 2—Preston Reynolds, 2—Charles J. Osborne, 6—Henry W. Church, 6—Marguerite Carter and Julia Miskell, 1—Mary L. Brigham, 7—Annabel Lea, 3—Willard W. Beatty, 2—John T. Metcalf, 1—No name, Boerne, Texas, 5—The Spencers, 7—Gladys Williams, 4—Kenneth G. Carpenter, 3—Agnes R. and Helen B. Lane, 3—Constance R. Inches, 5—Dorothy A. Baldwin, 7—Dorothy A. Maclean, 1—Florence Adams, 1—Emily S. Peck, 6—Harold Chaille, 1—Robert Chase, 1—Ruth Sullivan, 1—Frieda Behn, 5—Anna L. Cabot, 5—Ruth L. Gamble, 7—Edith Gaskill, 2—Herman Wishart, 1—Harold C. Cole, 6—Janet Chapin, 1—Allen McGill, 3—N. F. Hamburger, 1—A. L. Kelly, Jr., 1—Marjorie Rossier, 7—Helen Little, 2.

A LABYRINTH OF LETTERS.

L	A	Y	P	G	N	I	L	R	G	Y	
G	G	G	H	S	T	O	R	E	A	C	N
E	E	O	Y	I	R	A	Y	P	M	I	A
B	O	L	S	H	D	W	A	S	M	T	T
R	G	O	I	Y	C	I	R	R	A	E	O
A	R	A	P	H	I	N	I	T	H	M	B
R	H	E	T	O	R	G	M	U	S	I	C

By starting at the right letter and following a certain regular, continuous path (using no letter more than once), eleven studies, familiar to school-children, may be spelled.

JESSIE DAY (League Member).

CHARADE.

My first is one;
My second, five;
My whole all winter stays alive.

L. E. JOHNSON.

SHAKSPERIAN NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of sixty-three letters, and form a quotation from Shakspeare.

My 9-55-37-60-51-46-3 is a fruit much liked for jellies. My 32-13-61-25-8-14 is a dried fruit often on the dinner-table. My 15-5-11-58-63 are tropical fruit. My 39-21-

55-14-40-25 are dried plums. These four fruits are mentioned in *Winter's Tale*. My 51-39-6-56-45 is a very common fruit; it is mentioned in *Twelfth Night*. My 12-28-59-5-26-19-44-7-21-2-35-41 were beloved by Izaak Walton; they are mentioned in *Richard III*. My 47-8-36 is a fruit which has become a synonym for a trifling value; it is mentioned in *Antony and Cleopatra*. My 51-33-22-48-9-10-28 is a fruit that is used in the East as a remedy for fever; it is mentioned in *Richard II*. My 54-31-34-19-62-37-43-27-20-50 is a fruit useful to the silk industry; it is mentioned in *Coriolanus*. My 42-21-38-30-17 is used in making wine; it, also, is mentioned in *Coriolanus*. My 53-40-1-57-24-32-60-27-35-12 are the fruit of a species of bramble; they are mentioned in *Midsummer Night's Dream*. My 9-29-45-21-59-23-40-12 are beloved by boys and robins; they are mentioned in *King John*. My 10-32-13-52-49-24 is a common winter fruit; it is mentioned in *Much Ado about Nothing*. My 16-5-54-63-10-46 is a variety of plum; it is mentioned in *King Henry VI*. My 18-5-34-14-55-3 is a dinner-table fruit; it is mentioned in *Merry Wives of Windsor*. My 6-17-38-9-4 is a delicious summer fruit; it is mentioned in Part II of *King Henry IV*.

ELSIE LOCKE.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. Clever. 2. A common Latin noun. 3. To expiate. 4. Tears. 5. A ringlet.

ANNE P. PEASE (League Member).



ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

EACH of the thirteen small pictures may be described by a single word. When these words have been rightly guessed and placed one below another in the order in which they are numbered, the central letters, reading downward, will spell an annual holiday.

EMBEDDED SQUARE.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

o	o	o	o
o	o	o	o
o	o	*	*	*	*	*	.
o	o	*	*	*	*	*	.
.	.	*	*	*	*	o	o
.	.	*	*	*	*	o	o
.	.	.	.	o	o	o	o
.	.	.	.	o	o	o	o

I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A list. 2. A wind instrument. 3. Solitary. 4. A sly expression.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A fish. 2. A small quadruped. 3. Placed in a line. 4. Information.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Close at hand. 2. A sea eagle. 3. A feminine name. 4. A measure of paper.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Part of a cereal. 2. Uncommon. 3. Artifices. 4. A habitation.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. An appellation. 2. In the middle. 3. A very small portion. 4. A place of happiness.

S. B. MURRAY, JR.

CHARADE.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

THERE was a Roman master
Who spoke thus to his school:
"To him who climbs my first I'll give
A copy of my *whole*."

The pupils in those days of old
Did as the master reckoned;
We would n't take it as a gift—
It makes us feel my *second*.

WILLIAM S. WARD.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

I AM composed of sixty-nine letters, and form a quotation relating to education. The quotation is two lines from Cowper.

My 59-45-12-31 is a willow basket used for catching fish. My 25-52-16-8-58-33 are plants growing in wet

ground. My 21-28-68-6 is a fleet quadruped. My 49-65-19 is a recently extinct and very large bird. My 41-37-69-64-9 is the place of an occurrence. My 35-14-42-22 is method. My 11-3-26-34 is a song by one person. My 62-55-30-7 is a rod of authority. My 39-43-36-60-32 is twined. My 20-54-67-48 is a pronoun. My 1-40-56-27 is much like a hawk. My 44 is a large number. My 17-47-29-24-63-23 is to beat. My 4-10-5-51 is a masculine nickname. My 50-15-2-46 are sweet cakes. My 18-13-57 is an abbreviation of a title. My 66-61-53-38 is an insect.

FRANCES M. RICHARDSON.

DIAGONAL.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When these words have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal (beginning at the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter) will spell a place greatly beloved by all good children.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A seaman. 2. Insufficient. 3. To cling. 4. To greet. 5. Ordinary manner. 6. A bite.

KATHARINE M. CLEMENT (League Member).

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE.

(One word is concealed in each verse.)

1. To the medicine cupboard went Old Mother Hubbard—

Her dog had swallowed a bone;
Pills, lotions, and plasters she used for disasters,
But oh! the poor dog wished none.

2. He went to a school, where a primer was lent him,
And he would n't go home till a message was sent him.

3. He went to the grocer's, who gave him for lunch
Some northwestern celery tied in a bunch.

4. When asked if he'd like to leave Old Mother Hubbard,
He said: "I'm contented with bones in the cupboard."
ANNA M. PRATT.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals spell places of instruction, and my finals what are learned there.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. Spirit. 2. To quote. 3. Finished edges of garments. 4. Lyric poems. 5. One of the United States. 6. To lend. 7. Great bodies of water.

MARIAN JOHNSON (League Member).



"FRED OUILLETTE, THE YOUNG PILOT AND SON OF A PILOT, A HERO IN THE EYES OF THE BOYS OF MONTREAL."
(SEE "THE PILOT," PAGE 490.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

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No. 6.

TWO BOYS AND A MOUNTAIN-LION.

BY WILLISTON HOUGH.

THE boys had their cabin in a deep, wild cañon of the Santa Inez mountains. They were city lads, but they had been in the mountains nearly a year, and could hunt and shoot and ride like young ranchmen.

During the winter rains, Fred Ransom, an old hunter, had kept their camp—"Me orders is to look arter thim ying hinters," he said. But when spring came, Fred went back to his farm, and the boys were left to their own devices.

One night, when they were lying on their blankets telling stories, they were startled to hear some one call for help from out the gloomy darkness of the cañon. They rushed to the door and listened. The cry was unmistakable—it was the voice of some one in distress. It seemed to come from far up the cañon, and the boys hurried out into the night and some rods away from the door. They knew that the upper cañon was wild and rugged in the extreme, and could not well be approached save by the trail passing their camp. Was it possible that some one had lost his way, and in sheer despair had descended into the wild, impassable ravine? The cry continued, and it was so certainly a human voice, and was so pleading and piteous, that it wrung intense sympathy from the astonished boys at the same moment that it filled them with alarm and dread.

"Mort, we *must* go—it 's too dreadful—I believe it 's a child!" cried Vernon.

"We can't without torches."

"I 'll tell you. Let 's fire a gun!" And Vernon ran to the cabin to bring a rifle.

Morton thought like a flash that a big bonfire would be the thing, and he was hurriedly throwing together logs from the woodpile, when the sharp crack of Vernon's rifle rang out and echoed through the cañon.

Both boys listened for a shout; but an empty silence followed the report.

"Perhaps he can't call any more," said Morton, stooping down to light the pyramid of logs.

"'Duke,' lie down, sir! Down, *down*, sir!" commanded Vernon, sternly.

The big hound at first had bayed, as he might at any obscure disturbance, but now he ran about nervously, whining and making short excursions into the solemn gloom. In a moment, as it seemed, the bonfire became a towering column of swaying flames, and the circle of bright illumination steadily enlarged until the wavering glare danced upon the steep bank of chaparral behind the cabin.

Suddenly that strange cry was repeated—more distant, more weird, and more prolonged; but it died away in something like a drawl.

The boys exchanged a hasty glance. Vernon

sprang forward and seized his rifle to fire another signal; but his purpose instantly gave way before a new thought. The gun sank again slowly from his shoulder, as a humorous grin spread over his face, and, with a loud shout of laughter, he cried: "It's a panther, Mort—a panther! Well, I'll be bound!"

"Well, that's a good one on us!" groaned Morton, staring hard at Vernon, and then they burst forth into peals of laughter at what seemed a huge joke on themselves.

"Funny I did n't think of that the very first thing!" exclaimed Vernon, throwing himself down in disgust before the fire. "Of course—perfectly absurd! Nobody could be up the cañon who did not pass here! Lost—a child, too! Ha, ha!"

"Sounded awfully like one, though," said Morton, who sat Turkish fashion with his elbows upon his knees, gazing into the fire, and recalling the pathetic cry they had heard.

"How he drawled it out and sang it at the last, as if making fun of us! I believe he knew he had fooled us!" said Vernon, in great indignation.

One evening, not long after, the boys sat upon the front of the porch, dangling their legs in the air and discussing the day's doings.

Duke lay upon the porch next the boys, with his nose between his paws, his big eyes turning quickly hither and thither, responding to every suspicion of flitting shadow or snapping twig. Suddenly he leaped from the porch with one short, low growl, darted down to the creek, clearing it at a bound, and on the instant was in a savage grapple with some wild beast, whose hoarse, rasping growls could easily be dis-



THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF THE MOUNTAIN-LION.

tinguished as the two rolled over in a moment's fierce encounter.

The startled boys jumped up and sprang forward, but the hot fight had already become a

mad chase, and before they could fully realize what had happened, the hound had treed his antagonist not fifty yards away.

"Quick, Mort, the guns!" Vernon shouted, as he dashed on to back up Duke, now leaping into the air and whining and barking about the base of the huge upturned roots of a fallen sycamore.

"Good dog, Duke! Steady, steady, Duke!" Vernon called out in an encouraging voice, as he made forward over the rough ground.

He knew that sycamore covert well; and like a flash he thought what a capital place it was to corner a wild animal. The giant tree had stood by the water's brink, and when it fell, the network of labyrinthine roots had torn out and carried with them the earth in which they were embedded, and now the upturned, circular mass was crowned upon its upper edge by a narrow line of fresh young shoots.

Here, apparently, the marauder in his haste had taken refuge. But what a treacherous hiding-place! For though the large green leaves afforded some concealment while the heavy shadows of the hill fell across the thicket, the moment the approaching moonlight reached the spot the lurking-place of the fugitive was certain to be revealed. Vernon's pulses beat fast as he anticipated the excitement of that moment—the sudden exposure of the crouch-

ing form, the savage growl, the flash from his rifle. As he heard Morton approaching with



"THE BIG, UGLY HEAD SHOT OUT AGAIN WITH BARED TEETH AND A HISSING SNARL." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

the guns, he raised a hand to caution him, for his one fear now was that something would happen to start the quarry. There was a hasty parley, and the two advanced cautiously to a position guarding the covert on the side next the hill.

"Well planned," thought Vernon, as he re-

flected that the dashing mountain stream would probably afford an effective guard on the other side. And now there was nothing to do but to wait for the moonlight to spring the trap!

But Duke was so much emboldened by the near presence of the boys that he suddenly began leaping up toward the edge of the covert. The third time he jumped, the boys were amazed and startled to see dart out at him a huge, fierce, square-shaped head that left no doubt as to the animal's identity. "It's a panther—a mountain-lion!" gasped Vernon under his breath; and both boys started back in alarm as the big, ugly head shot out again with bared teeth and a hissing snarl.

A mountain-lion! *That* was far more than they had bargained for. Vernon's confidence was suddenly transformed to uncertainty and dread. In ten short minutes the moonlight would play over that thicket, and the long, lithe body and savage head of the panther would be clearly visible; but—to shoot—at a panther—at such close range! Why, he could be upon them with one terrible spring! Vernon felt the skin of his whole body pucker and chill as his frightened fancy pictured the powerful, willowy form crouching for a spring at that very moment.

Suddenly Duke darted around the base of the root with a savage yelp, plunged into the water and down the stream from boulder to boulder and pool to pool in great, swift leaps, marked by jerky growls and yaps and the ripping swish of his feet cutting the water.

"It's a break! a break!" cried Vernon, and with a shout the boys dashed off in pursuit, forgetting their benumbing fear, and calling loudly to the dog, lest he let slip the prize.

Duke's onrushing growls and yaps quickly changed to short, sharp barks, and at once the boys realized that their foe was again treed.

"By George, that dog's a—"

"Soft, Mort," commanded Vernon, under his breath, grasping him roughly by the shoulder. "We've got to be careful! We—we must first find out where the fellow is!"

From where they were they could just see Duke bounding into the air beneath the long, lanky trunk of an overhanging sycamore on the other side of the creek. The tree really sprang

from their own bank, but it leaned more than half over, so that it stretched its gaunt length across the stream and far toward the jutting rocks of the west wall of the cañon.

"He's in that tree! Oh, we're—"

"Will you be *still*, Mort!" growled Vernon, preparing to cross the creek behind the shelter of a bush.

They were creeping stealthily up the bank on the other side, when Vernon caught sight of the great, ugly head poked out from among the scant foliage of the tree-top, the yellow-green eyes with their central coals of fire glaring right down at him!

It's a puckery, clammy chill that surges over your skin the first time you see wild eyes gleaming at you in the night!

And there was something lurking, wily, and treacherous in the panther's motionless, steady stare that gave Vernon new cause for apprehension. There seemed to be purpose, method, and resolution in it. It made him feel that his enemy was now consciously pitted against him, and that he meant to use every resource of cunning and of savage strength that he possessed to effect his escape.

The thought called out Vernon's young manhood as it had never been called out before. His mind suddenly seemed a blaze of light all focused upon the fact that he was face to face with a crafty, ferocious, and powerful wild beast, and that one false move might cost the lives of himself and his younger brother. Yet the intense vividness with which he saw the danger only made him calm and strong, and he even felt a splendid exhilaration as his sound mind and body responded to the call with every faculty at his command.

At this moment the full moonlight fell upon the tree-top and bathed it in a mellow radiance which at once revealed the outline of the panther's powerful form crouching close along the tree-trunk; and it even lit up the tawny yellow of his skin. Instantly the great beast showed his dislike of the exposure by creeping farther on among the branches, heralding the move by a half-suppressed angry snarl.

Vernon was glad of the moment's respite in which to think. He argued that the lion would not venture a leap direct to the ground,



"A TAWNY BODY WHIRLED THROUGH THE AIR." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

—a straight fall of twenty feet,—but would first descend the tree-trunk part way, and then make his spring. He had already taken his stand near the lower end of the slanting tree, and now he saw that the lion would be forced to advance straight toward him, which of course he would do slowly, and thus give him his opportunity.

“If he only waits till the moonlight comes!” thought Vernon, anxiously. For he knew that until the moonlight touched the sights of his rifle there could be no certainty in his aim; and to fire the shot-gun at that distance would be hazardous in the extreme, while to advance into the moonlight would be equally so, for he could then be covered at one spring from the panther’s hiding-place.

“Only wait, only wait, old fellow!” Vernon repeated to himself, with increasing anxiety, as the critical moment drew nearer.

But the panther was already creeping forward along the tree-trunk. As he emerged from the partial shelter, he stopped, stood up to his full height, bared his teeth, and snarled a savage snarl of defiance. Vernon had n’t realized before how big and terrible he would look! For a moment he almost wished they were back in the cabin. Morton grasped him by the jacket at the back; and Duke growled a fierce, long, guttural growl, while every bristle along his back stood erect.

The panther surveyed the scene with a calmness and deliberation calculated to unnerve any but the steadiest hand. He seemed to be weighing the relative costs of retreating and of advancing. Vernon was suddenly seized by a strong temptation to fire. But he knew that to miss the right spot by so much as an inch might be fatal—he dared not move, and the line of the moonlight on the ground before him was still three feet away! It was a trying moment.

Then the panther began to advance. He crouched, and crept slowly forward step by step, snarling and laying back his ears in an ugly manner, while he kept his wicked, gleaming eyes fixed steadily upon the trio.

Vernon felt his flesh begin to creep and his hair to stiffen, and his heart suddenly jumped and began pounding against the wall of his

chest. “Fie!” he said to himself, clenching his teeth and fists.

It was over in an instant (Vernon was really a boy of splendid courage), and his thoughts were again fixed upon the business before him—and none too soon!

The panther had stopped. He crouched lower. The tip of his long tail began to lash from side to side, his head was low and pushed far forward; his thin lips twitched nervously, and his ugly claws dug into the bark. Vernon did not need to be told that the lion meant to spring, and that to delay an instant would be fatal. The rifle rose to his shoulder—ah! the moonlight fell full upon the sights. A rising roar was met by a clear, sharp report, which rang back from the cliff and echoed again as a tawny body whirled through the air and fell in a shapeless, quivering mass on the ground below.

“Hurrah!” shouted Morton, as the pent-up nervousness escaped in a wild yell of delight.

It was the proudest moment of Vernon’s life as he looked down at the great beast’s outstretched form.

“The standing up to it was the worst,” said Vernon, as he thought of how he had to pull himself together when the panther began to creep toward him along the tree-trunk, uttering that ugly, hissing snarl.

He stooped down and lifted the huge, block-shaped head, and saw that the bullet had passed through the brain and out on the back of the neck. “Must have smashed his neck, too,” he said thoughtfully. Then his eyes swept over the handsome length of the skin, and he exclaimed: “By George, but that ’ll make a trophy! I say, Mort, we ’ll have it dressed and keep it! Old Mason ’ll do it for us.” And as the idea caught their imaginations, they danced and circled about their prize in the moonlight like young savages, and the walls of the cañon rang again and again with their glee.

Three weeks later Ned Wilson, their school friend, came to visit Mountain Chasm, and he was speedily introduced to the skin of what they had called the “lost child,” while he listened with wide-eyed astonishment and admiration to the story of its finding and “rescue.”



BY PERMISSION OF WILLIAM NOTMAN & SON.

"OLD JOHN" STEERING A BOAT THROUGH THE LACHINE RAPIDS.

CAREERS OF DANGER AND DARING.

FOURTH ARTICLE: THE PILOT.

THE CANADIAN VOYAGEURS—THEIR TRAINING AND THEIR ADVENTURES—THE RAPIDS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE—THE CANADIANS ON THE NILE—A FATAL DISTRUST—HOW THE CATARACTS WERE PASSED—A CANADIAN PILOT SAVES A STEAMER.

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

WOULD you see the most skilful pilots in the world, men who know all the tricks with ocean liners and the Indian tricks as well, who fight the rush of seventy-foot tides in the Bay of Fundy, or drive their frail canoes through furious gorges, or coolly turn the nose of a thousand-ton steamboat into the white jaws of rock-split rapids where a yard either way or a second's doubt would mean destruction, or hitch long hawsers to a log raft big as a city block (the lumber in a single raft may be worth a hundred thousand dollars), and swing her down a tumbling waterway hundreds of miles, with a peril in every one, and land her safe? If you would see all this, go to the wonderful St. Lawrence, which sweeps in wide and troubled reaches from the Great Lakes to the sea.

Of course I do not mean that any one man

can do all these things,—that would be asking too much,—but each in his own line, half-breed or Indian or fur-bundled voyageur, has such quickness of eye, such surety of hand, that you will be glad enough to watch the rafters on their rafts, and ask no more of them, or the canoeists at their paddles, or the big-craft pilots at their wheels.

Let us stand on the long iron bridge that spans the St. Lawrence just above Montreal, the very place to study the river as it narrows and runs swifter for its smashing plunge through yonder rapids to the east, the dreaded Lachine Rapids, whose snarling teeth flash white in the sun. Look down into the greenish rush, and see how the waters hurl past these good stone piers, sharp-pointed upstream against the tearing of winter ice! Here goes the torrent of Niagara and the in-

land ocean of Superior and Erie and Ontario, all crushed into a funnel of land by this big island at the left that blocks the flow, and gorged by the in-pour of the Ottawa a few miles back that brings down the floods of southern Canada. As fast as a horse can gallop runs the river here, and faster and faster it goes as the long slant takes it, ten, twelve, fourteen miles an hour (which is something for a river), until a dozen islands strewn across the funnel's lower end goad the rapids to their greatest rage. Here is where they kill. Then suddenly all is quiet, and the river, spreading to a triple width, rests, after its madness, in Montreal's placid harbor.

Standing here, I think of my first experience

boats, and only a single way of doing the right thing. For four miles the pilot must race along a squirming, twisting, plunging thread of water, that leaps ahead like a greyhound, and changes its crookedness somewhat from day to day with wind and tide. In that thread alone is safety; elsewhere is ruin and wreck. Instantly he must read the message of a boiling eddy or the menace of a beckoning reef, and take it this way or that instantly, for there are the hungry rocks on either hand. He must know things without seeing them; must feel the pulse of the rapids, as it were, so that when a mist clouds his view, or the shine of a low-hung rainbow dazzles him, he may still go right. It is a fact that with all the pilots in



A STEAMBOAT IN THE LACHINE RAPIDS.

in shooting these rapids (it was on one of the large river boats), and I must confess that it gave me no very thrilling sense of danger. There were two or three plunges, to be sure, at the steepest part, and a little swaying or lurching, but, so far as movement goes, nothing to disturb one accustomed to the vicissitudes of, say, ordinary trolley-car navigation. However, when I came to the reason of this fairly smooth descent, and saw what it means to stand at the wheel through that treacherous channel, I found my wonder growing. I thought of the lion-tamer, whose skill is shown not so much by what happens while he is in the cage as by what does not happen. A hundred ways there are of doing the wrong thing with one of these

this pilot-land, and all the hardy watermen born and brought up on the St. Lawrence, there are not ten—perhaps not six—men in Canada to-day, French or English or Indian, who would dare this peril. For all other rapids of the route, the Gallop Rapids, the Split-rock Rapids, the Cascades, and the rest, there are pilots in plenty; but not for these of Lachine. And, to use the same simile again, I saw that the shooting of these Lachine Rapids is like the taming of a particularly fierce lion; it is a business by itself that few men care to undertake.

So it came that I sought out one of these few, Fred Ouillette, pilot and son of a pilot, an idol in the company's eyes, a hero to the

boys of Montreal, a figure to be stared at always by anxious passengers as he peers through the window atop the forward deck, a man whom people point to as he passes: "There 's the fellow that took us through the rapids. That 's Ouillette." This unsought notoriety has made him shy. He does not like to talk about his work or tell you how it feels to do this thing. A dash of Indian blood is in him, with some of the silent, stoic, Indian nature. Yet certain facts he vouchsafed, when I went to his home, that help one to an understanding of his life.

He emphasized this, for instance, as essential in a man who would face that fury of waters with many lives in his keeping: he must not be afraid. One would say that the rapids feel where the mastery is, whether with them or with the pilot, and woe to him if pounding heart or wavering hand betray him. The rapids will have no mercy. And there are pilots, it appears, who know the Lachine Rapids, every foot of them, and could do Ouillette's work perfectly if Ouillette were standing near, yet would fail utterly if left alone. Every danger they can overcome but the one that lies in themselves. They cannot brave their own fear. He cited the case of a pilot's son who had worked in the Lachine Rapids for years, helping his father, and learned the river as well as a man can know it. At the old man's death, this son announced that he would take his father's place, and shoot the rapids as they always had done; yet a season passed, then a second season, and always he postponed beginning, and, with one excuse or another, took his boats through the Lachine Canal, a safe but tame short cut, not likely to draw tourists.

"Not start heem right, that fadder," said Ouillette. "Now too late. Now nevair he can learn heem right."

"Why, how should he have started him?" I asked.

"Same way like my fadder start me." And then, in his jerky Canadian speech, he explained how this was.

Ouillette went back to his own young manhood, to the years when he, too, stood by his father's side and watched him take the big

boats down. What a picture he drew in his queer, rugged phrases! I could see the old pilot braced at the six-foot wheel, with three



THE PILOT, BIG BAPTISTE.

men in oilskins standing by to help him put her over, Fred one of the three. And it was "Hip!" "Bas!" "Hip!" "Bas!" ("Up!" "Down!" "Up!" "Down!") until the increasing roar of the cataract drowned all words, and then it was a jerk of shoulders or head, this way or that, while the men strained at the spokes. Never once was the wheel at rest after they entered the rapids, but spinning, spinning always, while the boat shot like a snake through black rocks and churning chasms.

They used to take the boats—as Ouillette takes them still—at Cornwall, sixty miles up the river, and, before coming to Lachine, would shoot the swift Coteau Rapids, where many a life has gone, then the terrifying Cedar Rapids, which seem the most dangerous of all, and finally, the Split-rock Rapids, which some say *are* the most dangerous. And each year, as the season opened, Fred would ask his father to let him take the wheel some day when the river was high and the rocks well covered, and the boat lightly laden, wishing thus to try

the easiest rapids under easiest conditions. But his father would look at him and say: "Do you know the river, my son? Are you sure you know the river?" And Fred would answer: "Father, I think I do." For how could he be sure until he had stood the test?

So it went on from year to year, and Ouil-

never to be forgotten. It was late in the summer, and the rapids, being low, were at their very worst, since the rocks were nearer the surface. Besides that, on this particular day they were carrying a heavy load, and the wind was southeast, blowing hard—the very wind to make trouble at the bad places. They had

shot through all the rapids but the last, and were well below the Lachine bridge when the elder Ouillette asked the boy, "My son, do you know the river?"

And Fred answered as usual, without any thought of what was coming next, "Father, I think I do."

They were just at the danger-point now, and all the straining waters were sucking them down to the first plunge.

"Then take her through," said the old man, stepping back; "there is the wheel."

"My father he make terrible thing for me—too much terrible



THE INDIAN PILOTS RESCUE PASSENGERS FROM THE STEAMER ON THE ROCKS. (SEE PAGE 494.)

lette was almost despairing of a chance to show himself worthy of his father's teaching, when, suddenly, the chance came in a way

ble thing," said Ouillette, shaking his head at the memory.

But he took her through somehow, half



"'MAN OVERBOARD!'" AN INDIAN CANOE TO THE RESCUE. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

blinded by the swirl of water and the shock. At the wheel he stood, and with a touch of his father's hand now and then to help him, he brought the boat down safely. There was a kind of Spartan philosophy in the old man's action. His idea was that, could he once

make his son face the worst of this business and come out unharmed, then never would the boy know fear again, for all the rest would be easier than what he had already done. And certainly his plan worked well, for Fred Ouillette has been fearless in the rapids ever since.

"Have you lost any lives?" I asked, reaching out for thrilling stories.

"Nevair," said he.

"Ever come near it?"

He looked at me a moment, and then said quietly: "Always, sair, we come near it."

Then he told of cases where at the last moment he had seen some mad risk in going down, and had turned his steamer in the very throat of the torrent, and, with groaning wheels and straining timbers, fought his way back foot by foot to safety. Once a fog dropped about them suddenly, and once the starboard rudder-chain broke. This last was all but a disaster, for they were down so far that the river must surely have conquered the engines had they tried to head upstream. Ouillette saw there was only one way to save his boat and the lives she carried, and, putting the wheel hard aport, for the port chain held, he ran her on the rocks. And there she lay, the good steamboat "Spartan," all that night, with passengers in an anguish of excitement, while Indian pilots from Caughnawaga made it quite clear what *they* are good for—put off swiftly in their little barks straight into that reeling flood, straight out to the helpless boat, then back to shore, each bearing two or three of the fear-struck company. Then out again and back again until darkness came. Then out again and back again when darkness had fallen. Think of that! Hour after hour, with paddles alone, these dauntless sons of Iroquois braves fought the rapids, triumphed over the rapids, and brought to land through the night and the rage of waters every soul on that imperiled vessel!

Another instance he gave, showing the admirable alertness of these Indians, as well as their skill with the canoe. It was in the summer of 1900, late of an afternoon, and so heavy was the August heat that even on the river the passengers were gasping for air. Shortly after they entered the cataract several persons saw a large man climb to the top of a water-tank on the hurricane-deck, and seat himself there in one of the folding deck-chairs. The man's purpose was, evidently, to seek a cooler spot than he had found below, and the boat was running so steadily that no one

thought of danger. Indeed, there would have been no danger had not the gentleman fallen into a comfortable doze just as Ouillette steadied the boat for her first downward leap and then brought her over to starboard with a jerk, which jerk so effectually disturbed the large man's slumbers that the first thing he knew he was shot off his rickety chair, over the side of the water-tank, clean over the steamboat decks, down, splash! into the St. Lawrence at a point where it is not good for any man to be. He was right in the main sweep of the river, where one may live for twenty minutes if he can keep afloat so long, but scarcely longer, since twenty minutes will bring him to the last rush of rapids, where swimmers do not live.

What happened after this I have from an eye-witness, who rushed back with others at the cry, "Man overboard!" and joined in a reckless throwing over of chairs, boxes, and life-preservers that profited little, for the man was left far behind by the steamboat, which could do nothing—and Ouillette could do nothing—but whistle a hoarse danger-warning and go its way. A magnificent swimmer he must have been, this rudely awakened tourist, for the passengers, crowded astern, could follow the black speck that was his head bobbing along steadily, undisturbed, one would say, by dangers, apparently going upstream as the steamboat gained on him—really coming downstream with the full force of the current, and yielding to it entirely, all strength saved for steering. Not a man on the boat believed that the swimmer would come out alive, and, helpless to save, they stood there in sickening fascination, watching him sweep down to his death.

Then suddenly rang out a cry: "Look! There! A canoe!" And out from the shadows and shallows offshore shot a slender prow with a figure in bow and stern. The Indians were coming to the rescue! They must have started even as the man fell,—such a thing it is to be an Indian!—and, with a knowledge of the rapids that is theirs alone, they had aimed the swift craft in a long slant that would let them overtake the swimmer just here, at this very place where now they were

about to overtake him, at this very place where presently they did overtake him and draw him up, all but exhausted, from as close to the brink of the Great Rapids as ever he will get until he passes over them. Then they paddled back.

And now suppose we follow these Indians to their reservation of Caughnawaga, where the government has given them land and civic rights and encouragement to peaceful ways. The surest time of year to find the pilots at home is the winter season; for then, with navigation frozen up, they have weeks to spend drifting along in the sleepy village life, waiting for the spring. There, in many a hearth-fire circle,—only, alas! the hearth is a commonplace shiny stove more often than not,—we may listen to tales without end of rapids and river, while the men smoke solemnly, and the women do beadwork and moccasins for the next year's peddling. We may hear "Big Baptiste" tell for what exploits of the paddle his head came to be on the ten-dollar bills of Canada, set in dignity and feathers; and hear "Big John," famous for years as a steamboat pilot, describe his annual shooting of the Lachine Rapids at the opening of navigation, when, first of all the pilots, he goes down in his canoe,—this is a time-honored custom,—so that the others may be sure that it is safe to follow.

He will give us the story, too, amid nods of approval, of shooting these same rapids for a wager on a certain New Year's Day, and coming down safely, ice and all. There, sir, is the paddle he used, if you doubt the tale, and the canoe lies out in the snow.

And be sure we shall not have been long in Caughnawaga—at least, I was not—without hearing of the proud part these Indians took in the British expedition up the Nile in 1884 to relieve Khartum. Treasured in more than one household are these words of Lord Wolseley, written to the governor-general of Canada: "I desire to place on record not only my own opinion, but that of every officer connected with the management of the boat columns, that the services of these voyageurs has been of the greatest possible value. . . . They have on many occasions shown not only great skill but

also great courage in navigating their boats through difficult and dangerous waters."

"How many men did Caughnawaga send on this expedition?" I inquired.

"Fifty-five men besides Louis Jackson," said one of the Indians.

"Oh," said I; "and—who is Louis Jackson?"

The Indian's face showed plain disgust that there should be any one who did not know all about Louis Jackson.

"Louis Jackson was the leader. He is our chief man. He lives over there."

It resulted in my calling on Mr. Jackson, who is a big, powerful man, fully meriting, I should say, the high opinion in which he is held. If there is any Indian strain in him it must be very slight; he would pass, rather, for an uncommonly energetic Englishman, with such a fund of adventure to his credit, and so entertaining a way of drawing upon it, that one would listen for hours while he talks. I myself sat in his house through the best part of a day, absorbed in his narrative of experiences as woodsman, rafter, and pilot—up the Nile and elsewhere.

Jackson made clear to me what important duty was given the Canadian voyageurs in this Nile campaign. By their success or failure in taking heavy-laden boats up the cataracts Lord Wolseley proposed to decide whether the troops for Gordon's relief should go straight up the Nile or around by the Red Sea and the desert. It was the river if they succeeded; it was the desert if they failed: and twenty thousand soldiers waited at Alexandria in a fever of impatience while Jackson and his band, with some hundreds of voyageurs from other provinces, let it be seen if their training on the St. Lawrence would serve against river perils in ancient Egypt. During the Riel rebellion Lord Wolseley was confident it would, for he had found out what stuff was in these men. Still he dared not start his army until it was certain those formidable cataracts could be surmounted. And that meant a month, let the men strain as they might at paddles and hauling-lines—a month to wait, a month for Gordon to wait.

"Oh," said Jackson, gloomily, "if Lord



"OVER THEY WENT, THE WHOLE BLACK LINE OF THEM." (SEE PAGE 500.)

Wolseley had only trusted us without any trial! Why, there was nothing, sir, in that Nile River we had n't tackled a hundred times as boys right here in the St. Lawrence. When you talk of cataracts it sounds big, but we've got rapids all around here, just plain every-day rapids, that will make their cataracts look sick. Of course we did it—did it easy; but when we got up to the top of the whole business, where was our army? Back in Alexandria, sir! And it makes a man sad to know that those boys in Khartum were dying just then; it makes a man mighty sad to know that!"

One sees what ground there may be for

such lament on turning up the dates of this unhappy Nile expedition, and the heart aches at the sight of those dumb figures. Think of it! the relief-party reached Khartum about February 1, 1885—*too late by less than a week*. Khartum had fallen; her ruins were fresh smoking, the long siege just ended. And when at last British gunboats, firing as they came, steamed into view of the tortured city that had hoped for them so long, there was no General Gordon within walls to thrill with joy. General Gordon was dead, cut down ruthlessly by the Arabs *a few days before*—killed on January 27, with his countrymen so near, so

short a distance down the river, that their camp might almost have been made out with field-glasses. What a difference here a little more hurrying would have made, a very little more hurrying! Ten days, six days, four days, would have saved these precious lives, and the whole campaign might have ended gloriously had more trust, as Louis Jackson says, been placed in those stanch Canadian pilots.

It would be interesting indeed if we might

hauling a fleet of boats and supplies for an army up, up, up into unknown rapids, through a burning desert, such a long, long way. It would be an inspiration could we know in detail what these pilots did and suffered, what perils they defied, and how some of them perished—in short, what problems of the river they went at and how they fared in solving them. That would make a book by itself.

A few things we may know, however.



CUTTING THE LINE—A MOMENT OF PERIL. (SEE PAGE 499.)

hear the whole story of months spent in fighting a river, in battling with cataract after cataract, in rowing and steering and sailing and

This, for instance: that, while the maps put down six cataracts in the Nile between Cairo and Khartum, say fifteen hundred miles,



HAULING A STEAMER UP THE NILE RAPIDS.

there are, in truth, many more than six. Between the second and third alone there are more than six, and some of them bad. Also that the river beyond the third cataract curves away in a great rambling S, so that Lord Wolseley planned to send an expedition, as he actually did, straight on from that point by a short cut across the desert. The important thing then, and the difficult thing, was to reach the third cataract, and upon this all skill of the voyageurs was concentrated.

The first cataract, about five hundred miles above Cairo, is fairly easy of ascent; the second cataract, some two hundred and fifty miles farther on, is perhaps the most dangerous of all, and resembles its rival at Lachiné in this, that the Nile here strains through myriad foam-lashed islands strewn in the channel for a length of seven miles, like teeth of a crooked comb. A balloonist hovering here would see the river streaming through these islands in countless

channels that wind and twist in a maze of silver threads. But to lads in the boats these silver threads were so many plunging foes, torrents behind torrents, sweeping down roaring streets of rock, boiling through jagged lanes of rock; and up that seven-mile way the pilots had to go and keep their craft afloat.

Jackson described the boats used in this hazardous undertaking. There were, first, the ordinary whale-boats, about twenty-five feet long and five feet high, with a crew of ten Dongolese at the oars, and two or three sails to catch the helpful northerly winds. Overhead was an awning stretched against the scorching sun, and around the sides were boxes and bags of provisions and ammunition,—five or six tons to a boat,—piled high for shelter against bullets, for no one could tell when a band of Arabs, lurking at some vantage-point, might fall to picking off the men. At a cataract the crew would go ashore, save two, a

voyageur in the stern to steer and another in the bow to fend off rocks, or, in case of need, give one swift-severing hatchet-stroke on the hauling-rope. For, of course, the ascending power came from a line of Dongolese, black fellows, with backs and muscles to delight a prize-fighter, who, by sheer strength of body, would drag the boat, cargo and all (or sometimes lightened of her cargo by the land-carriers), up, up, with grunting and heaving, against the down-rush of the river.

And woe to the boat if her hatchet-man fails to cut the rope at the very second of danger! So long as the craft can live his arm must stay uplifted; yet he must cut instantly when it is plain she can live no longer. And here one marvels; for how can anything be plain in a blinding, deafening cataract? And how shall the man decide, as they rise on a glassy sweep and hang for an instant over some rock-gulf

cause he is that kind of a man; and, even so, in hard places above the second cataract two Indians from Caughnawaga, Morris and Capitan, fine pilots both, held back their blades too long, or, striking as the boat plunged, missed the rope, and paid for the error with their lives.

And even with hauling-line cut in time, the pilots have only changed from peril to peril, for now they are adrift in the cataract, and must shoot down unknown rapids, chancing everything, swinging into shore as soon as may be with the help of paddle and sail. Then is all to be done over again—the line made fast, the black men harnessed on, and the risk of a new channel encountered as before. Thus days or weeks would pass in getting the whale-boats up a single cataract.

And sometimes they would face the still more formidable task of dragging a whole steamboat up the rapids, with troops aboard



HOW THE ENGINEERS WERE CARRIED OVER TO THE NILE ISLANDS.

beaten into by tons of water, whether they can go through it or not? Truly this is no place for wavering nerve or halting judgment. The man must know and act, *know and act*, be-

and stores to last for weeks. Then how the hauling-men would swarm at the lines, and shout queer African words, and strain at the ropes, when the order came, until knees and

shoulders scraped the ground. This was no problem for untutored minds, but took the best wits of Royal Engineers and gentlemen from the schools, who knew the ways of hitching tackle to things so as to make pulley-blocks work miracles. At least, it seemed a miracle the day they started the big side-wheeler "Nassif-Kheir" up the second cataract with five hawsers on her, three spreading from her bow and two checking her swing on either quarter, and her own steam helping her.

There stood five hundred Dongolese ready to haul, and there was the whole floating population—pilots, soldiers, and camp-followers—gathered on the banks to wonder and to criticize the job which nobody understood but half a dozen straight little men in white helmets, who stood about on rocks and snapped things out in English that were straightway yelled down the lines in vigorous Dongolese. It was Trigonometry speaking, and the law of component forces, and "Confound those niggers! Tell 'em to slack away on that starboard hawser. Tell 'em to *slack away!*"

It was respectfully presented to Mathematics, Esq., that the "niggers" in question could n't slack away any more without letting the hawser go or tumbling into the rapids, for they were on one of the little islands, on the brink of it, holding the steamer back while the land-lines hauled against them.

"Then in they go," ordered Trigonometry. "Tell 'em to get over to that next island. Tell 'em to get over *quick!*"

And over they went, the whole black line of them, right through the rapids, swimming and struggling in the buffeting surge, getting across somehow, hawser and all, where white men must have perished. And the steamboat had gained a hundred feet.

Then one of the front lines of haulers in turn had to move forward to an island, to swim for it with six hundred feet of hawser slapping the river as they dragged it. What a picture here as these naked men leaped in, fearless, each with a flashing bayonet thrust in his thick white turban! Mathematics, Esq., had no notion of trying this sort of thing when *he* changed islands, vastly preferring his pulley-blocks, and

would presently be hauled across on a rope trolley, as passengers are swung ashore from wrecks by the life-saving men. That made a picture, too!

Thus, slowly and with infinite pains, they worked the patient steamboat, length by length, island by island, torrent by torrent, up through the Great Gate (Bab-el-Kebir), up to the very head waters of the second cataract; and there, with victory in their grasp, saw the forward hawser snap suddenly with the noise of a gun, and the old side-wheeler swing out helpless into the main rush of the river, swing clean around as the side-lines held, and then start down. Whereupon it was: "Cut hawsers, everybody!" and drop these pulley-blocks and tackle-fixings, useless now, and let her go, let her go, since there is no stopping her, and Heaven help the boys on board! Then, amid shouts of dismay, the big boat Nassif-Kheir plunged forward to her destruction, while the mathematical gentlemen stared in horror—then stared in amazement. For look! She keeps to the channel! She is running true! Wonder of wonders, she is shooting the rapids, shooting the greatest cataract of the Nile, where boat of her tonnage never passed before!

The Nassif-Kheir was saved, and every man aboard her, and every box of stores. She was saved by an humble Canadian pilot, who had never studied trigonometry, but who stepped to the wheel when he saw the peril, and steered her down those furious rapids as he had steered other boats down other rapids on the old St. Lawrence. And after that, when the expedition found itself in trouble in the upper cataracts, say those of Tangoor or Akashe or Ambigole or Dal, and when the Royal Engineers had drawn up some neat plan with compasses and squares for doing a certain thing with a boat, and had proved by the books that it *could* be done, and agreed that it should be done forthwith, then some one would usually say, just at the last, as by an afterthought:

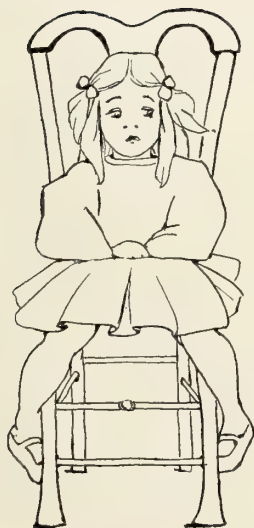
"I suppose we might as well have in one of those voyageur chaps, just to see what *he* thinks of it!"

And they usually had him in.



BY MARY WHITE.

Two tearful little maids I met,
 Who looked as like as pins.
 I asked, "What is the trouble, dears?"
 They answered, "We are twins!"
 "It seems to make you weep," said I.
 "Why, yes; and you would, too,
 If you were both of us," said they,
 "And both of us were you."



"We always have to dress alike,
 And on the cars or street
 Some silly person 's sure to say,
 'Why, you are twins—how sweet!'
 And as to birthdays, we 've but one
 To Madge and Dolly's two.
 Would you like that if you were us,
 And both of us were you?"

"It 's very trying when mama
 Can't tell us two apart.
 You 'd think by this time she 'd have grown
 To know us both by heart!
 But in our pictures even we
 Are n't sure which twin is who.
 Oh, how we wish that you were us
 And both of us were you!"



A FRIGATE'S NAMESAKE.

BY ALICE BALCH ABBOT.

[*This story was begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER XIV.

THE next morning brought two surprises. The first was a somewhat disagreeable one at the hands of the weather. The northwest wind of the day before, with its attendant clear skies and sunshine, had suddenly changed, and in its place had appeared a dull easterly down-pour. Surprise number two, however, more than made up for any mere weather disappointment.

All the while Essex was dressing, Alert had conducted himself in a strangely restless fashion. The instant the door of the room was set ajar, he pushed himself through, and was off down the stairs in great, tumbling bounds. As he reached the lower floor two short, sharp barks brought his little mistress flying at his heels. Knowing that that greeting was for only one member of the family, she gave one glad cry, "Uncle Owen, when did you come?" and rushed in at the dining-room door, straight into her uncle's arms.

"So the Frigate has n't drifted away from her moorings as yet! Mother seemed to be somewhat disturbed for fear you might set sail with the other ships; so I came down to act as anchor."

"I am so glad you did!" exclaimed Essex. "There is so much to see and remember. Now we can do it together, and mother will be sure to hear about everything."

In spite of the inclement weather, one o'clock found the whole of Mr. Bruce's party gathered on the Daisy's deck. To be sure, the rain had made rather an unpleasant change in the appearance of the river. The water, which had been so brilliantly blue the day before, was now a sullen gray, and the crowds of sight-seers, in their wet-weather uniforms of dark cloaks and umbrellas, lent a decidedly

somber aspect to the decks of the excursion fleet and the river's banks.

But the cruisers, wrapped in shifting clouds of smoke and mist, were more fascinating than ever.

There they swung, the two mighty columns, decked with their lines of fluttering flags, spars and rails, manned by row upon row of sturdy tars cheering to the echo as the "Dolphin," with the President and his party aboard, passed through the noble avenue to the grand, incessant music of the deep-mouthed guns.

At length the smoke of the last salute floated slowly away, disclosing the President's boat at anchor at the head of the column. In an instant the water about her was dotted with boats and launches carrying the various officers of the fleet to pay their respects.

"I sha'n't wonder any more why people want to be President," remarked Essex to her uncle. "I always used to think of him as just living in the White House and signing bills. Now I know better."

Later, when the commanders began their return to the ships, Miss Bruce called Essex to her side.

"Mr. Gillette would like to have us come aboard again this evening for the search-light exhibition. Do you think it would be too much for you?"

Essex sent a beseeching glance in Mr. Thurston's direction.

"What time did you go to bed last night, Frigate?"

"Ten o'clock, sir; but I had taken a nap, and if we go ashore quite soon, I am pretty sure I can do it again."

That evening, as Essex came up the side ladder, Mr. Gillette called over the rail, "How about that nap?"

"I did it," was the triumphant reply, "but I admit that it took a great many sheep."

"Sheep!" exclaimed Miss Bruce. "What does the child mean?"

"I know," said Mr. Gillette. "Do yours come through a gate?" he asked Essex.

"No, sir; over a wall. Oh," drawing a long breath, "see that!"

Sheep, gates, and walls were instantly forgotten; for out of the darkness beside them there shot up into the sky a seemingly endless spear of white light. An instant later a second lay athwart the first. One moment more and the whole air was quivering with the dazzling beams. The magical display lasted for an hour, the great rays focusing now on the wooded palisades, now on the lofty buildings of the city; then dropping with gleaming swiftness upon one and another of the cruisers, bringing out every detail—masts, spars, hull, and guns—with merciless distinctness.

When the time came for going ashore, Essex made a shy attempt to express her gratitude to the yacht's owner.

"Wait till some summer day," he said, lightly touching the lettered band of her cap, "and then we will let your namesake pay any debt that may be due the Daisy. Your uncle has been giving Peters directions how to find Thurston Island. Do you think you will recognize the Daisy when she appears?"

Friday morning, true to his word, Commodore Leigh arrived, and greatly to one person's delight, he was wearing his full uniform.

Something in the expression of Essex's face as she bade him good morning made him ask quickly:

"Has Miss Nancy been spinning you any more yarns?"

"Only one, sir."

"One too many, I have no doubt," said the officer, shaking his head in Miss Bruce's direction as that lady came into the room.

"Good morning, Miss Nancy. How are you feeling to-day? Equal to scrambling up the sides of caravels and cruisers?"

"Quite equal," was the ready reply, that caused Essex to execute a skip of delight.

"Very well," said the Commodore; "then my programme for the day is as follows: This morning we stay on land and observe the Jackies try their legs in a shore parade; next,

luncheon; and afterward Miss Essex and I will betake ourselves to our own element, and shall be most happy to act as convoy to any friends who may care to accompany us."

And so began the third day of delights.

First came another lesson in geography, a race chapter this time, for the sailors and marines of ten nationalities marched in peaceful parade through the streets of New York that spring morning. Rank after rank, they filed by—tall Russians, hearty, red-cheeked English, fair-haired Germans, and the dark, short-statured races of the South. And among them all, even to the eyes of an unprejudiced observer, were none to excel those in the service of the United States.

When the first line of her country's sailors swung into sight, Essex felt that the occasion demanded some demonstration beyond the mere waving of a handkerchief.

As the foremost rank came opposite the Bruce home, two heads were instantly uncovered, and side by side on the balcony railing rested a commodore's gold-laced chapeau and a little blue sailor-cap till the last Yankee tar had marched out of sight.

After the parade came a luncheon at the Commodore's club, followed by an adjournment of the whole party to the river.

"I suppose the least we can do for Columbus is to give him our first attention," said their host as he conducted them aboard the little steam-launch that had been awaiting them at the wharf. So a few moments later they climbed over the steep sides of the "Santa Maria," and, as Miss Bruce said, "right into the Middle Ages."

Standing in the interior of the little vessel, with her tiers of decks, tiny cabin, and baby pieces of ordnance, they all realized that no finer object-lesson could have been devised to teach the greatness of the spirit that in such a ship had dared to meet the perils of an unknown sea.

After the visit to the caravels, the launch took them for a cruise through the squadron, Miss Nancy having expressed a desire to see the cruisers from the water's edge.

This being accomplished, the Commodore, taking two papers from his pocket, said:

"I have passes here for the 'Blake' and one of our own cruisers. As I understand that neither Miss Bruce nor my command here has ever been aboard one of our new navy, there is, of course, no question as to their destination and mine. If we do our duty, I am afraid there will hardly be time for a visit to both vessels; but if you gentlemen prefer, we will put you aboard the British ship first."

However, neither Mr. Bruce nor Mr. Thurston was willing to break up the party, so the order was given to head for the American ship. As they stepped out upon the deck, and the three gentlemen faced the colors at the stern, and lifted their hats, Miss Bruce and Essex exchanged glances of mutual understanding. Both were thinking of the story Miss Nancy had found time to tell, the day before, of a gunboat running the rebel batteries at Vicksburg, and a flag that had twice been shot away, replaced the third time by the hands of the commander himself.

Then came the study of the cruiser. No multiplication of details could daunt Essex's enthusiasm. Her expressed desire had been "to see and hear about everything that it would be possible for twelve-year-old people to understand," and the Commodore did his best to gratify her wish.

The officers and their duties, the various batteries, the method and distance of their fire, were all extensively discussed. And into every corner of the ship where strangers were ever invited to go the blue sailor-suit found its way.

Long before the little student's curiosity was satisfied, Mr. Bruce and Mr. Thurston had rejoined Miss Bruce. That lady, having discovered an acquaintance among the ship's officers, had established herself on deck, after a survey of the principal points of interest in the vessel.

"Am I tiring you, sir?" Essex had asked anxiously, when her uncle had suggested that, in his opinion, the Commodore had more than filled his contract.

"Not one atom," had been the officer's cheerful reply.

So the questions had begun again, this time in regard to steering, a most fertile subject,

and one which was still being discussed when the two returned to the deck.

"Well, dear, are you satisfied?" asked Miss Nancy.

"Yes, I think so—as much as the Commodore could possibly do to make me; but there is so much to hear and know; and I should like to have gone up in the military mast and into the fighting-top."

"Frigate," said her uncle, "if your wishes are beginning to soar in that reckless fashion it is more than time we should get you ashore."

As they started up the wharf, Essex turned for a last long look at the ships, then, with a deep sigh, took her place at Miss Bruce's side.

"Is that the result of regret or satisfaction?" asked Miss Nancy.

"Both, I think; part for the people who have n't seen them, and part for myself because I have. Miss Nancy?"

"Yes, dear."

"What *does* make grown-up people so kind to little girls?"

"Will you consider it very unsatisfactory if I say that you will probably have to wait some time for an answer to that question?"

"How long should you think?"

"Probably until you are one of the grown-up people yourself and make the acquaintance of some very fortunate little girl."

Even with this explanation Essex remained somewhat puzzled. But she decided to put both question and answer aside to be talked over with her mother, and to devote all her energies to the full enjoyment of every remaining moment of her visit.

Much to her delight, the Commodore returned to dine with them, and once again she had the pleasure of wearing the "Union Jack" ribbons. And when, at the end of the evening, Miss Nancy untied the bows, and Essex laid them lovingly away in their sandalwood box, the lady said gently: "Some day, little girl, they shall be your very own."

CHAPTER XV.

THE great clock on the main building of Acton College struck five. With the last

stroke there was a rush of the crowd of girls who had been strolling about the college yard waiting for the sorting of the evening mail.

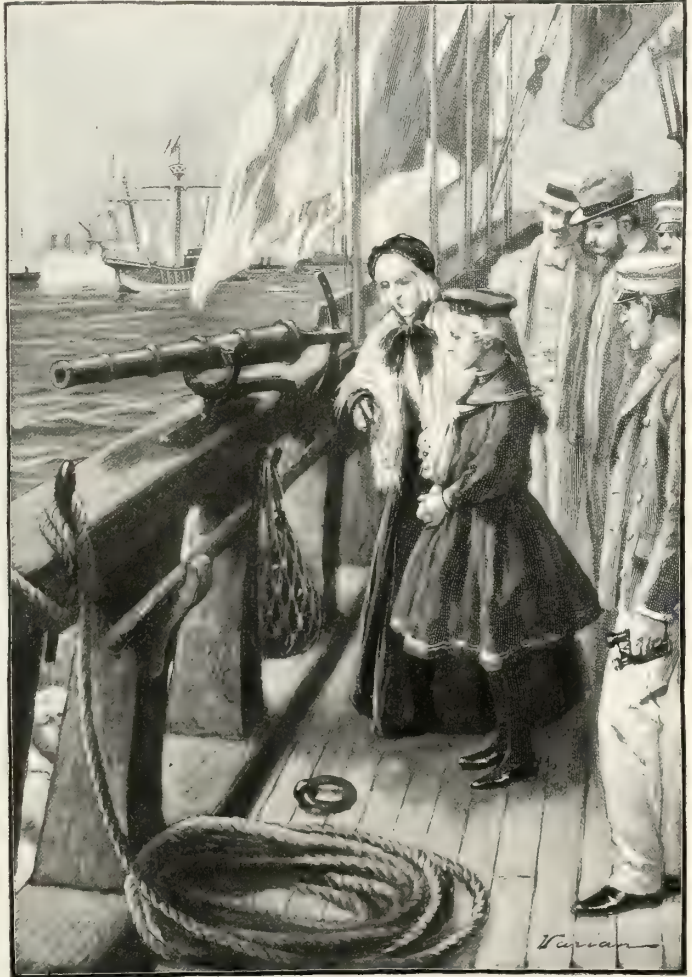
Essex Thurston, glancing down from her open window, half caught the infection, and started from her chair, then re-seated herself, and turned once more to the open pages of her *Horace*. What was the use of going down, when it rarely happened even once or twice during a term that the evening mail contained anything for her? She had read but a line or two of the ode for the next day's lesson, when an unfamiliar word, apparently holding in its troublesome self the meaning of the entire clause, caused her to reach up for the lexicon in the book-shelves that hung above her desk.

The desired book was on the second shelf, but on the first stood a row of volumes that had been the subject of more than one joking remark since Essex had first unpacked and set them there.

"Two histories of the navy, a 'Life of Farragut,' a 'History of the War of 1812,' a daring freshman had proclaimed the titles, and then inquired: "Miss Thurston, were you under the impression that this was a training-school for Annapolis?"

Later on, when the story of the new student's odd name began to get abroad, the same girl had exclaimed, "To think of being burdened in that fashion when one was helpless to protest; and then having to grow up to the obligation of matching such a name with one's books and pictures!" For by that time the new study was quite in order, and the most prominent positions on its walls had been filled by two large pictures, the one a fine engraving of Marshall Johnson's "Constitution," and the other an equally fine etching of the duel be-

tween the *Merrimac* and *Monitor*. The first had been Mr. Thurston's present to his niece on her sixteenth birthday, while the second



"RIGHT INTO THE MIDDLE AGES." ON BOARD THE COLUMBUS CARAVELS.

had come as a delightful surprise from Senator Caxton the Christmas after Essex's famous visit to New York.

Since the first unpacking and arranging of treasures in Essex's study, a third picture had come to keep the others company; neither etching nor engraving this time, but the simple black-and-white pictured cover of an illustrated weekly. However, the subject and its treatment made it a worthy companion for the other two, for it represented the battleships "Oregon" and "Texas" coming forward at

the height of their wonderful speed in that glorious fighting chase for victory one famous July morning in the summer of '98.

No name of a donor had come with this gift, but across one corner of the picture's broad white mat was written, in Mr. Henry Bruce's handwriting, "Just as the United States navy always has behaved!"

And though Essex Thurston had never denied her knowledge of the author of this quotation, even her most intimate friend had failed to induce her to tell the name.

At about the same time with the appearance of the third picture, one or two new volumes had joined the row of favorites on the lower book-shelf.

It was one of these—"Our Navy in the War with Spain"—that had stopped Essex's hand on her way to the Latin lexicon.

At that moment the door was opened hastily, a white envelope made its fluttering entrance, and a voice said:

"Forgive the impoliteness of the delivery; this was put in my box by mistake, and I am in a most tearing hurry."

Essex crossed the room and seized the envelope eagerly. Only one of her correspondents used paper of that size and shape—dear Miss Nancy, whose letters were always such a delight and inspiration.

Half-way down the first page she stopped, all the color suddenly leaving her cheeks.

Returning to her former seat, she placed the letter on the desk before her, and recommenced its reading. It was evidently no sad news that caused the excitement; the light in the eyes so eagerly devouring the pages denied that fact. But when the reading was finished, a yellow head went down on a navy-blue sleeve, and for the next five minutes the little watch lying on the desk had everything its own way.

Then the bowed head came up with a toss of pride, and for the third time Essex read the bewildering announcement:

ESSEX, MY DEAR: Our chance has come at last, and if all goes well, the next of this country's war-ships will be christened as war-ship was never christened before—by two sponsors, one to supply the will, and the other the deed. I have consented to take the first

office, but only on condition that you will accept the second.

Then the lady went on to explain that ever since the construction of the battleship "Wineegan" had been authorized, the Governor of the State—Essex's old friend Senator Caxton—had insisted upon Miss Bruce's naming the vessel.

It is now several months [the letter ran] since I absolutely refused to consider the proposition, and the Governor as absolutely refused to take no for an answer. Finally I succeeded in convincing him that any hitch in the christening ceremony would be an outrage to the navy, the State, the ship, and her builders, and that although I felt perfectly capable of supplying all the suitable emotions, yet a head, heart, and hand that have done service for over threescore and ten years are not always to be depended upon for extraordinary occasions. "Very well," he said; "we will get some one to perform the duties of which you do not feel capable." It was such a unique idea that it quite took my breath away—as I hope this letter will do with yours. And then he asked, "Was n't Essex Thurston born in this State?" And with my answer to that question, he declared the whole matter to be settled. So you are to stand at my side, break the bottle, and say the words; but all the rest,—the thrill and the joy and the pride,—remember, are to be left entirely to me.

I believe the Governor intends writing to you himself, but there is one matter that we mentioned to which I am sure he will not refer, so I am taking the liberty to do so. We had been speaking of that visit to New York in ninety-three, and he mentioned you in a way that showed that he still thought of you as a little girl. I felt obliged to stand up for your years and collegiate dignity. Then he made this remark: "How time does fly! I was just thinking how appropriate it would be to have such a little figure as Essex Thurston was, that night in New York, to help with the launching; but I suppose no girl of her age could resist such an occasion for frilling and fussing." That is all I shall say, except that the ribbons are at your service, and that this time, if you choose to wear them, it will be as your own.

Yes, there is one thing more. I know you will agree with me in wishing to make some gift to our ship, something in which we shall each have a share—yours to say what it shall be, much the harder part, and mine to do the providing. How would an ornament for the forward turret strike your fancy? That is merely a suggestion, so do not let it influence you in the least. Of course there are many months before us, so there is no need of a hurried decision. I only thought you might enjoy thinking it over.

Enjoy thinking it over! The question was whether, in those months to come, she would be able to think of anything else.

In the meanwhile, Latin, German, Greek, and various other subjects entirely foreign to war-ships and to war-ship naming demanded her attention.

Fortunately for her college record, Essex

ter went slowly by, and in the early spring came an official notification of the date for the launching.

After that it was simply letting the hours drag past till the day should come for her to join her mother and uncle on the train bound southward to New York.



"IT WAS EVIDENTLY NO SAD NEWS THAT CAUSED THE EXCITEMENT."

Thurston still possessed the convenient power of deferring her "thinkings over" to suitable seasons. So all dreams of the great day that was coming were only allowed at recreation-times. But what dreams they were!

Miss Nancy kept her informed of the progress on the Winegan, and Mr. Bruce succeeded in obtaining for her a copy of the general specifications of the ship. The latter she read so often that she soon knew the more important points quite by heart. So the win-

Nancy and the Governor seemed perfectly sure was the one person to assist them in the great ceremony.

"Miss Thurston," demanded a lively colle-
gian, "were you really born in Winegan?"

"Why, yes," answered Essex, wonderingly. "But I am afraid I have never appreciated the privilege as I ought."

"Well, I am very glad to have your word for the fact. We thought perhaps Aunty and the Governor had been putting up some fish-

CHAPTER XVI.

THE long-looked-for day came at last; and with every turn of the car-wheels Essex seemed to hear an echoing ring from the hundreds of hammers at work in the great shipyard far away to the south.

The night before the launching was to be spent with the Bruces in New York. Miss Nancy had arrived there several days before, and so very bright and vigorous did she appear that Essex's greeting was a reproachful "Oh, Miss Nancy, Miss Nancy, you ought to do it all yourself!"

To which Miss Bruce made reply: "Hold out your arm, child, and let me see how steady it is. How many sheep do you suppose will be needed to send you to sleep to-night?"

The evening was spent in making the acquaintance of the various Bruce sons, nephews, and grandsons, all eager to see and know the girl whom Aunt

story on the State to serve their own purposes."

"Miss Thurston,"—the questioner this time was a fourteen-year-old "prep-school" boy,— "what has become of your dog, the one whose picture Aunt Nancy has?"

"Poor Alert! It did seem too bad to leave him behind, but he is quite old now. Besides, his behavior is apt to be somewhat uncertain. Since I have been at college he has grown rather independent. We are so glad to see each other at vacation-times that I cannot bear to be strict with him."

At this point, Essex's attention being claimed in another direction, Walter Bruce turned to his Uncle Henry, who happened to be standing near.

"What a pity she did n't bring her dog! I know I could have managed him."

"Can you keep a secret?" and Mr. Bruce bent his head and whispered a few words.

"That 's something like!" was the boy's emphatic comment. Then, seeing his Aunt Nancy was for the moment disengaged, he pranced across the room, sure of a sympathetic listener for the account of his latest school prank.

The following morning, when the south-bound express was well on its way, the passengers in the cars between the baggage-van and the "special" reserved for the Bruce party were highly diverted by a sudden rush through the aisles of a magnificent collie with a very red-cheeked school-boy in tow.

A moment later, my Lord Alert was holding a royal reception.

"Don't talk to me of old age wearing out a dog's strength!" exclaimed Walter Bruce, still panting from his late rapid progress. "If there is any danger of the Wineegan's slipping too fast off her ways, just let them hitch that fellow to her bow and start him in the opposite direction."

"What I should like to know," remarked Mr. Thurston, looking down upon the latest arrival, who was resting in perfect content, with his fore paws in his mistress's lap, "what I should like to know is to whom we are indebted for this sudden invasion."

"Do you remember my stopping at the

office on our way to the train?" asked his sister. "I found a telegram there with such emphatic orders that I dared not disobey. So there was nothing to do but send Caleb out to the island to bring Alert ashore, and despatch him by the night express."

"I know who sent the orders," said Essex. "Alert, shake hands with Mr. Bruce, and give him your best thanks."

"Very well," said Mr. Thurston; "you will please remember, Bruce, that you are responsible for any irregular proceedings that are more than likely to occur."

"I accept the risk," said his friend, as he shook the offered paw and stroked the silky head laid for a moment against his knee, that being Alert's "best" method of expressing gratitude.

The train reached its destination at noon. Governor Caxton was awaiting them on the platform of the station, and the whole party drove immediately to the hotel for luncheon.

The launching was to take place at three; so directly after the meal most of the gentlemen left for the shipyard.

"My dear," the wife of Mr. Robert Bruce's oldest son said to Essex, as the ladies went to their rooms, "we are all so anxious to know what you are to wear. Aunty has refused to give even the slightest hint."

Essex looked troubled. "I do hope you will not be disappointed, but it is the simplest possible kind of a gown."

"Essex is dressing to please the Governor and me," said Miss Nancy.

"And mother and myself," protested the subject of the discussion.

"Then if it pleases those four people, it will surely be a success," was the inquirer's cordial response.

And, indeed, it would have been a most captious critic who would have found fault with either of the leading figures of the little group who, half an hour later, came down the broad hotel stairway.

On the right was stately little Miss Nancy, more charming than ever in her trailing dress of navy-blue velvet, its dark folds relieved only by the snowy tulle about her throat and the tiny white plumes in her bonnet. And beside

her walked Essex Thurston, wearing, as she had said, "the simplest sort of a gown"—blouse and skirt of finest white bunting, trimmed with rows of silver braid and embroi-

head in the United States. Half-way down the stairs, Essex saw an expression of pleasure come into Governor Caxton's face.

"True blue, I call this!" he exclaimed as he came forward to escort them to the carriage.

"Now how about Alert?" said Uncle Owen, as he placed his sister beside Miss Bruce.

"If Miss Nancy and mother do not mind," said Essex, from the opposite seat, "I think he had better drive with me. There won't be so much chance of his getting excited beforehand. But I can't help being worried. Do you think you will be able to hold him?"

"I rather think that will be Mr. Bruce's business; but I would n't worry,"—closing the carriage door. "You know he always has behaved when it was really necessary that he should."

"If I only had something to put in his charge, like a bouquet or a wrap," said Essex, as they came in sight of the shipyard.

"There was something said about flowers yesterday, but we came away so hurriedly that I suppose no one had time to think of them," said Miss Nancy.

But some one evidently had made the time; for as the carriage stopped, Mr. Henry Bruce



"CLEAR AND TRUE RINGS OUT THE GIRLISH VOICE: 'I CHRISTEN THEE WINEEGAN!'"
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

dery of silver stars. But under the broad collar and around the slender waist, tied by Miss Nancy's own hands, were the white-starred ribbons, and a knot of the same formed the only ornament—except its own wealth of golden locks—to the most proudly held little

appeared at the door with his hands full of blossoms.

"The white lilacs for you, Aunt Nancy," he exclaimed, handing Miss Bruce a large cluster of her favorite flowers; "the New England posies, of course, belong to Miss Essex"; and with the words there fell into the girl's lap the most wonderful bunch of May-flowers she had ever seen.

Next came the introductions to the president and superintendent of the great ship-building firm. According to previous arrangements made at the hotel, the Governor was to escort both Essex and Miss Bruce to the launching-stand; but as the party stood in line, ready to start, a cab dashed furiously up to the entrance, and from it alighted a white-haired naval officer in full uniform.

With cordial bows to right and left, he passed through the party till he reached the Governor and his companions.

"Ah, Commodore!" exclaimed the former. "This is as it should be. I had quite given you up."

"There was great danger of a collision of duties, but the other affair had to sheer off. It would never have done for me to miss taking my latest command into her bravest engagement. Miss Essex, allow me," offering his arm. "I had the Governor's promise of this six months ago."

As the party passed through the great yard, crowded in every corner with waiting spectators, Essex, for the first time, began to realize that the coming ceremony might be somewhat of an ordeal. When the Governor and Miss Bruce reached the foot of the stairway leading to the gaily decorated launching-booth, a quick signal from the superintendent set all the air a-quiver with the noise of the hammers driving home the great oaken wedges which were to put under the hull the great cradle upon which the ship was to glide into the water.

The Commodore conducted Essex to her assigned position.

As she withdrew her hand from his arm, the sound of heavy breathing behind her made her turn. Instantly she laid her bouquet upon the

platform, and gave the low-toned command: "Charge—and—hold, sir!" The words had hardly left her lips, when Alert dropped as if shot, one shaggy paw resting on either side of the mass of blossoms, and the sharp nose pressed close against their stems. The question of the behavior of the most uncertain member of the party was completely settled.

And now the blows of the great hammers are slowly dying away. The last one ceases. There is a moment of breathless silence, then far below is heard the sound of a single saw.

Once again Essex turns, this time to meet the fond look in her mother's eyes with her proudest, happiest smile. Then, as the Governor places the ribbon-bedecked bottle in her right hand, she lays her left in that of Miss Nancy, the rest of the company fall back, and the two stand side by side, awaiting the supreme moment.

Suddenly, above the whirring strokes of the saw, rises the sharp crack of snapping timber; the great hull shivers, and stirs in her bed. With a crash of splintering glass the bottle strikes square upon the receding prow, and clear and true rings out the girlish voice:

"I christen thee Wineegan!"

Amid the waving of flags, the shrieks of whistles, and the cheers of the vast crowd, the shapely hull speeds down the ways, and, with a mighty rush, passes gaily and buoyantly out upon the waters of the great river beyond.

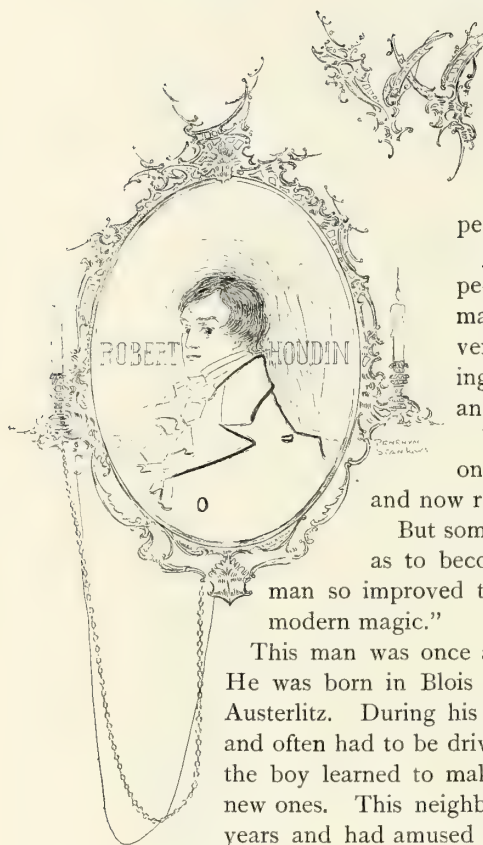
And there, in the sight of most of the spectators, her voyage is successfully completed. But in the vision of two pairs of eyes she still moves on: out and away to the beautiful, broad sea-room that is hers of right—a simple hull no longer, but the latest pride of a nation's navy, with masts, armor, turrets, and guns all in place, the dark smoke-clouds streaming from her funnels as she cleaves the monster waves with her matchless speed. And the spray rising cloud-like before her powerful prow dashes higher and ever higher till it falls at last upon the beautiful emblem between the great guns of the forward turret—a wreath of laurels, wonderfully wrought in bronze, inclosing a shield which bears as its sole device the immortal words of the dying hero:

"DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP."



A MODERN MAGICIAN.

BY TUDOR JENKS.



HEN you see a conjurer's wonderful tricks you are likely to wonder how he was clever enough to think of them all and to invent so many ways of mystifying his spectators. But you are giving the conjurer more credit than he deserves. It is as if one said, "The man who wrote the encyclopedia must have known everything!"

Just as no one man ever wrote a complete encyclopedia or dictionary "all out of his own head," no one man ever exhibited a whole entertainment of tricks invented by himself. Tricks and feats of skill in conjuring are handed down from one conjurer to another, and each new one learns from all the others.

Very probably some of the tricks still shown to-day once delighted the Egyptians who built the pyramids, and now rest as mummies in our museums.

But some men so greatly improve upon what is taught them as to become entitled to the credit of originators; and one man so improved the art of conjuring as to be called "the father of modern magic."

This man was once a little French boy, and the son of a watchmaker. He was born in Blois four days after Napoleon I. won the great battle of Austerlitz. During his boyhood he was attracted by his father's toolshop, and often had to be driven out of it. From a neighbor, an old army officer, the boy learned to make a number of mechanical toys and also invented new ones. This neighbor, Colonel Bernard, had been a prisoner for many years and had amused himself by making these little toys; and he was so pleased by the ingenuity of the eight-year-old boy that he used to say heartily, "Why, the young scamp can make anything he likes!"

The boy—his name was Jean Eugene Robert—loved toy-making better than school, and says that a long illness gave him leisure to try his skill. Even at school he found time to make a cage in which were contrivances worked by mice. One day he made a pump out of quills (his quill pens, no doubt), and found it could not be driven by mere mouse-power. He longed to catch a rat; and being shut up in the school prison, with only some bread and a pitcher of water, he was reconciled to his punishment by remembering that rats came into the room at night. But how should he catch a rat?

He put out his light, placed his pitcher flat on its side, with a crust of bread within, and sat down to wait. In his hand he held a brick dug up from the floor, and in front of the opening of the pitcher he spread out a bit of paper to give warning by its rustling when the rat entered.

The plan succeeded, and next morning he came proudly forth with his captive. But he had to hide the rat among his clothes, and as the clothes were gnawed the whole story had

to be told to the head-master. A long lecture followed, and Robert promised to be good until he graduated—a promise he faithfully kept until he left school at eighteen.

During a short holiday, while wandering along the Loire River, he witnessed the tricks of a traveling peddler, and eagerly bought a little book on conjuring, hoping to learn the mystic art. But he found the explanations harder to understand than the tricks themselves, and soon gave up these studies.

He became a copying clerk, but in his leisure preferred to copy exactly a mechanical snuff-

shot at the hare, which ran away, pursued by the dog. When Robert had made the duplicate box, he showed it to his father; the father praised his skill, but strongly advised his son not to meddle with mechanics, but to learn a profession.

Sent into a lawyer's office, Robert was more interested in a cage of canary-birds that he found there than in his legal papers; and he made for the cage a number of moving tricks worked by the birds. At length the lawyer advised him to give up law and to follow his natural tastes, and persuaded Robert's father to

apprentice the son to a watchmaker—much to Robert's delight.

Absorbed in his mechanical work, Robert was thinking little of conjuring when an odd accident turned his mind again in that direction. He went to buy a book on watchmaking, and the busy bookseller did up by mistake two volumes about magical tricks—an error that was not discovered until Robert was at home.

As long as his candle burned the young man read his new books; and when, suddenly, the candle sputtered and went out, he was in despair. He tried in vain to sleep, but could not bear to leave the fascinating study. He rose, seized a pair of pincers, and, half dressed, went down to the street, meaning to "borrow" one of the lamps from the hanging lanterns that then lighted the streets. But just as he took it down, a baker came out of a shop and stood in his doorway smoking his pipe, while Robert was shivering behind a door-post not far away with the lamp hidden in



THE MAGICIAN, HIS SON ÉMILE, AND THE CUSTOMS OFFICER. (SEE PAGE 518.)

box that had been left in his father's shop to be mended. On its lid was shown a hare feeding; a hunter and dog appeared; click! the hunter

shot at the hare, which ran away, pursued by the dog. At length the lamp set fire to Robert's hat, and had to be put out, and the young man at last returned to his room disappointed.

A week's study taught him all the books could impart, and then he learned he needed skill as well as knowledge. For ten francs a neighbor taught him to juggle with balls, and Robert at the end of a month could keep four going at once, and even read a book at the same time. He added other feats to this accomplishment, and practised constantly with cards, coins, and other little things — wearing a loose overcoat with big pockets so that he might practise while going about the streets.



A STAGE MAGICIAN OF THE OLD STYLE.

Having entered the service of another watchmaker in Tours, Robert gave amateur entertainments to his master's family.

Then, accidentally poisoned by a dish cooked in a copper kettle, Robert feared he would die, and became so homesick that, before he was able to stand the journey, he started for Blois by stage. Becoming light-headed, he jumped out, and being unnoticed, was left in the road unconscious. He was picked up and cared for by a traveling magician named Torrini, who

gave performances in a sort of gipsy-wagon that was built double and could be drawn out like a telescope, and thus formed a theater.

For six months Robert went about with this kind old conjurer, learning his tricks and aiding in his performances. And when the gipsy-wagon was smashed in a collision, Robert gave entertainments until he could repay the old conjurer's kindness by setting him up in business once more.

It would take too long to tell all the history of the old magician,—you will read that some day for yourselves, perhaps, in the book Robert wrote about himself,—but among the tricks he performed was the "box trick," where a man goes into a box or basket, which is sawed in two or pierced by swords, and then appears elsewhere unhurt. At this time Robert performed the "omelet trick" — cooking eggs in a high hat. Once he burned the hat, and would have been disgraced except for a quick-witted assistant who substituted Robert's hat for the borrowed one, and put into the crown a note asking the spectator not to betray them, and promising a fine new hat next day. The secret was kept.

Robert, though fully determined now upon being a magician, returned for a while to watchmaking; but, while acting in some charades, he met a charming Mademoiselle Houdin,* and before long married her. Since his own name was a common one in France, Jean Eugene Robert took henceforth his wife's name in addition to his own, and he is known to the world as Robert-Houdin.

As his father-in-law was in a business connected with watchmaking in that city, Robert-Houdin went to Paris and assisted him, but kept alive his interest in conjuring by attending all the exhibitions that were given, and by frequenting the shop of an old man named Poujol, who sold magicians' apparatus; he thus learned many new tricks, and met the "professors of magic" — among others Jean de Rovere, who invented the word "prestidigitateur," meaning "one ready with the fingers."

Houdin (as we may now call him) learned in these days to dread the uneducated spectators more than those who knew more. He explains that the educated audience comes to be

* This French name is pronounced "oo-dan" — only in saying *dan* you suppress the *n* sound.

One automaton that he specially wished to complete before his public performances now absorbed all his time and labor; but when it was finished, Houdin might well be satisfied. It was a figure that wrote answers to questions and could also make drawings. But he made it *too* perfect. It was noiseless, and the public thought it too simple to be wonderful. So Houdin let the wheels buzz a little,—to remind the spectators that it went by machinery,—and thereafter it was considered a marvel indeed. After this was done, he undertook to make a perfect imitation of a nightingale's song by clockwork; and after long study and hard work he was successful in this task also.

He sold these two contrivances for seven thousand francs — fourteen hundred dollars.

His writer, which Houdin named "Auriol," was borrowed from its buyer and exhibited in a Paris exposition in 1844. Louis Philippe, then King of the French, brought the Duchess of Orléans and her son, the Comte de Paris, to see the little figure; and, in answer to the King's question as to the number of inhabitants of Paris, the figure traced with its pencil the figures 998,964 (about one third of its present population, by the way). The King said the new census would soon show more, and Houdin cleverly claimed that when the census came out his writer would probably be wiser — an answer that amused the King. Then, after Auriol had supplied a rhyming word to an incomplete verse, the little prince was asked to choose from some cards the name of an object for the automaton to draw. The little Comte de Paris chose a card, and found it called for a crown — which was a pretty compliment the skilful conjurer brought about.

The automaton had nearly completed the drawing when its pencil broke. Houdin stepped forward to put in a new one, but the King good-naturedly said that the little prince could finish the drawing for himself as a lesson.

This exhibition brought Houdin a silver medal, and also made him somewhat known to the public.

Houdin was at last able to build the little theater for which he had so long planned, and, when it was complete, he gave a "dress rehearsal" before a few friends. It was a hot

June day, and in the middle of the performance, one by one, all his spectators fell asleep. Even the performer at last dozed also, and his pianist, thinking all was over, went out. This was the signal to the gas-man to put out the lights, and for two hours there was darkness and silence, except for a snore now and then.

Houdin, awaking, feared he had lost his sight; but his outcry aroused the friends, and, to their great amusement, all was soon explained.

His first public performance, July 7, 1845, was entirely successful; but the conjurer was so nervous that his heart failed him, so he took down his notices and resolved to abandon the experiment. A "friend" called and assured him that he was very sensible to give it up — that he could never hope to succeed; and, stung by this cruel kindness, Houdin at once determined to go on at any risk. The advertisements were again posted, the performances resumed, and thenceforth his success was almost uninterrupted.

Among his tricks, none so much mystified the audience as what he called "second sight." He speaks in his book as if it were his own invention, and it may have been, in spite of its having been practised in a crude form some sixty years before by another performer. Certainly Houdin wonderfully improved it, and made it a spectacle all Paris talked of.

Houdin's son, Émile, with bandaged eyes, would clearly describe any article the audience handed to his father; and when the people found that whatever they brought — ancient coins, foreign books, queer tools, minerals — was quickly named and told about in detail, they saw that there were no accomplices, and considered the trick a marvel. Then the theater was crowded whenever opened.

Houdin needed quick eyes and a ready brain to solve the puzzles brought to him; for of course the son could tell only what the father reported to him by secret signals. One evening, for instance, a man suddenly covered the number on the back of the stall he sat in, and defied the conjurer's son to give the number. Houdin, at the moment, of course did not know, and he pretended to object; he said his son only saw through the father's eyes, and so, of course,

could n't be expected to tell a number unknown to the conjurer himself. But while Houdin talked, and while the spectator was boasting to his friends that he had puzzled the famous magician, Houdin had made a rapid calculation,

twenty across the theater; commencing at the right with 1, the second row would begin with 21, the third with 41, and so on. His questioner was in the fourth row and had the fifth seat from the end; and beginning with 61 at



HOUDIN AND THE ARAB CHIEF IN ALGERIA.

had found the number, and conveyed it to his son, who said, "It is No. 69," to the complete confusion of the "smart" man and the delight of the audience.

How did Houdin find out the number?

He says that he knew theaters were arranged with even numbers on one side, odd on the other. He counted ten seats in each row,

the fourth row, he counted "61, 63, 65, 67, 69," and then announced the number correctly as 69.

By continual study, the conjurer and his son learned all about the strange things audiences selected to puzzle them, and it was a very outlandish object about which they were not better informed than the spectators themselves.

Long lists of names and dates were committed to memory, and the boy Émile was also trained to remember whatever he saw, even in a single glance. Father and son would often walk rapidly past a shop-window, and then see which could write down the best list of what was within. Houdin says his son soon beat him at this game.

Going once to give an entertainment at a private house, they entered through a library. Houdin told Émile to notice the books in passing. The boy gave a rapid glance at the case. Later in the evening, the conjurer announced that his son could "read through the wall"; and asking for a book, Houdin was led out into the library. He at once called out to his son and asked the name of a book he touched. The name was given, and without further question the young second-sight performer gave the names also of volumes above, below, and on each side of the one touched, repeating a dozen titles. All these he had remembered from one glance.

It seemed witchcraft then, and seems hardly credible now; and yet there was in a New York paper not long ago an account of the ex-

amination of a class of young women who, after a short glance, told exactly what was written in sixty-four squares of a blackboard — though the

board had been shown only a moment or two. *All* the girls had learned this art, and all of you can learn it by practice. But Houdin *discovered* that it could be done, and it is such discoveries that prove him a genius.

While making a foreign trip, Houdin was stopped at a custom-house, and would have been put to much trouble except for a clever trick that won him the favor of the customs officer. The officer asked for a specimen of his talents; and Houdin called to his son, who was playing

not far from where the men stood.

"What do you see in this gentleman's pocket?"

"A blue-striped handkerchief," replied Émile.

"He might have seen that," said the astonished officer.

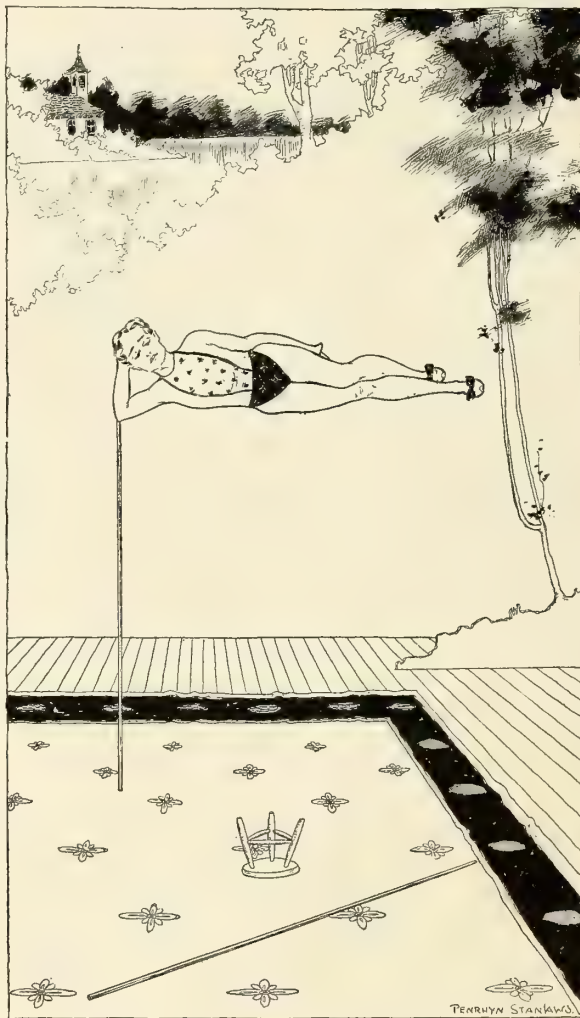
"What is under that?" inquired Houdin.

"A lump of sugar saved from his coffee."

This last answer convinced the officer that Houdin was a great conjurer, and he let the baggage pass. The trick was simple, however; for Houdin had slyly picked the man's pocket, and then replaced its contents.

The foreign trip was a failure, for Houdin was robbed

by his manager, and he returned to Paris, resuming his "Soirées Fantastiques," as he called them. These "fantastic evenings" were very



"ETHEREAL SUSPENSION." ONE OF HOUDIN'S ILLUSIONS.

different from what other conjurers then offered. While they wore queer robes covered with magical emblems, and filled the stage with heavily curtained and tasseled tables, Houdin was in simple evening dress, and had only a light stand, undraped. But in that light, flimsy table were hidden ten spring-rods moved by strings running down its slender legs and attached to a keyboard managed by a skilful assistant. These ten rods, pressing against the feet of different objects set on the stand, truly worked wonders.

In November, 1846, King Louis Philippe "commanded" Houdin to perform at St. Cloud, and the magician crowned a successful evening by a wonderful trick. He borrowed six handkerchiefs. Then those present wrote on cards where they chose to have the handkerchiefs appear. The King drew three. One suggested, "Under the candelabra on the mantel"; a second, "In the dome of the Invalides"; a third, "Inside the box of the last orange-tree in the avenue." Choosing the third, the King sent servants to guard the box. Houdin put the handkerchiefs under a glass bell, waved his little magic wand, and raised the bell. A white dove walked out.

Then an attendant was sent by the King to open the box, and returned with a rusty old chest. The King asked whether the handkerchiefs were in the box, and Houdin assured him they were. The chest was unlocked with a key taken from the dove's neck, and out came a musty, fusty parchment certifying, under the seal of the noted Cagliostro (a well known magician of a hundred years before), that the six handkerchiefs had been put there in 1786 for the purpose of a trick to be performed by M. Robert-Houdin before Louis Philippe, etc.

Beneath the parchment was a packet sealed with Cagliostro's signet, and in the packet were the handkerchiefs!

The next year Houdin brought out another wonder; for he believed a magician could not afford to rest on past triumphs. At this time ether was much talked about, being a new discovery, and Houdin assented that he had discovered a means of making a body float in the air — "ethereal suspension" he termed it.

He would lead his little son out upon the

stage and mount him on a stool. Then a light cane was put under each elbow, and, with much hocus-pocus, the magician pretended to hold a bottle of ether to the child's nose. After a moment the magician moved out the stool, and the boy seemed to rest securely on the canes. A cane was taken away, and still the boy hung in the air. Then the child was lifted sideways until he seemed to recline gracefully upon nothing except the light cane under one elbow.

Like Columbus's (or Brunelleschi's) egg trick, it is easy when you are shown how. The light cane concealed a steel rod whose lower end entered a socket in the stage, and whose upper end fitted a light steel frame fitted to the boy's body under his stage costume, and thus held him securely.

It is believed that this trick was invented by the Chinese — but then, you know, they claim everything. The later magicians improved it by seeming to remove even the last cane, which was done by making the polished steel bar within the cane triangular, so that it reflected the stage-curtains at the sides. As these were like the curtains behind the figure, the bar could not be seen.

But in 1848 a revolution in France drove out the King of the French, unsettled public affairs, and put an end to all theatrical business, including Houdin's. The conjurer went to England and gave many performances, appearing before Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, the Duke of Wellington, and Louis Napoleon — who was soon to become first the President and then the Emperor of France.

Going to Manchester, the manufacturers' operators came in crowds to the show; but when Houdin began to speak French they roared out: "Speak English!" and Houdin delighted them by good-naturedly doing his best in broken English, stopping every now and then to ask, "How do you call this?" when he was at a loss for a noun.

After fifteen performances Houdin had to give place to the great singer Jenny Lind, and he traveled about to different towns until summoned to give an entertainment before the Queen at Buckingham Palace.

In 1849 Houdin returned to Paris, and after

three years he retired from the stage to give his time to electrical and scientific inventions. One suggestion he made has since been carried out — the sending of correct time by electricity, so that all clocks may be made to agree. The United States sends every day a signal when the official clock points to noon, and this has grown to be a most important service.

But the French government called upon the retired conjurer for one more appearance. It was when the French had conquered Algeria, and were trying to rule the country. Native "prophets" or magicians, known as Marabouts, were stirring up insurrections and exciting the Arabs by pretended miracles. Houdin was called to go to Algeria and to excel these native performers, so that the intelligent chiefs might see the false prophets outdone by a mere performer in theaters, and so that the ignorant Arabs might believe the French magician more powerful than their own.

Houdin consented, and gave a brilliant exhibition of his powers. How the Arabs stared to see cannon-balls and flowers lifted from an empty hat, an empty bowl filled mysteriously with smoking coffee, and money thrown across the theater into a closed glass box swinging from a long cord!

Then Houdin declared he could make the strongest Arab powerless in a moment. A brawny chief leaped upon the stage and defied him. Houdin pointed to a small metal box

and told the Arab to lift it. It was lifted with ease, and the Arab sneered. Houdin waved his wand above the chief's head, telling him to try again. Pull and tug and strain as he might, the little box never budged; nor was this strange, for an electromagnet was holding it down. The Arab let go and paused for breath, and returned to the struggle with renewed strength. But as soon as the poor chief touched the box, he began to dance and yell and writhe; for the electric current had been connected with the handles.

Another Arab—a Marabout—leaps upon the stage, and says he will shoot the French magician. Houdin permits the Arab to load a pistol and fire it at him—and then shows the bullet in an apple he has held in his fingers. And after Houdin has put a big fellow on a table, covered him with a cone, and then caused him to disappear, the native audience waits for no more, but rushes panic-stricken to the door, only to meet the missing Arab from the cone.

A trip in Africa followed, then a stormy voyage to France, and Houdin's career as a public performer was at an end. He died in 1871.

Before the day of Robert-Houdin most professors of white magic were mere mountebanks; this Frenchman made the "prestidigitateur" a gentleman whose finer art was concealed by simplicity. In his performances there was no vulgarity, no cruelty, nothing debasing. He amused and delighted thousands, and was always an upright, honorable gentleman.



LIFE-SAVERS, OLD AND YOUNG.

BY GUSTAV KOBBE.

FROM September 1 to May 1 nearly the whole of our sea-coast, and a great portion of our lake-coast, is faithfully sentineled at night by the life-savers. Often exposed to the warfare of the elements, they plow through heavy sand or swirling breakers on their five-mile patrol. Facing wind and sleet, however, is mere play compared with the dangers they encounter when some dark and heaving mass, dimly discernible in the offing, or the slatting of canvas heard above the roar of the gale, tells the patrol that a vessel has stranded and that human lives are in peril.

Quickly flashing his Coston light (a colored light that he carries) as a signal to the imperiled ship that her stress is known, the life-saver dashes back to the station and gives the alarm.

In a moment the sleeping station is all life and action. Surf-boots, oilers, and sou'westers are on in a jiffy, while the patrol, in answer to the keeper's hasty inquiries, has explained the situation of the ship.

If the Lyle gun can be used—if the ship is within a few hundred yards of shore, so that a line can be shot out to her—the keeper gives the order, and the crew seize the cart which holds the "beach apparatus" and dash out of the station with it. Once on the beach, it takes all the brawn and muscle of these strong men to drag the cart through the treacherous sand and against the onslaught of the storm to the point which the keeper's judgment leads him to select as the best from which to fire the line out to the ship. He has to calculate the force of the gale and other circumstances in taking position. In fact, he must be a sharpshooter under conditions that might "rattle" the best rifle-shot.

If there is a large crew or many passengers to rescue, the life-car, in which several people can be conveyed ashore at the same time, is used; though, of course, when possible, the surf-boat is launched in such a case and crews and

boats summoned from neighboring stations. With several boats plying between wreck and



BURNING THE COSTON SIGNAL-LIGHT.

shore a large number can be quickly taken off. But often it would mean certain death to the

life-savers if they attempted to launch their boat, and often, too, the life-savers suffer more than those whom they rescue. In the great majority of shipwrecks the vessel is driven on a lee shore; and the life-savers, when they use the life-boat, must pull right in the teeth of the storm and through reaches of "white water" where almost every wave threatens to engulf them. Many a life-saving crew has launched the life-boat only to have it "pitch-poled" or stove in, and the whole or part of the crew

But as the officials at the head of the service felt that there should be some tangible recognition of deeds of distinguished heroism, Congress has provided large and tasteful gold and silver medals, to be awarded when lives have been saved from the waters under circumstances peculiarly heroic, whether the rescuers are members of the Life-saving Service or not. The gold medal is the highest distinction which can be conferred upon a keeper or surfman in the Life-saving Service. It means that he is

one of the bravest among the brave, and he prizes it as highly as an American the Medal of Honor, an Englishman the Victoria Cross, or a German soldier the Iron Cross. Naturally, too, those outside the service treasure the gold or the silver medal as a mark of high honor. It has been conferred upon men and women, and in several instances upon boys and girls, who have heroically faced danger to rescue drowning people.

A crew of young people that has been thought worthy of the gold medal is the students' crew of the Northwestern Academy, Evanston, Illinois, on Lake Michigan. This crew belongs to the

lost. Fortunately the cases where heroism is rewarded with success are more frequent than those which have a tragic ending.

For some years after the establishment of the service there was no reward but success and the consciousness of having performed their duty (perhaps the sweetest of all rewards) for those who under circumstances of extraordinary danger risked their lives to save the lives of others. Very properly, the life-savers are prohibited from receiving gifts of money from those they rescue. Heroism cannot be estimated in money. Moreover, rewards of money might lead to demoralization in the service. When on some stormy night a distressed vessel signaled for aid, the answer from shore might be: "How much is it worth?" And if the master of the vessel demurred, and the life-savers ever happened to be rascals, it might become a matter of "Your money or your life!"

Life-saving Service, but is, with the exception of the keeper, composed of academy students.

The disposition of the life-saving stations on the Great Lakes is somewhat different from that of the stations on the Atlantic



UNDER WAY. HOW THE BOAT IS STEERED.



AT DRILL. UPSETTING THE LIFE-BOT.

beaches. Ocean stations are strung out at intervals of five miles, the patrols tramp-

ing in each direction two and a half miles, meeting the patrols from the stations next above and below, and exchanging brass tally-checks with them. Many Atlantic stations are on desolate outlying beaches, where the misery of loneliness is added to the hardships necessary to the life-saver's ever risky calling. Along the lakes there are few natural harbors, and shelter for the shipping of the lake cities has been provided by building out breakwaters and jetties.

Often when vessels endeavor to beat into one of these harbors in a gale, they are driven upon one of the piers, or, missing the entrance, are swept up on some reef. For this reason the lake stations have been placed on or near the harbor piers.

Sometimes, when vessels have gone ashore at points far from the cities, crews have been obliged to travel great distances to effect a rescue. One crew has gone by railroad over a hundred miles to the scene of shipwreck, as the December St. NICHOLAS told you.

The disaster at which the Northwestern Academy student crew displayed such signal bravery that the gold medal of the service was awarded them was the stranding of the steamer "Calumet" off Fort Sheridan, twelve miles north of Evanston. It

was on a Thanksgiving morning when the crew began the long, hard journey with the life-boat to the scene of the disaster. The thermometer was ten degrees below zero, and the air thick

with sleet and snow. When they reached Fort Sheridan the crew could see from the bluff the doomed vessel about a thousand yards from shore, the waves rushing madly over her. A

ragged ravine—a crevice in the bluff through which the storm roared—led down to the shore. The crew unaided could hardly have clambered down the steep sides and made their way through the dense thicket with the boat. But soldiers from the fort and civilian volunteers were there to help

them. With picks and shovels steps were cut in the side of the ravine and a path mowed through the brush. Thus slowly but steadily the crew made their way down with the boat.

At the foot of the bluff there was a mere strip of beach across which wave after wave sheeted, rendering the foothold insecure and treacherous, and the hauling of the life-boat to a point to windward of the vessel not only arduous but perilous. Thrice the boat was filled by the heavy waves before the spot from which the keeper decided to make the launch was reached.

Standing serene with hands on the gunwale of the life-boat, with the surf swirling all about them, with a dark, tumultuous scene before them, the students awaited the keeper's word of command.

"Shove her in!"

A moment later the boat was among

the breakers, each of which reared its crest as if to hurl itself upon the stanch craft and rend and stave it. Once during the perilous passage the boat was nearly pitch-poled, and again,



ON THE UPTURNED BOAT.



RIGHTING THE BOAT.

a wave, bursting over it, filled it to the thwarts. Despite the strength of the crew the boat was driven to leeward, and a desperate pull in the very teeth of the gale ensued. Spray dashed over them, and the intense cold covered their drenched clothing with a glaze of ice.

As they approached the vessel they saw her crew, half perished, clustered forward. The vessel itself was covered with an ever-thickening shroud of ice.

At last the life-boat got under the steamer's lee and was able to take a line from her. Six men were rescued on this trip; but on the way in, the boat was driven a quarter of a mile to leeward of the point from which the launch had been made, and had to be hauled to windward of the vessel again. Two more trips were made, and when the boat was beached after the last one, the life-savers were in almost as pitiable a condition as the men they had rescued.

Among those not connected with the service who have received medals for saving or aiding to save life are a number much younger than the average age of this student crew. One of the first girls thus honored was Edith Morgan of Hamlin, Michigan, who endeavored with her father and brothers to row in a northerly gale and heavy sea to a vessel capsized three miles out. When the boat was forced back, Edith aided in clearing a track through logs and driftwood for the surf-boat, which had meanwhile been summoned, and also helped launch the boat. On a previous occasion she had stood in snow six hours helping the life-savers work the whip-line of the beach apparatus.

Edith Clarke, when sixteen years old, and a pupil in a convent of Oakland, California, plunged into Lake Chabot to rescue a companion who, in wading on the treacherous margin, had disappeared in sixty feet of water. Edith seized the unconscious girl, and,

keeping her head above water with one arm, paddled with the other, and trod water until a boat came to the rescue.

Marie D. Parsons of Fireplace, Long Island, New York, was only ten years old when, seeing a man and a child swept off a pleasure-boat by the boom, and observing that the child clung to the man so that the latter could make no headway, sprang into a small boat and reached the spot just in time to save these two lives.

Maud King, when only thirteen years old, saved three lives off Castle Pinckney, the lighthouse depot in Charleston harbor. At the time there was a southwest gale and a heavy sea. In a furious squall, which added impetus to the gale, a yawl containing three men and a boy was capsized. The boy managed to swim ashore; but two men got only as far as the piles of the wharf. There they hung, too exhausted to climb up, while the third man, unable to swim, clung to the yawl. Maud, notwithstanding her mother's protests, prepared, unaided, to launch a small boat in the boisterous sea. But she was joined by her aunt, Mrs. Mary Whiteley, and, together, this brave girl and her aunt rescued the imperiled men.

Frederick Kernochan, when only ten years old, sprang into the Navesink River and rescued a woman. Henry F. Page of Schenectady, New York, is also one of the lads who at ten years old have been honored with life-saving medals. Fully dressed, he plunged into a mill-pond and saved one of his playmates who had suddenly found himself in deep water.

William B. Miller, thirteen years old, of Elkton, Maryland, showed he had a cool head as well as a brave heart by the rescue of his companion who had stepped from shallow water



THE LIFE-LINE DRILL. READY TO FIRE.

into a deep hole. When William seized the drowning lad, the latter began to struggle, and

it was a toss-up whether William's life would be sacrificed or not. But, with great adroitness, he, while swimming, lifted the struggling boy to a tree-trunk which protruded into the river, and thus saved both his companion's life and his own.

When the "O. M. Bond" of Oswego was stranded an eighth of a mile out from Rondeau, Ontario, and the crew was hanging, half perished, in the rigging, Walter Claus, a lad who lived upon a farm not far away, made four trips out to the wreck

through the raging sea in a small boat, and by his own exertions saved the entire crew.

These young rescuers were inspired by the noble impulse to risk their lives for the lives of others. Their exploits awaken not only the gratitude of those whom they saved, but the admiration of all to whom knowledge of their heroism may come. The age of chivalry has

by no means gone by; for what can be more truly chivalrous than the deeds of these young heroes and heroines of our coast?



READY TO SEND THE BREECHES-BUOY.

THE ONLY ESKIMO IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY MARY B. SHELDON.

HE is very young, and very small, to be the only representative of his people in our country. But though he is only ten, and no taller than our boys of seven or eight, he is the most engaging little fellow that ever you saw. Dark skin, straight black hair, the brightest of brown eyes, and white teeth that he is constantly showing as he smiles his winning, friendly little smile—by these things you may know Mene, if you have the good fortune to meet him, as I did. He lived up at High-bridge, in the home of Mr. Wallace, formerly with the American Museum of Natural History, New York; for Mr. and Mrs. Wallace most kindly adopted the little fellow.

It was about two years ago that Mene came to the United States. Lieutenant Peary brought him, with five other Eskimos, from his home far North on Smith Sound. The others were grown persons, and of them all, only Mene and one of the men are now alive.

The little fellow's father, Kussah, was one of those who came here never to go back, and after the father's death, Mene decided, of his own accord, to stay in this country.

"Kussah is dead," he said sorrowfully. "Nuctooh, Artoona, Ahweah" (the three Eskimos who were then living), "they all go back North; but Mene will stay with Willie."

Willie is the young son of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace, and Mene is very fond of him.

Of course, when he first came he could not speak English; now he talks very well, and goes to school with other boys.

"I hesitated about sending him to a public school," Mr. Wallace told me, "but I feel that Mene belongs to the United States, and I decided that our public schools ought to have the benefit of educating him. His teachers tell me that he is bright, and learns quickly."

Mr. Wallace tells me that the boy has a curious habit of always standing, instead of

sitting down, when he is in the house. He will stand during a whole evening, while all the others are sitting in the library.

"Is he, then, restless or nervous?" I asked.

"Oh, no," Mr. Wallace said; "quite the contrary. It seems merely his habit to stand rather than to sit."

A friend of Mrs. Wallace said that the only time she ever saw Mene hurry was one day last summer, when he was going after a bottle of sarsaparilla.

"He likes to drink out of a bottle," she said. "He puts the bottle to his lips, and then shakes it, making 'soap-suds' of the sarsaparilla before he swallows it."

These things were related to me while Mene was out of the room. Presently he came in, smiling, and carrying, looped over both his outstretched hands,—of all things in the world!—a live snake. I have never taken any particular interest in snakes, and I do not know what kind this one was, but I am sure that it was at least three feet long.

"Mene and Willie are always collecting snakes," Mrs. Wallace explained, shrinking from the twisting thing. "I wish they would n't."

"Could n't you take the snake away, Mene, and then come back and talk to me?" I asked the little Eskimo boy.

"Oh, yes," he answered readily. "I put it away, and then I come back and tell you some stories."

A most friendly little fellow, quite willing to be entertaining, he began at once when he had come back to the parlor. And please to remember that these things that he tells of happened when he could not have been over seven or eight years old.

"Once my father had a very good dog. One day it fell into a big—very big—crack in the ice. Then my father say to me that I go down after the dog. My father tie a rope around my shoulders, and then they let me down into the big crack in the ice. I tie the rope around



THE ONLY ESKIMO LIVING IN THE UNITED STATES.

the dog, and the men pull us both up, so we have saved the dog."

"But were n't you afraid to be let down into the crack, Mene?"

"Oh, no!" Then he laughed a little, and his eyes twinkled as if that were a very good joke—that he might have been afraid.

"Did you have any dogs of your own?" I asked him.

"No; but my father let me drive his dogs. I drive"—here he considered for some moments, as if to be sure of his facts—"I drive ten dogs. One day I drive the dogs, and they see a fox, and they run away, very fast—I could not hold them. Then the sled hit against a big piece of ice—big as this room—and tip over, and I am thrown out."

"Did the dogs get away then?"

"No; the ice hold the sled, so the dogs could not run any more, and Nuctooh came and caught them."

"Tell me what games you used to play away off there in the North."

"The boys play with the harpoons."

"What do you mean? Did you spear anything?"

"No; they are too heavy; they are for the men. We just *play* spear."

"What else?"

"We play hide-and-seek over the snow in the winter. We hide behind the big pieces of ice. But we always have to watch, or the bears might come and catch us. We have always four boys together, so some can call if the bears come; one boy is never alone. The bears are white, like the ice, and we do not see them, and they come softly."

"But was n't it too dark in the winter for you to play out on the snow?"

"Oh, no; it was not so dark. We have the moon and the stars; and the snow make it light, too."

"Were n't you cold?"

"Only my cheeks—they were cold. But I am cold *here*"—meaning in New York.

"He does feel cold here," said Mrs. Wallace, "yet in the summer he suffers from the heat. He does n't like to be too warm, and sometimes when he gets heated playing out of doors, he just stops and takes off some of his clothes and lays them down by some stone wall, and then he goes on playing. He has lately lost, in that way, some underclothes, his overcoat, and a sweater."

Mrs. Wallace left the room for a moment, and then Mene turned to me and said, in a gravely courteous manner:

"I have not told you all."

"Have n't you?" I said, smiling. "Then tell me some more, Mene; I like your stories."

Still he seemed not to know exactly what to say, so I asked him:

"Did your father and Nuctooh and the other men hunt those bears that you were always looking out for?"

His eyes brightened and his face lighted up

as he answered, "Oh, yes! They spear the bears in the back with the harpoons."

"Once the men were spearing a walrus, with a long rope tied to the harpoon. One man got caught in the rope, and the walrus jerked him into the water, and we never could find him again."

"Did *you* see that?"

"Yes; I was in the kayak" (the little Eskimo boat).

"Tell me what kind of house you lived in, Mene."

"Stone houses. In summer they make the stone houses to live in in the winter. And when we move away, in the winter, we live in snow houses."

"And in summer?"

He hesitated for the word, then he said, "Skins."

"Tents?" I suggested.

"Oh, yes," smiling; "tents."

"Well, what did you wear that kept you so warm, all except your cheeks?"

For answer he showed me his picture.

"This"—pointing to the trousers—"bear-skin. This"—the coat—"fox-skin, sometimes sealskin."

"What did you wear in summer?"

"Bird-skins."

I thought I must have misunderstood him.

"*Bird-skins*," I repeated. "Are you sure, Mene?"

"Yes," he said positively, and nodding his head. "Skins of birds, so big." He held his hands about a foot apart.

"But it must take a great many birds to furnish skins for all the people."

"Hundred," he answered, with that winning little smile. "The birds fly overhead, very thick. You throw up a stone, and one, two birds sure to fall. Throw up a big stick, and four come down."

"Then the skins must be sewed together to make the clothes; who does that?"

"The ladies," he answered at once.

We hope that this little ward of the United States, a guest from the far-away Northland, will grow up to a manhood that will combine the best qualities both of his land and of our own.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY WILLIAM E. GRAY FROM THE PAINTING BY STEPHEN POINTZ DENNING IN THE DULWICH GALLERY.

ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

PRINCESS VICTORIA, AT THE AGE OF FOUR.

THE LITTLE PRINCESS VICTORIA AND HER DOLLS.

BY ELISABETH FINLEY.

IN one of the rooms of the Dulwich Gallery, London, there is a portrait of Victoria, late Queen of England, painted at the age of four years, when she was the little Princess Victoria. She is represented standing in a park. She is in full out-of-door dress, with a dark cape and large black hat, and wears white wool gaiters. Her head droops shyly, in an attitude of childish timidity, but in the face of the small princess of four years one may readily trace the resemblance to the Queen of fourscore.

In those early days of her quiet childhood the little Victoria lived in dingy Kensington Palace, which to modern eyes looks more like an almshouse than like a royal residence. She was born on May 24, 1819, in one of its lofty frescoed rooms; and in another, overlooking a fine stretch of lawn and avenues of elms, she set up, a few years later, her dolls' house. It has two stories, and the furniture is not in the least royal. In fact, the kitchen is better equipped than the other rooms. A fine supply of pewter plates and cooking-utensils is among its treasures. The present care-taker of Kensington Palace shows the visitor a small box where some scraps of time-worn yellowed muslin attest the industry of the baby Victoria. There is a deal of laboriously neat stitching on the dolls' house-linen and clothes, and there is an apron for the doll cook which is quite a triumph in dress-making for the chubby fingers of a four-year-old.

Victoria owned a hundred and thirty-two dolls. She must have been a tireless seamstress, for she dressed no fewer than thirty-two with her own hands. But all the art of their royal modiste did not suffice to make Victoria's dolls beautiful. They are, for the most part, little wooden creatures from four to eight inches in height, with sharp triangular noses and vermillion-touched cheeks. Seven boy-dolls are

included in the collection, and a few rag babies with painted muslin faces. Some of the dolls are attired as court ladies with wonderfully ruffled frocks. Others are the owners of minute hemstitched pocket-handkerchiefs with embroidered initials.

The time came when the little needle-woman put by her needle and her toys, and the princess took up the duties of a queen.

Out of this very room in Kensington Palace Victoria hastened on the morning of June 20, 1837, to hear the news of her accession.

Half awake and half clad, a gray shawl thrown hastily over her night-dress, her bare feet thrust into slippers, she hurried down the wide staircase to hear the tidings that gave her to her people's service. The dolls' house and the neatly sewed dolls' garments were put aside forever, to fade and grow yellow during the more than three-score years of Queen Victoria's reign.

[THE foregoing slight sketch gives a very pleasing glimpse of the early childhood of the great and good Queen Victoria. Readers of *ST. NICHOLAS* for July, 1897, will remember the longer article entitled "Girlhood Days of England's Queen." And to one of the earlier volumes of *ST. NICHOLAS* that distinguished writer, Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant, contributed a very interesting series of papers concerning Windsor Castle, including one devoted entirely to Queen Victoria. The following extract from Mrs. Oliphant's paper is well worth reprinting here.—EDITOR.]

There is a pretty story told by her governess, which was published not very long ago, and which I am sure you will be pleased to hear, of how this little girl of twelve summers felt when she found out quite suddenly that she was to be the Queen. It is in a letter addressed to Queen Victoria herself:

"I said to the Duchess of Kent that your Majesty ought to know your place in the succession. Her Royal Highness agreed with me, and I put the genealogical table into the historical book. When Mr. Davys [the Queen's instructor, afterward Bishop of Peterborough] was gone, the Princess Victoria opened, as usual, the book again, and, seeing the additional paper, said, 'I never saw that before.' 'It was not thought necessary you should, Princess,' I answered. 'I see I am nearer the throne than I thought.' 'So it is, madam,' I said. After some moments the Princess resumed: 'Now, many a child would boast; but they don't know the difficulty. There is much splendor, but there is more responsibility.' The Princess, having lifted up the forefinger of her right hand while she spoke, gave me that little hand, saying, 'I will be good. I understand now why you urged me so much to learn even Latin. My cousins Augusta and Mary never did; but you told me Latin is the foundation of English grammar, and of all the elegant expressions, and I learned it as you wished; but I understand all better now'; and the Princess gave me her hand, repeating, 'I will be good!'"

Is not this a pretty story? Cannot you fancy the little girl, overawed by the great thought of being a queen, and understanding how wonderful it was, yet finding nothing more solemn to say in her simplicity (and, indeed, if she had searched the world for "elegant expressions," what could she have found better?) than those dear child's words, "I will be good!" I think there could not be a more charming little historical scene. "I cried much on learning it," is the note which the Queen's hand writes on the margin. No doubt the little maiden was frightened into seriousness, and drew her breath quick when she first knew what was before her—Queen! of an empire upon which, as we are fond of saying, "the sun never sets"—yet only twelve years old, a little girl in a white frock, with big blue eyes opening wide with

wonder. Think how you who are the same age would feel if anything a tenth part as wonderful were told to you!

Princess Victoria was but eighteen when her uncle William IV. died and she became actually Queen of England. We are very steady-going people, you know, in the British Islands, and don't excite ourselves easily; but if the country had not been smitten with some enthusiasm for this young, slight creature, with those royal blue eyes looking full and fearless upon all the world, Englishmen would not have been what they are. You may fancy how touched and fatherly the statesmen felt who had to submit all their plans to her, and get her girlish approbation, and watch her first steps in life. Lord Melbourne, who was the prime minister then, had "tears in his eyes," we are told, several times, as he watched her. I do not suppose the Queen was ever beautiful, though that is a word which is used to describe many persons whose features would not bear any severe test of beauty; but yet her face was one which you would have remarked anywhere had she been only *Miss* Victoria. She had not much color in her youth; and it was a time of simplicity when girls wore their pretty hair in a natural way without swelling it out by artificial means, or building it up like towers on their heads, and when their dresses were very simple, almost childish in their plainness. All this increased the appearance of youth and naturalness and innocence in the little Queen; but I remember very distinctly when I saw her first, being myself very young, how the calm, full look of her eyes impressed and affected me. She was then a young mother, and approaching the maturity of womanhood. Those eyes were very blue, serene, still—looking at you with a tranquil breadth of expression which somehow conveyed to your mind a feeling of unquestioned power and greatness, quite poetical in its serious simplicity. I do not suppose the Queen was at all aware that she appeared so calmly royal; but this was how she looked to a fanciful girl seeing her Majesty for the first time.





“BY FAVOR OF THE QUEEN.”

BY EMILIE POULSSON.

AROUND the walls and towers
Of Windsor, old and gray,
The castle where the noble Queen
Of England loved to stay,
The birds flit gaily through the air
In happy freedom everywhere.

Their nests they build as freely,
Without a thought of fear,
In bush or tree, or castle wall,
All innocently near
To palace pomp and royalty;
For birds know naught of high degree.

The sheltered nooks and crannies
Left in the tower wall
Where loosened stones had fallen out,
The birds loved best of all;
And, joyful, in each vacant space
Their little straw-built nests would place.

Once, when the Queen was absent,
The royal gardener saw
The holes that marred the towerwall,
The hanging bits of straw,
And ordered all made right in haste—
The nests destroyed, the stones replaced.

Then stood the lofty tower
In orderly array;
Its crannies snug, its cozy nooks,
Had vanished quite away;
And homeless roved the twittering throng
Once nesting there with happy song.

But when the royal lady
To Windsor came again,
And viewed with fond affection all
This fair and dear domain,
The tower's silent, smooth expanse
Won from her eyes a troubled glance.

No birds about the tower?
Their nesting-places filled?
No more those crannies in the wall
Where birds had loved to build?
Such were the questions quick to start
And stir that tender, queenly heart.

Straightway, in loving pity
For all the little birds
Thus routed, homeless, and forlorn,
Came her commanding words:
“The stones must be removed, and then
Nor birds nor nests disturbed again.”

So, on the great round tower
Of Windsor, old and gray,
The palace where the noble Queen
Of England loved to stay,
Those nooks and crannies still are seen—
Bird homes “by favor of the Queen.”

Ah! 't is by more than birthright
This good Queen won renown;
Her deeds of love and mercy shone
Far brighter than her crown.
The whole world mourns that good life's end,
And even the birds have lost a friend.



POLLY MAKING THE "DIFFICULT FOLD."

POLLY'S RAINY-DAY STORY.

BY CONSTANCE MACKENZIE DURHAM.

POLLY had been standing for a long time, looking quietly out of the window. It was a very rainy day, but Polly did n't mind that at all. She had been taught "to think with her eyes," as she called it, and it is wonderful how much that helps to make commonplace things interesting.

Just now Polly was watching the long, slanting lines of rain as they came dashing past the window.

"As slanting as the roofs of the attic windows opposite," said Polly, talking happily to herself under her breath.

"Now the lines sweep round and round in circles, just as if the drops were trying to catch one another," announced Polly, further, for her own information, as the wind took a fresh turn and sent the falling rain before it in a flurry.

"And now," as it dropped away to a soft,

sighing breath, "the rain makes long, straight telegraph-wires to the sky."

How green the garden was growing beneath the cool, refreshing touch of the heavy drops! How merrily the musical drip-drip played its little tune upon the leaves! How gladly the thirsty ground sucked in the welcome rain! Polly saw and heard it all, and she was glad too.

By and by she left the window to watch Sister Anna at her work. It was pretty work, of dainty pinks and greens, that was growing under Sister Anna's hands; but soon Polly's own little fingers grew restless.

"May I have a piece of your paper, Sister Anna?" she asked finally. "I want to make a rainy-day story"—as if it were the most natural thing in the world to make a *story* out of a piece of paper. And so it was to Polly, for she had been a kindergarten child until she

was seven, two years ago, and she had learned to put her mind into her fingers as well as into her eyes. They were her ready, deft little helpers in all manner of handiwork. Now they pulled toward her the paper she chose from Sister Anna's store, and with the help of the scissors cut it straight. It made a nine-inch square.

Sister Anna looked interested, but Polly would n't tell the end of her story until she reached it, in its proper place.

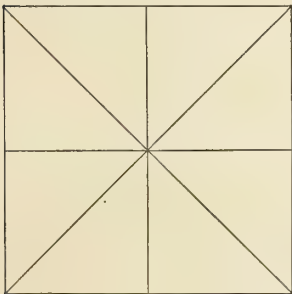
"And then you'll be so surprised!" she laughed, with delighted anticipation.

It was n't a very pretty piece of paper that Polly had chosen. Its color was a greenish brown. "But," said Polly, thoughtfully, "it looks just like the meadow pond when the day is rainy—so dark and green and deep."

Then, with her paper lying straight before her, she went on with her story.

She took the lower right-hand corner and folded it up to the upper left one, creasing the paper with her thumb-nail. She opened it out square again, and folded the lower left-hand corner up to the upper right one. Then she opened that out again.

Next she turned it face downward, and folded the lower edge up to meet the upper edge, creasing it. Opening the paper, she folded the right-hand edge over to meet the left. When she unfolded it again it looked like drawing No. 1, where the inner lines are the foldings. Then she gathered it all together and squeezed it all up,



NO. 1.

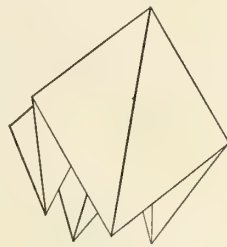
like a stiffly folded napkin or handkerchief, until it looked like No. 2.

Polly examined it for a moment, as she held it daintily poised on her fingers.

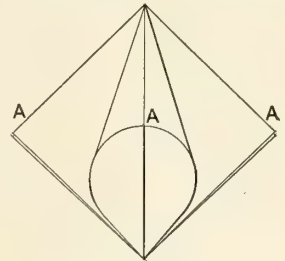
"I think," she said slowly, "it looks very much like the outside cup of an opening water-lily as it lifts its pretty head out of the meadow pond. It is just the right color, too." And so it was.

She pressed it more compactly together, and

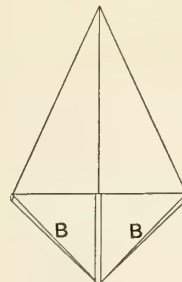
laid it folded upon the table in a square, as you see by the outer line of No. 3. She then brought to the middle and creased down, first at the front and then at the back, all four of the wings



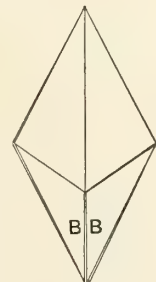
NO. 2.



NO. 3.



NO. 4.



NO. 5.

(marked *A*), opening each and flattening it until the paper looked like No. 4.

"What *does* that remind me of?" demanded Polly of herself. "Oh, I know!" as she turned it triumphantly upside down. "It's Bridget's old green umbrella, except that it has n't any handle."

And Sister Anna thought that Polly had given it a very good name.

The next fold was not at all easy, and Polly's small fingers went to work very carefully. First she laid the paper on the table, as you see in No. 4. Then she turned forward the slanting edge (marked *B*) until it lay along the central line of the figure, raising the crosswise fold to make the edge *B* as long as she could. She pushed it up under the fold, and creased it sharply, so that the fold was changed to a pointed flap in the middle. She did the same with the opposite side, and finished it all around the four sides until she had a figure like No. 5.

"Well," said Polly, as she held it up for inspection, "I can't make anything out of that but a messenger-boy, with a rubber square over his head to keep off the rain!"

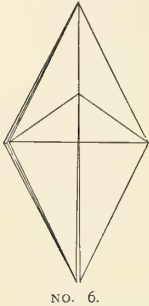
Sister Anna and she had a good laugh over it, for who ever saw a messenger-boy with greenish-brown trousers? But Polly could n't think of anything better, so a messenger-boy he remained until he turned into No. 6.

That was a very easy fold. Polly had only to turn up the little flaps, or triangles, and it was complete.

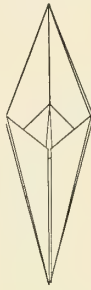
"It looks a little like a whale, with big side-fins, and his mouth wide open," said Polly, doubtfully. "Can you think of anything better, Sister Anna?"

"You might call it a water-bird's head, if you lay the triangles back flat. Water-birds always have such long, slender bills," replied Sister Anna, helping Polly out.

And so Polly decided to call it a water-bird's



NO. 6.



NO. 7.

head. Then she doubled forward the parts of the bill all around, and she had made No. 7.

"These are the shears that William uses to clip the hedges after a rain," said Polly.

"He clips them at other times, too," answered Sister Anna.

"Yes, but they grow fastest after a rain; William said so," answered Polly.

All this time Polly was busily turning her shears into something else. First she bent up

a narrow strip on the under side of the figure, until it slanted out on the right. Then she did



NO. 8.

the same with the one on the top at the left. Next she folded the under one on the left, then the remaining one on the right. She gave a downward and inward fold to each about an inch away from the first bend; then she turned out the toes, and lo! she had made No. 8.

"Mr. Frog, from his country-seat on a lily-pad in the meadow pond!" exclaimed Polly, in high glee.

And there could be no doubt about it. He did look like a frog in his greenish-brown coat, and the little paper creature sat up with so jaunty an air that Polly began to sing the lines of the famous old nursery-rhyme:

"A frog he would a-wooing go,"

as she made him hop around the table as gracefully as a frog without joints may be expected to hop.

"I hope my water-bird does n't get hold of you, Mr. Frog," said Polly, speaking to the paper figure, "or my story—and you—would have a very sad ending indeed."



BOOKS AND READING.

To the prize questions published in the December ST. NICHOLAS fifty sets of answers were received, and every one of the five hundred answers was carefully examined. Let it be understood that in choosing questions for the competitions, the object is not to select difficult subjects, but rather to make the finding of the answers an interesting bit of work. Several of the questions have really no certain fixed answers; as, for instance, is the case with the question as to the origin of the expression "to grin like a Cheshire cat." In such cases, it is best to select the most likely explanation, and to show why it is reasonable.

After full consideration it has been decided that the best of all the answers sent in are those of George Stronach, 7 Warrender Park Crescent, Edinburgh, Scotland, and the prize of a year's subscription to ST. NICHOLAS is therefore awarded to the author of the following paper:

ANSWERS TO COMPETITION QUESTIONS IN DECEMBER ST. NICHOLAS.

I. LONG before the custom of hanging up the stocking on the eve of Christmas was practised in any other country, it was common in Italy on the day of St. Nicholas, the patron saint of Russia, of school-boys, of virgins, and of mariners, merchants, and travelers. It is no matter of wonder that the custom should have originated in Italy, as, so far back as 1087, the relics of St. Nicholas had been conveyed from the East to Bari, in the kingdom of Naples. Hospinian, in his work on the origin of Christian festivals (1594), tells us that in many places in Italy and elsewhere it was the custom of parents, on the vigil of St. Nicholas, to convey, secretly, presents of various kinds to their children, in their shoes, slippers, or stockings, teaching them to believe that they owed them to the kindness of St. Nicholas and his train, who, going up and down among the towns and villages, came in at the windows, though they were shut, and distributed his gifts. This was done in imitation of the practice of St. Nicholas, who used in the night-time to throw purses in at the windows of poor maids to be marriage portions for them. Brady, in his "Clavis Calendaria," says that in the convents of Italy and France it used to be the custom, on the eve of St. Nicholas, for the boarders to place each a silk stocking at the door of the apartment of the abbess, with a piece of paper inclosed, recommending themselves to "great St. Nicholas of her chamber," and the

next day they were called together to witness the attention of the saint, who never failed to fill the stockings with sweetmeats and other trifles, with which they made a general feast. The custom has now been generally transferred from St. Nicholas Day (December 6) to Christmas Eve, and "St. Nicholas" has been transformed into "Santa Claus."

2. An "*Injun giver*," or Indian giver, is a person who gives a present with the expectation of receiving one in return. The cupidity and want of generosity of the white man when dealing with savage races have, in the case of the Indian, given rise to this term. The so-called presents made to redskins have involved a return, in some cases, a hundredfold in value. Hence an "*Injun giver*" has passed into the proverbial sayings of the American people.

3. (a) *Luncheon*. Equivalent to *lunching*. From *lunch*, a variant of *lump*, as *bunch* and *bump*, *hunch* and *hump*. *Lunch* is a provincial word meaning a lump, a slice, as of bread. Burns, in "*The Holy Fair*," writes:

"An' cheese, an' bread, frae women's laps,
Was dealt about in *lunches*."

and Gay, in his "*Shepherd's Week*," has:

"I sliced the *luncheon* from the barley-loaf."

(b) *Yankee*. A word of doubtful origin. According to Heckewelder, the word was the first effort of the Indians "to imitate the sound of the national name of the English, which they pronounce *Yengees*." The Century Dictionary says that the word is a variation of *Yenkees*, *Yengees*, or *Yanghees*, a name said to have been given by the Massachusetts Indians to the English colonists, being, it is supposed, an Indian corruption of the word *English* or *Anglais*. The word is said to have been adopted by the Dutch on the Hudson, who applied it to the people of New England. According to Dr. Gordon, it was a favorite slang word in Cambridge, Massachusetts, as early as 1713, and meant "excellent." Webster says it is a "corruption of *Jankin*, a diminutive of *John*, a nickname given to the English colonists of Connecticut by the Dutch settlers of New York."

(c) *Book*. The derivation of this word is usually given as from Anglo-Saxon *boc*, beech, an interpretation resting on the fact, taken in connection with the similarity of form between *boc*, book, and *bœc*, beech, that inscriptions were made on tablets of wood or bark presumably often of beech. Our greatest philologists are against this derivation, however, and derive the word from the Teutonic *bōks*, originally meaning a writing tablet, leaf, or sheet, and in the plural written sheets, hence *book*, a sense subsequently extended to the singular.

(d) *Volume*. From Latin *volumen*, a roll, a scroll, hence a book written on a parchment roll; from *volvere*, to roll. In ancient times the written sheets were wound around a stick called an *umbilicus*.

(e) *Library*. From French *librairie*, from Latin

librarium, neut. sing. of *librarius*, pertaining to books. The word *liber*, a book, originally meant the bark of a tree, that being the earliest writing material.

(f) *Parchment*. From French *parchemin*, from Latin *pergamena* = parchment, from Latin *Pergamena*, relating to Pergamus, a city in Mysia, Asia Minor. According to some, the name is derived from *parchment* having been invented by Eumenes of Pergamus, the founder of the celebrated library there, about 190 B.C. According to others, it was introduced by Crates of Pergamus as a substitute for papyrus, on which an embargo was laid by Ptolemy Epiphanes, as Eumenes was collecting a library in emulation of the famous one in Alexandria, about 160 B.C.

(g) *Yule*. Some maintain the word to be derived from the Greek *ουλοι* or *ουλος*, the name of a hymn in honor of Ceres. Others say it comes from the Latin *jubilum*, a time of rejoicing, while some make it synonymous with *ol* or *oel*, Gothic for a feast. Another explanation connects the word with *yawl*, *yowl*, howl, cry, as if *Yule* was originally the "noise" of revelry. Others derive the word from the Gothic *giul* or *hiul*, a wheel, believing that the Yule festival received its name from its being the turning-point in the year—the winter solstice. In the old clog-almanacs a *wheel* is the device employed for marking the season of Yule-tide. All these are untenable, and the most likely derivations are Middle-English *Yole* and Anglo-Saxon *Geol*, both meaning December.

4. *Dame (or Mrs.) Partington*. An imaginary old lady whose laughable sayings have been recorded by the American humorist B. P. Shillaber. She is distinguished for her amusing affectation and misuse of learned words. The name was suggested by an anecdote which Sydney Smith related in a speech at Taunton in 1831, where a Mrs. Partington, in a great flood at Sidmouth in 1824, attempted to "push away the Atlantic Ocean," which was entering her cottage, with a mop.

5. "*Mind your P's and Q's*." Be very circumspect in your behavior. The following is the best of several explanations of the origin of the expression: In the reign of Louis XIV., when wigs of unwieldy size were worn, and bows were made with very great formality, two things were specially required: a "step" with the feet, and a low bend of the body. In the latter the wig would be very apt to get deranged, and even to fall off. The caution, therefore, of the French dancing-master to his pupils was, "Mind your P's [i.e., *pieds*, feet] and Q's [i.e., *queues*, wigs]."

6. The reason why Cinderella's slipper may not have been made of glass is the contention that "glass slipper" is a mistranslation of *pantoufle en vair* (a fur slipper), not *en verre* (in glass), in Perrault's "*Contes de Fées*," where the fairy-tale first appears. But Mr. Andrew Lang has shown that *en verre* appears in the original edition and subsequent early editions of Perrault's work. ["Notes and Queries," October 24, 1896.]

7. (a) "*Apple-pie order*." Prim and precise order. The origin of this phrase is still doubtful. Some suggest *cap-à-pie*, like a knight in complete armor. Some tell us that apples made into a pie are quartered and methodically arranged when the cores have been taken out. Another suggestion is *nap-pe-pi* (a corruption of the French *nappes pliées*, folded linen), "neat as folded linen." The term may also be a corruption of *alpha, beta*, meaning as orderly as the letters of the alphabet.

(b) *Foolscap paper*. Foolscap is a corruption of the Italian *foglio-capo* (folio-sized sheet). The error must have been very ancient, as the water-mark of this sort of paper from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century was a fool's head, with cap and bells.

(c) *Beef-eaters*. The old theory was that the word meant "attendants on the royal buffets," Anglicized into *buffeters* or *buffeteers*, and corrupted into *beef-eaters*; but

Professor Skeat has shown that no such word as *buffeter* has yet been found in any book; nor does *buffetier* exist in French. Either word, however, might have been used in Anglo-French, a perverted French word with an English meaning, unrecognized by the French. "Beef-eater" must be taken as meaning "an eater of beef," and, contemptuously, a "well-fed menial," just as in Anglo-Saxon *hlāf æta* (literally "loaf-eater") meant a "menial servant."

(d) "*Grin like a Cheshire cat*." Cheese was formerly sold in Cheshire molded like a cat. The allusion is to the grinning cheese-cat, but is applied to persons who show their teeth and gums when they laugh. In "Notes and Queries," 1852, a correspondent said the phrase owed its origin to the attempts of a sign-painter of Cheshire to represent a lion rampant, which was the crest of an influential family, on the sign-boards of many of the inns. The resemblance of these *lions* to *cats* caused them to be generally called by the more ignoble name. The Cheshire cat is one of the well known characters in "Alice in Wonderland."

8. "*The Wise Men of Gotham*." This refers to the inhabitants of Gotham in Nottinghamshire. There is a legend related in "The Merry Tales of the Men of Gotham," that King John, on his way to Lynn Regis, intended to pass through Gotham with his army, and sent heralds to prepare his way. The men of Gotham were resolved to prevent this expense and depredation, so they resolved to play the fool. Some raked the moon out of the pond; others made a ring with their hands to hedge in a cuckoo, etc. The heralds told the king that the Gothamites were utter fools, and advised him to go another way. The "wise men" of the village then remarked: "We ween there are more fools pass through Gotham than remain in it." "Wise as the men of Gotham" grew thereafter into a proverb to indicate a fool.

9. (a) A "*whipping-boy*" was a boy kept to be whipped when a prince deserved chastisement. Mungo Murray stood for Charles I., Barnaby Fitzpatrick for Edward VI., D'Ossat and Du Perron (afterward cardinals) were whipped by Pope Clement VIII. for Henri IV. of France. The phrase is often given as "a whip-boy." It is said that Raphael was flogged for the son of an Italian marquis; but, not seeing the justice of this arrangement, he ran away to prevent a repetition of the punishment.

(b) "*Beating the bounds*." On Holy Thursday, or Ascension Day, it used to be customary for the parish school children in England, accompanied by the clergymen and parish officers, to walk through their parish from end to end. The boys were struck with willow wands all along the lines of boundary of the village. Before maps were common, the boys were thus taught to know the bounds of the parish. The custom still prevails in some English parishes.

10. The answer to this question is that Balder, the god of peace in Scandinavian mythology, was killed by an arrow made of mistletoe, fired by the blind war god Höder, at the instigation of Loki. Balder was restored to life at the general request of the gods. The allegory is: Balder is the sun, or daylight, which is killed by the blind god at the instigation of Loki, or darkness, but is restored to life the next day. Shakspeare, evidently with reference to Balder's story, describes, in "Titus Andronicus," the mistletoe as "the baleful mistletoe." It is rather curious that the mistletoe should have become the symbol of peace and good will throughout the world, seeing that in Scandinavian mythology, after the resuscitation of Balder, it was determined that the plant should never again be an instrument of evil "till it touched the earth." The universal custom of kissing under the mistletoe rather discounts this determination of the Scandinavian deities.

The lists sent in by those whose names here follow were especially good, and they are therefore entitled to be entered on

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

Alstair H. Kyd (age 10)	Ralph Coykendall (age 8)
Merle Williams (age 12)	Mona Robinson
Louise Edgar (age 13)	Eleazer R. Bowie
Rona Bond (age 11)	Thyrza Benson (age 12)
Marion Louise Horton	

It may be said, in general, that, considering the difficulty of the questions, the answers were remarkably good. Some of those who failed owed their failure to the fact that they remained satisfied with what they found in a single reference-book, instead of looking further.

We have space only to say a few words, in addition to what the prize-list says, about the answers:

1. No one has really explained why *stockings* or *shoes* are selected to receive the gifts. Certainly the story of the benevolence of St. Nicholas does not explain it, unless (as some answers said) the purses were shaped like stockings, or the gifts of money were put into the nobleman's stocking.

2. Among children "Injun giver" means distinctly one *who takes back a thing once given*. May not the word "Injun" mean *treacherous*? It is well known that the American Indians considered treachery fair in war, and any one who was deceitful might well be compared by the early colonists to an Indian. Cooper's *Leatherstocking* constantly harps on the double dealing of his Indian foes.

3. The prize-list contains the best statements of the derivations required.

4. To the prize-list answer some competitors added the name of Samuel P. Avery as one of those identified with Dame Partington, and class her with Mrs. Malaprop and Tabitha Bramble.

5. The phrase "Mind your P's and Q's" is explained in several other ways than that given. Here are some of them: The small letters p and q being difficult to distinguish by children and unskilled printers, the advice meant, "Be careful in noticing small differences"; p = pint, q = quart, and the phrase was a caution to village toppers; p = toupée, and q = queue, and the phrase meant "Look out for your wigs"; p's = pease, and q stood for coin (!), the idea of the saying being, "Look out for your food and money." As old numerals, p and q stood for numbers, so it may be that the idea is "Don't confuse your figures." Yet none of these explanations quite fits with the use of the expression. It is used thus: "You'd better mind your P's and Q's, young man!" with the meaning, "You'd better be very careful of what you're about!" As to the explanation about the dancing-master, why should a French dancing-master use the word "mind," a peculiarly English idiom? It is doubtful whether the expression is understood.

6. This is, perhaps, the most interesting of all the questions. In spite of Mr. Lang, however, the confusion of *vair* and *verre* may have existed in the French story as handed down orally, and may thus have come into the English story without any mistranslation of Per-

rault. What was the first "translation" in which the glass slipper appeared? In Grimm's story the slippers were of gold and silver, some competitors tell us; and the story is older in Europe than the making of glass.

In the volume of "Notes and Queries" referred to by the prize-winner there are several notes about the famous slipper, and reference is made to a book, "Cinderella," by Marian Roalfe Coxie (London, D. Nutt, 1892), containing a full discussion of the question, and deciding in favor of *verre*, or glass.

7. The "apple-pie order" is another unsolved puzzle, unless the folded-linen idea is proved by the use of the words in "apple-pie" bed.

"Foolscap" is plainly from "foglio-capo," or "chief-sheet" size, and is too old an expression to have come from Cromwell's time.

"Beef-eater" seems fully explained; but Ash's Dictionary (late eighteenth century) says the yeomen's rations or "commons" were beef, and thus explains the word.

The "Cheshire cat" still grins derisively at all explanations, and in this department next month will be a short article on the different explanations offered by our competitors.

8. The "wise men of Gotham" likewise deserve a special article. This and 10 are both fully answered in the prize-list; but it may be added that the reason why the mistletoe was not to touch the earth was because Loki was a deity of the under-world. There is a tradition that Balder's blood stained the holly-berries red. Socrates was given by many in answer to this question, but the "hemlock" he drank is not the hemlock-tree used in decorations.

Congratulations to all our solvers for their bright answers. It is very hard to puzzle them!

BOOKS OF POOR QUALITY.

If you are buying a book for your library, a book you hope to value highly, to keep and to read for many years, find out what sort of paper has been used in its manufacture. Many of the papers used for book-making nowadays are of wood-fiber, and of these the poorest will begin to turn brown and brittle in a few years. Then the edges of the pages will crumble or tear, and the volume will become more interesting as a ruin than as a book. Of course there are many books worthy of no better fate; but the books meant for preservation must be printed on good, sound paper.

Usually your bookseller will be glad to tell you whether any book is made of cheap paper or of paper of good quality. He prefers to sell the better book both because it gives better satisfaction and because he makes more profit on the higher-priced work.

There is no achievement of mankind nobler than a good book, and for it no book-lover should grudge a good price. One good book is worth a dozen poor ones, either to keep or to read.

THE NOBLEST OF ROMAN EMPERORS.

BY ELEANOR C. LEWIS.

WITH a serenely sweet, pure countenance, young Marcus Verus looked out on life some seventeen hundred-odd years ago. "*Fuit a prima infantia gravis*" ("From early infancy he was grave"), says one of his biographers; and his youthful bust confirms the statement.

Hadrian, who loved Antinous, loved this boy also—petted him, conversed with him, and, a little in jest, but more in earnest, called him his "Verissimus"—his entirely truthful one. He made him a knight at the age of six, a Salic priest at eight, and on dying, nine years later, left it as a charge to Antoninus Pius—his adopted son and heir—that he in turn should adopt this youthful favorite. As requested, so it was done; the boy Marcus Annii Verus disappears, to be henceforth known, by right of his adoption, as the prince Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. "Verissimus" he remained, however, to the very end of his days.

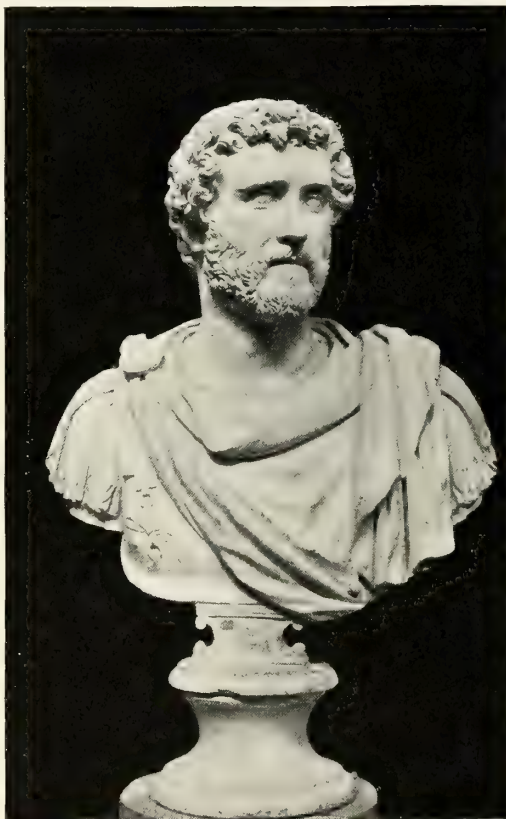
Born in Rome, on the 26th of April, 121 A.D., and left fatherless while yet a baby, he was brought up by his mother, Domitia Lucilla, in the house of his paternal grandfather. From this gentle lady he learned piety, to do good, to keep from evil deeds, and that far rarer virtue, to dismiss all evil thoughts.

He was carefully taught in all the learning of the day, and, at the same time, trained in bodily exercises. He could box, wrestle, run, play ball; he enjoyed hunting, and was fond of horseback-riding.

For each branch of study there were special tutors, and to all—like Lady Jane Grey to Ascham—he proved himself "a deare pupill." And from all he learned somewhat, having a bee-like aptitude for extracting honey and for putting aside what was useless.

Among the things our imperial scholar learned were these: to avoid listening to slander, to receive favors without feeling lowered, to be patient with ignorant people, to believe that his friends loved him, and never to complain that he had no leisure. It all sounds very simple, very easy; and yet the simple rules of conduct are often the most difficult to put in practice. If we pause for a moment to consider how readily some of us believe evil of those we dislike, how difficult we find it to be patient with stupid people, especially when they fancy themselves the wiser, how quick

we are to believe our friends less cordial, and how the majority of our letters begin with "I would have written before, but have had no



BUST OF ANTONINUS PIUS. FROM THE NAPLES MUSEUM.

time,"—just these things, if we consider, will prove to us how good was the lesson Marcus learned. That he did really learn it, his whole life shows. "Even in a palace," he wrote in later years, "it is possible to live well."

*Even in a palace! On his truth sincere
Who spoke these words no shadow ever came.*

He tells us elsewhere that it was training alone which secured for him an honorable manhood, as, without it, he fears that his natural disposition might have led him into offenses against the gods.

The dearest to him, personally, among his instructors, seems to have been Cornelius Fronto. So long as the latter lived, they freely, even merrily, corresponded on all matters of mutual interest. It is Fronto to whom, sure of sympathy, he tells of his rides and pleasure trips; his being taken for a robber by two shepherds whom he met in a lonely place, and his mischievously revenging himself by a sudden gallop, which sent their sheep scampering over the fields. It is Fronto, again, who hears about his rising at three and studying until eight; his going to a hunt, and returning so weary that nothing could tempt him to burn any more oil that night. It is Fronto, too, who gets the oft-quoted letter about gathering the grapes at Lorium, the country-seat of his adopted father; and is told in it that the family "devoured fish and beans and onions," while his pupil "ate only a small piece of bread"; that about noon he rode home, "studied a little with poor success," and then talked a long time with his mother as she lay upon her couch. Fronto himself was one topic, and Fronto's daughter Gratia another—the little girl so endearingly mentioned as *passercula nostra* (our little pigeon), or *Gratia minuscula* (tiny Gratia).

As years pass on, it is still this faithful friend to whom he tells all his wishes, hopes, and plans, his domestic concerns and public interests; whom he comforts in grief, and from whom he receives comfort amid the cares of empire. He did not always approve Fronto's judgment, but there could never be any doubt as to his affectionate, constant heart.

In the meantime, while Marcus was passing from youth to man's estate, other children were

growing up in the same house with him, whose lives were to be closely entwined with his own.



LUCIUS VERUS, AS EMPEROR. FROM THE NAPLES MUSEUM.

One was his adopted brother Lucius Verus, a handsome, curly-haired, good-natured lad, rather vain, easily flattered, remarkable in no respect, but destined eventually to mount the throne with Marcus.

Others were the children of Antoninus Pius, who had married the beautiful Faustina, own aunt to Marcus Aurelius. His sons died young, however, and save for a coin or two, an inscription, and a bust of the little Galerius, we should not remember they had ever lived.

One daughter also died; but another, a second Faustina, no less lovely than the first, survived, to marry, not Lucius, as had been arranged, but her cousin Marcus, who seems to have loved her from the first. History re-

peats various stories little to the credit of this lady; but since her husband always trusted her, and thanked the gods for giving him a wife so virtuous, fair, and sweet, we may better

After comparing her "to a festal day, or a cloudless sky," he adds that although, naturally, the father is his favorite, the child must not be allowed to suspect it, lest "when I next essay



A BAS-RELIEF, ONCE A PART OF THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH OF MARCUS AURELIUS. NOW IN THE CAPITOLINE MUSEUM, ROME.

accept his testimony, who knew her, than that of writers who gained their knowledge second hand.

They were married early, and their first child—the *parvula Faustina* (Baby Faustina) of her father's correspondence—was born about 140. She did not live very long, and a severe illness preceded her death, as we learn from a letter to Fronto. In the answer there is a bit of description which makes the little lady very real.

to caress her hands and feet, she, like the grave, old-fashioned little maid she is, should either withdraw them indignantly, or extend them unwillingly. Whereas," the fond old gentleman continues, "I would rather press my lips to her small fingers and plump little soles than to your own royal and smiling lips."

This vision of sweet babyhood vanished from the world soon after the letter was written. Fortunately, other children came to fill the

vacant place—Annia Lucilla, Fadilla, Cornelia, Vibia Aurelia, Annius Verus, the twins Antoninus and Commodus, Ælius Aurelius, and Severus. "His dear little warblers," he calls them; and tells Fronto that while they

Annius Verus Cæsar, the oldest son, whose grave boyish loveliness survives in the bust now in Florence, was an unusually wise and thoughtful child. Who can tell how differently, had he lived, it might have fared with the Ro-



ANOTHER BAS-RELIEF FROM THE ARCH.

keep well, no matter how hot the summer, it seems to him springlike weather. He thinks of them constantly; he writes of them, and no doubt, also, he wrote *to* them, only these little notes have floated away from us on the stream of time. And still further, when he triumphed over the Parthians, in his splendid chariot rode his little boys and girls,—the youngest held in their nurses' arms,—adorning the great procession with their innocence and grace.

man world! But he died at the age of seven, leaving his brother Commodus the next heir to the throne. His father mourned for him five days; then, resolutely checking all outward signs of his grief, turned his energies to the German war.

We are nowhere told about the death of Ælius and Severus; it is known only that they died in infancy.

The twin brothers Antoninus and Commo-

dus were born the last day of August, 161. These are the children concerning whom this delightful letter was written to their father by Fronto. He went to visit them at Lorium, and thus reports:

I have seen your little chicks with the greatest pleasure in life, for they are so like you that nothing could be liker. I feel well repaid for my trip. . . . Moreover, thanks to the gods! they have the color of health, and vigorous lungs. One, like the son of a king, was holding a piece of fine white bread; the other, equally like the son of a philosopher, was grasping a piece of black bread. . . . And as I listened to their little voices, so sweet and pleasant, it seemed to me that in each one's chirping tones I recognized your sympathetic, liquid voice.

No wonder, after this pleasant letter, that the Emperor answered: "I seem to have seen my little fellows with your eyes."



ANNIUS VERUS, THE LITTLE SON OF MARCUS AURELIUS.
FROM THE UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE.

Antoninus, whom we may fancy to be the philosophic youngster with the black bread,

died in 165, contrary to the prediction of the soothsayers that he should have the same fortune as his brother. Remembering what that fortune was, we may be thankful the prediction failed. Death had been so busy in the royal family that Commodus was now the only son left. The utmost pains were taken with his education, but he proved an indifferent pupil. The pursuits he most cared for, and in which he showed greatest ability, were discouraged as being unworthy of a noble Roman. His bent was naturally artistic; he delighted in modeling vases, in playing the flute, and in acting, singing, and dancing. To these tastes were soon added less praiseworthy ones—a fondness for hunting and shows of the arena, which finally became his chief passion.

While Marcus lived, there was not much to complain of in the son. It was only after the latter reached absolute power that his faults turned into vices. He came to share in the empire (for Lucius Verus was already dead) about 177; and during the three years that yet remained of his father's life, was, for the most part, with him. These were years of unceasing care and of warfare with the wild tribes of the North.

Truly, our Verissimus had passed through many a long and weary step from his sunny youth to a too heavily burdened age. He who was all gentleness had been thrown upon savage times and men. He who loved leisure for philosophy could find it only in the intervals of war. His sweet wife died; the dear little Faustina went before; four sons had passed untimely. The brother who might have helped to support the weight of empire was only an added burden, and his death could be only a relief. His daughter Lucilla had not grown up as he would have her; his Commodus gave him many anxious hours. Friends conspired against him; his motives were misjudged, his efforts thwarted. So we may well believe that he was not sorry when, in the wild March weather of 180, alone in his tent, near what is now Vienna, he passed silently out of the world.

His successor failed to honor him in the one way he would have wished—by a noble life and reign; but the lofty Antonine Column was erected in his memory, carved with a long

spiral of bas-reliefs illustrating his victories over the Quadi and Marcomanni. Little would it have interested the great Emperor himself. The loftiest column, the most deeply graven words of praise, would have been as nothing to him who wrote (and made his words reality): "Do not act as if thou wert going to live ten thousand years. Death hangs over thee. While thou livest, while it is in thy power, be good."

And what of his remaining children? Their story is sad enough, so far as known. Annia Lucilla had married Lucius Verus, her father's colleague, and was with him in Asia Minor. He died in 169, when his wife Annia was about twenty-two years old. There are rumors as to his being poisoned, and by her; but they have little probability. At any

rate, her father soon gave her in marriage to the excellent Pompeianus. She survived him also, and when her brother came to the throne, had, for a while, considerable influence at court. Finally, she entered into a conspiracy against the Emperor, was discovered, banished to Capri, and there put to death.

Her features, as traced in coins and busts, recall the regular beauty of her mother.

Of Fadilla and Vibia we know little, except that they survived their brother, as did also Cornificia. The latter lived on into the reign of Caracalla, and by him (212 A.D.), for what reason is unknown, was put to death. "And she, after weeping a long time, and dwelling on

the memory of her father Marcus, her grandfather Antoninus, and her brother Commodus, at last said these things: 'O unhappy little soul, prisoned in a wretched body, come forth and gain your liberty! Convince these men, though they be loath to own it, that you are indeed the daughter of Marcus.'"

As for Commodus, what good there was in him was soon obscured. Cruel in power, famous in infamy, the unworthy son of a noble father, but an "incomparable bowman," he perished in his prime by violence, and left a heritage of evil to the future rulers of Rome.

Thus was extinguished the race of the noblest thinker the Old World knew. It is not least among the tributes to his fame that the horrors wrought by the son could not efface the love which the people bore to the fa-



BUST OF THE EMPEROR MARCUS AURELIUS. FROM THE NAPLES MUSEUM.

ther. There was hardly any family of means but possessed his bust or statue—many of which survive to adorn our art collections today. His equestrian statue in bronze still extends its hand, as in blessing, over Rome. His triumphal arch is destroyed, it is true, but its superb bas-reliefs are carefully preserved in the Capitoline Museum. And finally,—most priceless memorial of all,—we have his diary, his very inmost thoughts, revealing him to us as nothing else could. Translated into every civilized tongue, the delight of thinkers the world over, it will keep alive, while language lasts, the serene, sweet memory of Marcus Aurelius, the noblest of Roman Emperors.



By O. De laet 1901

"'IT WAS I,' SAID GERRIT VAN SWERINGEN. AS HE SPOKE HE LEANED BACK, SMILING, WITH HIS HEAD AGAINST THE WALL." (SEE PAGE 546.)

THE STORY OF BARNABY LEE.

BY JOHN BENNETT.

(Author of "Master Skylark.")

[This story was begun in the November number.]

CHAPTER XIV.

AT WOLFERT WEBBER'S TAVERN.

AT Wolfert Webber's tavern, beyond the city wall, two belated burghers sat in the tap-room, drinking schnapps together. The rain poured upon the roof, and now and again there came out of the west a heavy peal of thunder. Again and again the thunder rolled, reverberating over the hills. At last there came a louder peal than all that had gone before it. The two burghers put down their pots and listened.

"Hei! What is that?" cried one. "Not thunder, Pieter Van der Hoogh?"

"Ja, Goosen; that was thunder."

"Ach, so? Well, then it will rain some more; we will not go home just yet."

"Ja, that is true; it will rain some more; we will not go home just yet. *Herein*, Wolfert! bring us some schnapps. We are not going home just yet. Prutt! the fatherland was better than this. When the rain there was over it stopped. Hast thou heard the news from the cattle sale?"

"What news? I have heard no news."

"The Man from Troublesome Corner bought forty head of cattle."

"Forty head?"

"Ja, forty head; and paid in money."

"Seawant? Wampum?"

"Nay; good gold. There was a bag of it."

"Where did the fellow get it? They say he is a robber."

"Nay, now; he is the sheriff."

"Ach! well, that is much the same."

A man who sat at a table behind them, eating his supper alone, pricked up his ears and listened, and a curious smile came creeping about the corners of his mouth. His cloak was running with rain, and his broad-brimmed hat was dripping wet. The talk went on:

"Dost think that they will hang him for slaying Harmen Hendricksen?"

"I think they needs must catch him first."

"Ja, so; they must catch him first. But there is no price upon his head."

"No price on his head?" said the other.

"Ach! then it is not worth while." He heaved a sigh, and set down his mug of schnapps.

"Wouldst thou catch him if there were a price?"

"Just like a beaver-trap."

"Ach, so?—just like a beaver-trap?"

"Just like a beaver-trap."

"Dost know him?" asked the first speaker, in awe and admiration.

"Ja, very well. He is a rogue as large as both of us, and goeth abroad with a brace of silver-mounted pistols in his belt, and a rapier nigh on to three ells long."

"Tut, tut! and wouldst thou face him?"

"Just let me see him once, I would tie him in a bow-knot and bring him home behind my saddle. He is a blusterer, a swasher, a braggart of small deeds; pah! I say, a coward! I would show him what a man is, let me see him once. Pah, I say!"

The man at the table behind them took a bit of cheese, and rolling it into a ball, filleted it with his thumb. It sped like a bullet across the room, and striking the boastful speaker square on the tip of his nose, it stuck there.

Clapping his hand to his face, the burgher sprang to his feet.

"Who did that?" he cried. "Didst thou?" And he caught his companion by the throat.

"Did what?" gasped his companion, and struggled to throw him off.

"My nose!" he cried in a fury. "Somebody shot my nose with cheese. I should like to know who did it!" He glared at the quiet stranger, who was placidly buttering a piece of bread. But the stranger went on buttering,

and scarce raised his eyes. "I should like to know who did that!" cried the furious burgher, almost beside himself with rage. "Who shot my nose with a cream-cheese?"

The stranger looked up. He was a handsome young man, and his face was serene and peaceful. "How much would ye give," he asked, "to know who shot thy nose with a cream-cheese?"

The burgher could scarcely speak for anger.

"I would give a guilder!" he cried.

"Then give me the guilder," said the stranger. "It was I who shot thy nose with the cream-cheese."

As he spoke he leaned back, smiling, with his head against the wall; but although his mouth was merry enough, his eyes looked dangerous.

The burgher ran across the room toward him. "Thou shottest my nose?" he roared. "Thou shottest my nose with the cream-cheese? Death's talons! who art thou?"

The young man's tone was as soft as silk and as smooth as if his tongue were buttered. "My name is Gerrit Van Sweringen," he said, "and I come from Troublesome Corner."

The burgher sprang back until he cracked his head against the oaken wainscot. "Mercy upon my soul!" he gasped. "The Man from Troublesome Corner!"

His comrade tumbled off the bench and crept under the table. "Ach," said he, "what will mine vrouw Katrinka say to this? I will never stay out so late again, though it rain me plows and pitchforks."

The young man arose from his table with the cream-cheese in one hand. "Thou poor, miserable lump," he said. "Thou makest me ashamed that we have eaten under one roof!" He towered above the braggart, who chattered against the wainscot with a face like a pale-gray pasty. "When thou dost boast in future,"—and the young man was suddenly stern,—"boast thy boasts in a cistern-hole where none can overhear thee. It will magnify the sound of thy voice until it matcheth thy self-conceit. But as for now," he added, with a laugh like the laugh of a madcap school-boy, "thou shalt be crowned with a cream-cheese crown and royally kinged with a goodly butter-pot."

As he spoke he suddenly raised his hands, and, with a swashing blow, crushed the soft, paste-like cheese upon the boaster's head, and catching up the butter-crock, he clapped it upon the fellow's pate with a squash like a bursting pumpkin.

"Now get thee home, thou toadstool," he said, "before the butter melteth and drowns what little wit thou hast. Come out," he said to the man under the table; "thy friend is playing at blind man, and needeth a dog to lead him."

"Mynheer Gerrit Van Sweringen," cried a bold, clear voice behind him, "Mynheer Van Sweringen, what mischief make ye here?"

"I have just been baiting a beaver-trap," said Van Sweringen, coolly; but he turned as he spoke, with a sudden look of gravity, and laid his hand upon the hilt of his sword.

"A truce to that, I cry ye!" said the bold, clear voice, and Captain Martin Kregier strode in through the tavern door. "A truce to that, mynheer! Draw not that long-tailed spit of thine. I have sought thee far and wide this night, and there is no time for folly."

The dancing light in Van Sweringen's eyes went out like a spark into the darkness of night; the old severity squared his black brows, and he was changed in the instant, all his gaiety put away. "Hither," he said to Van der Hoogh; "take thy friend home. When wolves are out it is high time for the foxes to hunt their holes. What wouldst thou have of me?" he asked, turning to Captain Kregier. His lips were set and his eyes grim; his whole aspect was forbidding.

"Mynheer, is my word good with thee?" asked the blunt old soldier, simply.

"It is," replied Van Sweringen.

"Then follow me. There is a place which needeth thee more than Wolfert Webber's tavern does."

Van Sweringen looked at him narrowly, with bitter suspicion in his eye.

"Upon my word of honor," said Captain Kregier, facing him squarely, "there is no trap. Is that enough security?"

"It is more than enough," replied Van Sweringen, frankly. Dropping his sword into its sheath with a clank, he took up his dripping

hat from the table. "After you, mynheer," he said, and bowed with a courtly gesture. They passed through the doorway into the night.

CHAPTER XV.

FOR THE COLONY.

Down through the dripping town came the two men, Kregier and Van Sweringen. One bleared, bright window in the fort sent its bar of yellow light across the darkness.

"There, mynheer," said Kregier, "the Director-General is awaiting thee. Enter. I wish thee better nights than this." So saying, he turned upon his heel, and left the thus unheralded guest standing alone upon the threshold.

Grasping the latch with his bold, strong hand, Van Sweringen opened the door.

To the boy who lay in the press-bed it had all seemed a feverish dream: the rain on the roof, the glare of the ragged lightning, the candles on the table, dizzily swaying in the drafts, and the fierce, dark face of the Director-General blotting out all the rest. But that which followed was stranger than all which had gone before. The room was so still that he thought they must surely hear the beating of his heart. He dared not touch the curtains; he scarcely dared to move. With his face in the shadow and his breast upon the pillow, he peered through the crevice of the shutter.

The candles were flaring in the draft from the door. Stuyvesant sprang up. For a moment the two men stood and stared with flashing eyes at each other. Then the Director-General spoke.

"Mynheer Gerrit Van Sweringen," he said, bowing slightly and haughtily, "Member of the South River Colony Council, and Sheriff of New Amstel."

The young man answered instantly: "Mynheer Peter Stuyvesant, your Excellency, Director for the High and Mighty West India Trading Company, Governor of New Netherland and of the Islands of the Sea, the Esteemed, the Worthy, the Prudent, *also the Most Severe*."

Then he swept a low and courtly bow, with

his plumed hat dripping in his hand; and standing in the open door with his arms folded across his breast, the night wind blowing his long black hair about his quiet face, "Your Excellency," he said, "ye have sent for me. I greatly wonder why."

"Because I have a need of thee," answered Stuyvesant, "not, you may believe, because it hath pleased me."

Then his throat choked up, and he stood speechless. Nothing so aroused his anger as defiance, and Van Sweringen's fearless attitude was wormwood to his soul; he dared not trust his voice.

"Your need doth not appear to have dropped sweet oil and honey on your tongue," said the young man, smiling.

The Governor raised his arm with a gesture of command. "Mynheer, provoke me no more!" he said. "I have had provocation enough from thee. I have great need of tranquil speech; but how can I be tranquil if thou dost irritate me so? Remember mine office, and honor it. I have a need of speech with thee. Come in, and close the door. The rain doth fall around this house like all the plagues of Egypt. Come in, I say, and close the door; and, I pray thee, be seated."

Van Sweringen entered, and seated himself with his sword across his knees. Stuyvesant, leaning upon the table, looked at him silently for a moment; then, "Mynheer, I will tell thee why I sent for thee to-night," he said. "It was not from choice,—thou mayest be sure of that,—but from necessity."

With that he limped suddenly to the door and shot the double bolts, and, coming back, turned down the latch of the inner portal. Then, going to a cupboard in the corner of the room, he took out of it a parchment roll about a cloth-yard long. Turning, he allowed it to unroll. It was a map laid off in red and green and blue by the hand of some skilful draftsman.

There were tall ships sailing the sea, and towers and palaces of savage kings on the border of undiscovered oceans; there were wild beasts in the forests, and trees along the shore; wonderful mountains filled all the margin, and in the corner a great face blew the

wind that filled the vessels' sails; at the north was the royal flag of France, at the south the flag of England, and in the midst, upon a pole, was the brave old flag of Holland, flapping, orange and white and blue.

Stuyvesant spread the map upon the table. "See," he said, "it is an excellent map. Here stand we, in New Amsterdam, upon Manhattan Island. Here is the river, here is the sea, and here is the shore of the mainland. Our limits run from here to here; this red line circumscribes them. The English colonies hem us in upon both north and south."

Facing about, he asked, "Mynheer, dost love an Englishman?"

Van Sweringen lifted his eyebrows. "I know some Englishmen, your Excellency, whom I think that I do not hate."

"Well," replied Stuyvesant, bitterly, "I will give thee ample cause to hate them. They mean to take these lands from us before the year is out. Dost smile? dost doubt my word? Let this abate thy smiling." He laid an open letter on the table.

Van Sweringen's countenance changed as he read.

"Your Excellency," he said, "they dare not; this thing is impossible!"

"Impossible?" said Stuyvesant. "Call no deed impossible until an Englishman hath tried it and failed to make it good."

"But there is peace!"

"Peace? Save the mark! Go, make thy breakfast on it; it will not keep until evening cometh."

Van Sweringen struck the table a blow that made the sand-box dance.

"How can ye thwart this hideous piece of treachery?" he cried.

"By dealing them craft for craft, mynheer, and playing them card for card. That is the only chance that is left us; yet the right is on our side."

"I would 'right' them with a vengeance," cried Van Sweringen. "I would wage them a war that would make their very door-sills gather moss."

"With a box of broken tenpins?" demanded Stuyvesant. "How can I wage war, mynheer? I have but thirty men, nothing with

which to arm them, no powder to shoot my cannon. Why, mynheer, I have not means to make even a show of force. Ach! what do they care for us, across that briny sea? We are no right state-colony; we are only a company's trading-post, where private means have been fortunate, but where the company itself hath sunken its whole investment. What do they care for us here, then? We do not profit them. They will snap their fingers and let us go like a played-out tune."

"Are we, then, so poor a thing?" exclaimed Van Sweringen. "Ach, how they did lie to me who won me to enter upon this venture!"

"Nay," said Stuyvesant, "we are rich in wondrous possibility. But Guinea and the Indies have set these traders mad; they can dream of nothing but the Philippines and the East; the smell of spice and nutmegs seems to have stolen their reason. Unless we can stand for ourselves, and thwart our enemies without their aid, we shall all be turned out of house and home."

"When they have turned me out of my home they shall have paid me a price for it!" said Van Sweringen. "I have ventured all that I have myself, and all that my brother hath; and I will stand to it while the breath of life remaineth in my body."

"Then serve me, and we will stand together!" cried Stuyvesant, with sudden passion in his voice. "There are times when two men, if they will stand together, may make a perilous vantage good against a thousand."

But Van Sweringen, scowling, shook his head and turned his face away.

"I would rather stand alone. I love thee not," said he.

"This for thy love!" said Stuyvesant, and snapped his fingers. "Dost think that I have sent for thee because I felt affectionate? Were I to say I like thee, it were a lie. I like thee not, nor thy mad ways. But more than I dislike thee, I have a need of thee. Not for myself; I need thee not, and a murrain on the fancy! I am not asking for myself, but for the colony. New Netherland hath need of thee: I am only her voice."

Van Sweringen looked at him silently, while

a creeping tide of blood went reddening up his cheek. Then, drawing his sword with a ring of its blade, he laid it on the table with a clank. "There," he said in his quick, sharp voice, "is my answer to the colony. I will serve her while I have a drop of blood in my veins. But as for thee—" His voice fell back to its ancient courtly suavity: "What is it ye would have me do? Speak quickly, your Excellency, for the hour is growing late."

CHAPTER XVI.

WANTED: A REASON.

"I WOULD have thee go on an embassy to the court of Maryland," replied the Director-General. "Lord Baltimore hath renewed his claim to our southern borderland, and threatens an invasion if his warrant be denied. I believe we can prove his title void. But unless we hold him off until his title *is* proved to be erring, his troops march, New Amstel falls, and the South River country is lost. But here: attend me on the map, that thou mayest follow my meaning, and I will explain to thee the argument by which I hope to baffle him."

Slowly straightening out the map, which was curled with long rolling, he laid his pistols on it to keep it spread, and stood for a moment silently arranging the details of his argument.

The cold meat stood on the table, with the flagon of wine beside it; the shadows wandered along the walls, and wavered among the roof-beams; there was no sound but the faintly heard drip-dripping of the rain. The cabin-boy in the press-bed drew a long, tired breath.

Van Sweringen lifted his head. "Your Excellency, what was that?" he asked.

"What was what?" asked Stuyvesant.

"I thought I heard somebody breathe."

The Director-General looked about. "Nay, I think that I must have sighed," he said, "or else that thou art mistaken. There is no one stirring about the house excepting our two selves. I will try the doors. Nay, see; there is naught. Our doubts make rabbits of us."

Van Sweringen looked at him steadily. "Your Excellency, I neither doubt nor fear,"

he said. "I await the event; and that shall befall as God appointeth it."

"No doubt," said the Director-General. "Still, mynheer, speak English. God hath not appointed that keyholes should be deaf."

How long they sat conversing, there was no way of telling. The sand in the hour-glass ran out; yet still they leaned above the map, counseling earnestly. One by one the candles went out with a little gasp of flame until but two stood burning, and these two spent to the socket; the fire was dead, and the ashes lay in a mound on the hearth. Far away across the town a watchman raised his lonely shout; aroused by his melancholy notes, a drowsy watch-dog howled.

The Director-General raised his head, and pushed away the map.

"Hast followed me, mynheer?" he asked.

"Like a spaniel at thine heels," replied Van Sweringen.

"Have I made myself plain?"

"As a pikestaff. It is a shrewd argument. We shall turn them as sure as the river is turned by the tide."

But Stuyvesant shook his head wearily. "Be not so fast, mynheer. We have just come to the sticking-point of all the argument."

He began to roll up the papers that were scattered on the table.

"This is the sticking-point, mynheer." His face was troubled, and his voice became even more earnest than before. "We dare not seem to come prepared to treat upon matters of state when we come into Maryland; for if we do they will demand to see the patent by which we hold our lands. And that is where our cause will fail, for we have no patent to show them. I have begged for a patent a hundred times; but I might as well have begged for the moon. We are only a trading company's post, and may not have a patent. So, mynheer, having naught to back us or on which to stand our ground, we dare not seem to come prepared to treat upon boundary lines. We must find some other pretext for an embassy, some plausible and reasonable excuse under which to cover our real design, some artifice through which they may not apprehend our purpose. And upon my soul, mynheer, I do not know

what reason we can offer. The troubles which encompass me have driven away my reasons. This is why I sent for thee; I need a man who can reason. And now, Mynheer Van Sweringen, what reason can we offer?"

Van Sweringen looked thoughtfully at the floor. "A reason at demand?" he said. "Nay, your Excellency, I know none. Our treaties with the savages stand; the red tribes are at peace; the commission hath settled the question upon the ships that were seized on false charges. Nay, your Excellency, I can think of no reason." Then he looked up stoutly. "But our need will find us a reason."

"Need hath no reason in her," said Stuyvesant, gloomily.

"Then our right will prove our reason," the young man answered bravely.

The Director-General shook his head. "I trust thou mayest find it so."

"Trust, your Excellency? Nay; I stand assured of it." And Van Sweringen threw his head back with a look of bold reliance.

"Then go, mynheer," said Stuyvesant, "and Providence go with thee. I leave the reason and the rest to thee. But while thou art gone I shall not sit here as if I were sick with the palsy. An Englishman, a seafaring man, hath been taken in the marshes. They say that he is a picaroon. The name matters little, mynheer. These rascals are but the shadows of greater rogues behind them. I will make an example of this one as a warning to the rest; for, picaroon or pirate, I declare I care not which he may be, he hath broken the laws of New Netherland, and I 'll hang him."

"Oh, no, no, no!" A wild cry rang through the room. Instantly after it followed the sound of a fall in the corner beyond the chimney.

"We are betrayed!" cried Van Sweringen. "There is a spy!"

Springing to his feet, he caught up his sword, and ran across the room. Catching up a pistol and a candle from the table, Stuyvesant followed him as fast as he could hobble. On the floor below the press-bed lay a tumbled heap of white that cried out shrilly, "No, no, no!" and shrank in terror against the wainscot.

Stuyvesant leveled his pistol. Van Swer-

ingen shortened his rapier, crying, "Out, thou felon, cowardly spy! Out!"

Struggling in the covers, Barnaby crept out.

He had lain in the press-bed awake, how long he did not know, but until so oppressed from lack of sleep that he could not watch any more. Now and then he had dozed from utter weariness; but the men's harsh voices beat upon his ears, and he could not fall asleep. What had wrung them so together was more than he could guess, for their Dutch to him was Hebrew; in his half-sleep it sounded like ravens hoarsely croaking. Then a quiet came on their voices as they counseled over the map. Lulled by the resonant murmur, he slept. How long he slept he could not tell; but he awoke with a sense of oppression. The lights had grown dim, the wall was cold, and he was all adaze. He wondered; and then, all at once, aroused by a strange sound in the room, he turned in the bed and stared out. The two men were speaking English. It was a strange, harsh-throated sound; but what had it to do with him, that he should be shivering so?—for his arm shook as he leaned on it. It was the Director-General speaking: "An Englishman, a seafaring man, hath been taken in the marshes. They say that he is a picaroon." A seafaring Englishman? a picaroon? It was he himself, Barnaby, of whom they were speaking! "I will make an example of this one as a warning to the rest; for, picaroon or pirate, I declare I care not which he may be, he hath broken the laws of New Netherland, and I 'll hang him," said the Governor.

"Oh, no, no, no!" cried Barnaby, and made a spring from the bed; but the bedclothes were tangled about him, he fell upon his face on the floor, and the mattress, flying after him, covered him from sight.

He heard the thump of running feet, and a voice crying, "Out, thou spy!" Bewildered by his fall, blinded by the sudden light, he crept from under the mattress and looked up.

With the candle held over his head, the Director-General towered above him, pistol in hand. The candle-light gleamed like a streak of flame along Van Sweringen's rapier.

"Quick!" cried Van Sweringen. "Who art thou, *kerel*?"

"Speak!" cried Stuyvesant. "Quick!"

"Oh, masters, I be the picaroon!" gasped Barnaby.

Mynheer Van Sweringen stared at him. "The picaroon? Light of my soul!" said he. Then, suddenly thrusting the point of his rapier into the floor, "God bless us all!" he cried, and sinking into a chair behind him, he broke into a peal of laughter.

The Director-General stared at him; then he stared at Barnaby. His harsh face worked, and he tried to scowl, but he let the muzzle of his pistol drop, and then he, too, sank into a chair, and roared with laughter for sheer relief.

And there in the light of the dying candles, long past the midnight hour, sat the two dark, fierce-eyed men, one in his suit of somber velvet, the other in laurel-green, sword in hand and pistol-butts gleaming, laughing together; while Barnaby, his thin arms bare to the elbow, his light shirt parted across his breast, and his tangled hair hanging across his cheek, lay crouching against the wainscot, bewildered and terrified.

Then at last the Director-General laid down his pistol, and limping slowly across the room, stood with his stalwart arms akimbo, staring at Barnaby. "A pirate, thou? and a picaroon?" said he. Stooping, he took the boy by the arms, and lifting him, looked at him. And as he looked a curious wonder came into his deliberate gaze, for the boy was slender, exceedingly fair, and his skin was like a woman's, and about his face was a finely chiseled look far out of the common run.

Barnaby looked up at him. "Oh, ye will not hang me, master!" he said. "Ye truly cannot mean it!"

Stuyvesant's swarthy cheek flushed, and his mouth grew bitter.

"What dost take us for?" he asked. "The Spanish Inquisition? Nay; we are not yet fallen so low as to hang half-grown children. But who art thou, boy? and what art doing here in the press-bed in my wall?"

Barnaby drew his feet out of the covers, and stood up, trembling dizzily. "I was the servant of Captain John King," he replied, "and cabin-boy of the Ragged Staff." That was all he said. He got no further, but stopped with

a little gasp, for Mynheer Van Sweringen sprang to his feet with a sudden startled exclamation, and taking two steps along the floor as if he were going to dance, turned to the Director-General, crying:

"Eureka! I have found it!"

CHAPTER XVII.

VAN SWERINGEN'S PRETEXT.

"EUREKA!" cried Van Sweringen, dancing along the floor.

The Director-General stared at him. He thought the man losing his senses. But Van Sweringen raised his hands aloft with a gesture of exaltation, crying, "Eureka! The right shall yet prevail! The God of Battles is with us!"

"Ay, doubtless," replied Stuyvesant, staring. "Doubtless; but where hath he showed thee a sign?"

"There!" cried Van Sweringen, pointing at Barnaby.

Stuyvesant, turning, looked at the boy; then he looked back at Van Sweringen. "What hath taken thy wits?" he said, and his face was sorely perplexed.

"What?" exclaimed Van Sweringen. "Dost not see my idea?" His face was all alight. "Why, your Excellency, what saith the law?" And he laid it off on his hand: "'If any hide or harbor another's serving-man, without the master's acquiescence, or detain the same in any wise, or carry him away, or suffer him to lurk about, it is a felony. And if any apprentice from the English colonies flieth from them into New Netherland, the authorities shall take him at their gates, and shall send him back to the place whence he hath fled, by the first vessel sailing thither from their ports.' There!" he said, and his black eyes danced. "Dost not yet catch my inspiration?"

Stuyvesant shook his head. "No, mynheer, I do not."

"Why, 't is plain as a mile-post," said Van Sweringen. "Ye asked me for some pretext for an embassy, an excuse with which to cover our real aim. Here is your pretext dropped from the clouds. This boy, who hath blown into your doors upon the wind, he is a cabin-boy, a fugitive, a mariner's apprentice. The

vessel from which he fled laid claim to port in Maryland. *There* is sufficient reason for all the missions ye may wish to send to Lord Baltimore's court at St. Mary." He paused a moment to wipe his brow, which was shining with excitement. "We keep the law by returning this boy to his master; I go to Maryland to escort him. What else I do there is naught to the point. There, have I made it sufficiently plain?"

A great solemnity had come upon the Director-General's face. "Mynheer, it is a sign," he said. "We are not yet forsaken. When a man's friends fail him utterly, God sendeth him an enemy to serve him at his need. He first sent thee to me, mynheer; and now, to us, this boy. The Lord our God is a stronghold in which we shall prevail!" So saying, he humbly bowed his head as if in a moment's silent prayer.

But Barnaby Lee gave a heartbroken cry: "Ye are going to send me back? Oh, masters, ye cannot mean it; ye truly cannot mean it!"

"Tut, tut!" said the Director-General, with a frown. "Do not make such a to-do, boy; I have had a surfeit of to-do. I should like a little peace."

"But ye cannot mean to send me back!" cried Barnaby. "Oh, master, I would rather be hanged than go back to the Ragged Staff. Do not send me back to John King! I ha' done no crime, nor broken no law; I ha' never wronged any man. Ye ha' no right to send me back to such horrid servitude. Indeed and indeed, I would rather be hanged than go back to the Ragged Staff."

"Tut, tut!" said Stuyvesant, harshly. "Thou dost not know of what thou art talking. Dost think we all have found the world according to our fancy? Behush thy plaint, thou foolish knave. Get into bed and cease thy clamor."

But Barnaby would not stop his clamor. "Must ye take me back?" he cried to Mynheer Van Sweringen.

Van Sweringen looked uncomfortable.

"There is nothing else we can do," he said. "We have no choice in the matter. Thou art a runaway, and we have given our word to thy people, the English, to keep the apprentice laws to the letter."

"But, master, I am no apprentice," said Barnaby, earnestly. "My father was a gentleman, and a captain with the king. His name was Lee, sir, Harry Lee of Quarrendon, in Bucks; but he is dead, and I be all that is left. Oh, master, the world is a lonely place when ye be all that is left!"

"Ach, prutt!" said Van Sweringen, and turning away with a troubled look, he paced the sanded floor. Stuyvesant's face flushed, and he gnawed his under lip; for he was just and merciful, although a most severe man, and the boy's pleading went to his very heart.

Barnaby saw the look on his face, and, believing that there might be some hope of changing the Governor's resolve, hurried on eagerly:

"Master, I ha' run this coast four years, from Sagadahoc to Barbados, and never once ha' come ashore until this little while ago. And oh, one gets so sick for shore! The sea is a terrible place. Ye cannot know the misery of it unless ye ha' been a sailor: the long, black nights, the hard days, the tempests and the sickness in the ship, the ribald song, and the horror of the doings of abandoned and wicked men, to speak nothing of cruelty or of shame, and the horrid sight of crimes and bloodguiltiness. The Ragged Staff is a pen of things which I am sick to think on, and I beg of you send me not back to her again if ye possess Christian mercy or have the shadow of a touch of kindness in your hearts! My heart has cried for shore, sirs! Leave me stay ashore! I be none so bad a boy, master, and I will serve ye truly, if only ye will not send me back aboard the Ragged Staff. I can shoot a gun, and fence with either sword or dagger; I can read a book and ride a horse. And I be a right fair sailor; I can hand, reef, steer, and row in proportion to my strength. I can cook a meal fairly and serve it well. And I will serve ye forever until the day that I die if only ye will not send me back. Oh, master, ye cannot send me back!"

Stuyvesant looked at Van Sweringen, but the latter shook his head.

"Look not at me, your Excellency," he said. "There is my plan. I have offered it. I wash my hands of the matter."

"But, mynheer—"

Van Sweringen turned away.

"If ye love me," said Stuyvesant, scarcely thinking of the words he used.

"I told you I do not love you. This matter rests with you. I have no authority here; this question is yours to decide. I have shown you a way from your quandary."

Stuyvesant bit his lip.

"And put me into another," he said. "But our need is past all question, and the need of

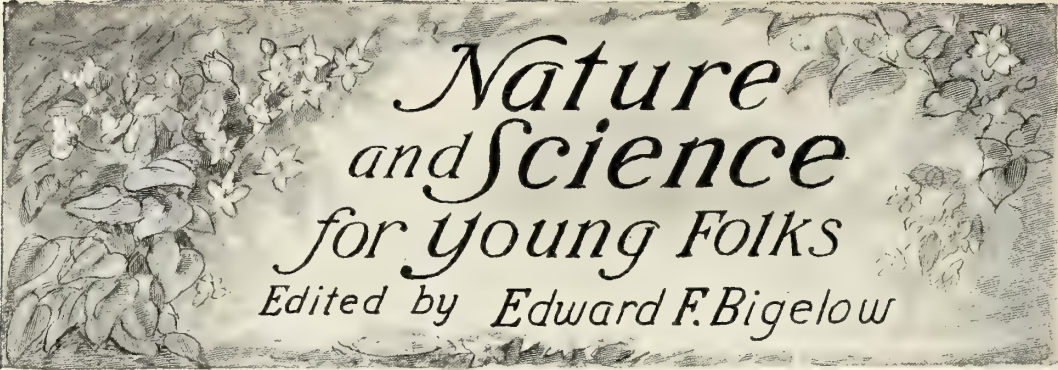
the many must prevail; I have nothing else to serve the turn. Our rights may seem to be this lad's wrong, and unrighteous altogether, but the single right must be sacrificed to the greater necessities of the many, and he must make the best of it."

There was no more use for pleading. With one look into the stern, set face, Barnaby turned away, and throwing himself full length on the mattress, burst into a storm of sobs.

(To be continued.)



"'QUICK!' CRIED VAN SWERINGEN. 'WHO ART THOU?'"



Nature and Science for Young Folks

Edited by Edward F. Bigelow

April is the tenderest of tender salads, made crisp by ice or snow-water. . . . Is there anything like a perfect April morning? One hardly knows what the sentiment of it is, but it is something very delicious. It is youth and hope. It is a new earth and a new sky.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

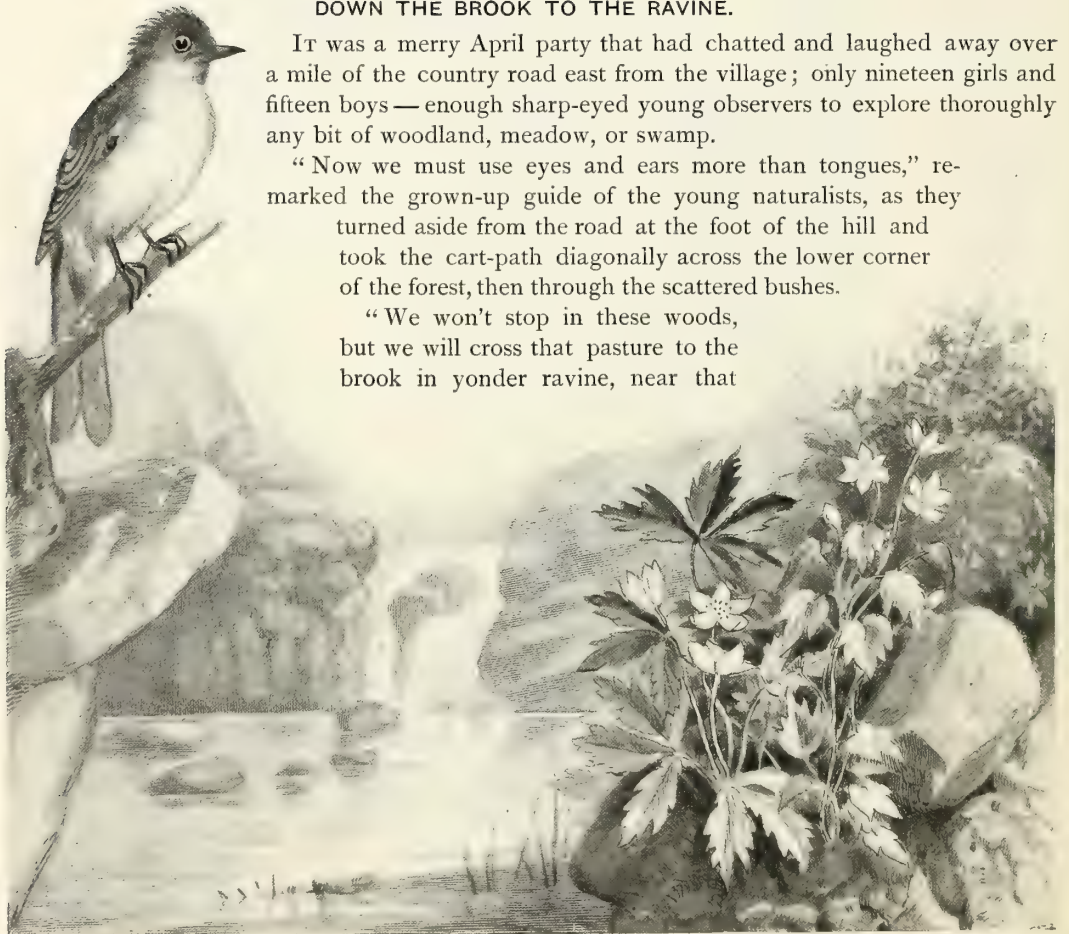
Read the chapter on "April" in his book entitled "Birds and Poets, with Other Papers."


DOWN THE BROOK TO THE RAVINE.

It was a merry April party that had chatted and laughed away over a mile of the country road east from the village; only nineteen girls and fifteen boys—enough sharp-eyed young observers to explore thoroughly any bit of woodland, meadow, or swamp.

"Now we must use eyes and ears more than tongues," remarked the grown-up guide of the young naturalists, as they turned aside from the road at the foot of the hill and took the cart-path diagonally across the lower corner of the forest, then through the scattered bushes.

"We won't stop in these woods, but we will cross that pasture to the brook in yonder ravine, near that





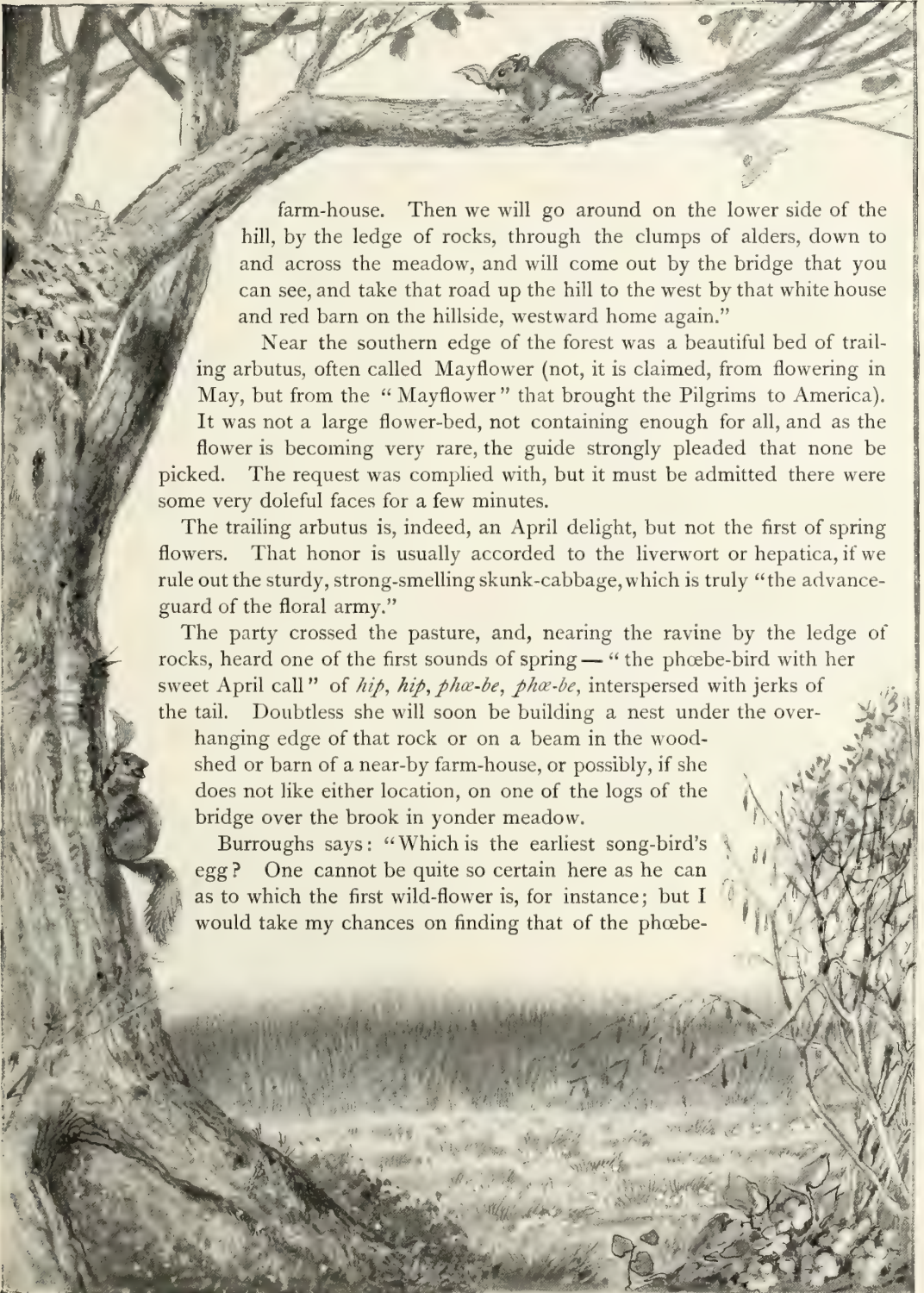
farm-house. Then we will go around on the lower side of the hill, by the ledge of rocks, through the clumps of alders, down to and across the meadow, and will come out by the bridge that you can see, and take that road up the hill to the west by that white house and red barn on the hillside, westward home again."

Near the southern edge of the forest was a beautiful bed of trailing arbutus, often called Mayflower (not, it is claimed, from flowering in May, but from the "Mayflower" that brought the Pilgrims to America). It was not a large flower-bed, not containing enough for all, and as the flower is becoming very rare, the guide strongly pleaded that none be picked. The request was complied with, but it must be admitted there were some very doleful faces for a few minutes.

The trailing arbutus is, indeed, an April delight, but not the first of spring flowers. That honor is usually accorded to the liverwort or hepatica, if we rule out the sturdy, strong-smelling skunk-cabbage, which is truly "the advance-guard of the floral army."

The party crossed the pasture, and, nearing the ravine by the ledge of rocks, heard one of the first sounds of spring — "the phœbe-bird with her sweet April call" of *hip, hip, phæ-be, phæ-be*, interspersed with jerks of the tail. Doubtless she will soon be building a nest under the overhanging edge of that rock or on a beam in the woodshed or barn of a near-by farm-house, or possibly, if she does not like either location, on one of the logs of the bridge over the brook in yonder meadow.

Burroughs says: "Which is the earliest song-bird's egg? One cannot be quite so certain here as he can as to which the first wild-flower is, for instance; but I would take my chances on finding that of the phœbe-



bird first, and finding it before the close of April, unless the season is very backward."

No bird builds a nest more attractive than that of the phœbe, especially if it is upon a little shelf of the rocks of which delicate ferns and wild flowers fringe the edges.



A SYRPHUS-FLY.

Not far away by the clump of alders were the two kinds of anemone,

the *single* flowers of the wind-anemone and the *clustered* flowers of the rue-anemone.

Within the woods,

Whose young and half-transparent leaves scarce cast
A shade, gay circles of anemones
Danced on their stalks.

Then the party "tip-toed" on the stones across the brook. Two, of course, slipped in "over-shoe," but jumped so quickly that dampened shoes, screams, and laughter were the only results; for as you know, the slight mishaps are the "spice" of an outing.

Following the east bank of the brook around the hill, the young folks reached the edge of the forest by the meadow, where several large trees were growing.

"See those squirrels!" shouted one of the boys, and for the first time breathless stillness reigned in the party — but not for long. "They are building their nests!" soon broke the silence. This was new to many of the party, who had thought that only birds build nests in the spring, and with great delight they watched the very interesting animals running up the tree, carrying leaves that were obtained on the ground.

The guide explained that squirrels usually live in hollow trees in the winter and build nests in the branches in the early spring.

How beautiful was the meadow with its wealth of golden flowers — the marsh-marigolds, popularly but very incorrectly called cowslips. As we viewed the beautiful clusters, the guide explained that some have supposed the word "marigold" to be derived from "marsh-gold." This is the true meaning of the term, surely, from a poetic standpoint.

The bees also appreciate them as among the best of early spring pollen-supplies for the young bees. The gorgeously colored syrphus-

flies also appreciate the flowers and gather pollen from them.

From the meadow the party went back to the brook, followed it to the bridge, then went home in the road that crosses the beautiful valley.

"Can we find the same things in April?" you inquire. Perhaps some of them, and many others equally interesting. Try it, especially in the forests, ravines, and meadows.

THE BEAUTIFUL "LION" IN THE SKY.

ALMOST all the girls and boys know that the two stars forming the outer side-rim of the Big Dipper in *Ursa Major* point (in the direction of the opening of the Dipper) straight to the



The ancient people who observed the stars fancied they could see the outline of a lion, perhaps like this, formed by some or all of the stars in the constellation shown in the map below, and hence they called the beautiful cluster "Leo," which is Latin for lion. Is your imagination vivid enough to see any resemblance to or even a suggestion of a lion?

North Star; but you may not all know that in the opposite direction (that is, from the opening to the bottom of the Dipper) the same two stars point toward the constellation Leo.

In the clear evenings of April, at about nine o'clock, follow an imaginary line from the North or Pole Star through the two outer stars of the Dipper and beyond, straight on across the zenith and into



MAP OF THE CONSTELLATION LEO.

the southern sky, and you come to the beautiful group known as Leo. You will easily know it from the map printed herewith, because you will see the "triangle" at the east of the imagined line, and the "sickle" at the west.

The ancients called this group Leo, which means lion, because they imagined the form of a lion with his head at the sickle, and the hinder part and tail in the triangle.

At this particular time you will find a brilliant red planet in this group of stars. It is the planet Mars, which will move right across the constellation. The line upon the map shows where it will be on the dates marked. It will be very interesting to watch the planet as it moves from night to night among the stars.

PRIZE OFFERS FOR GERMINATING SEEDS.

THE sprouting of seeds, known as germination, is commonly studied in many school-rooms in April and May. The seeds are usually placed on moistened cotton, sponge, blotting-paper, cloth, etc., or in sawdust, as the use of soil has many disadvantages when the purpose is merely to watch the germinating of the seeds and the growth of the tiny plants.

Try to germinate any of the following seeds or others that may be conveniently obtained: morning-glory, nasturtium, peas, lima-beans, corn, squash, sunflower, barley, oats, buckwheat, apple, clover, or "canary"-seed.

ST. NICHOLAS desires that the young folks shall invent new methods of sprouting seeds (something similar in novelty to the clover grown upon spruce cones, as shown in the accompanying illustration), and that they shall carefully observe the growing of the little plants and state what lessons have been learned. The method selected should be fully explained, and the explanation be accompanied by photographs or drawings. In inventing the method and observing the growth, the assistance of teacher, parent, or other grown-up folks may be obtained, but the *description* must be original and the observations by the writer of the letter, and endorsed as such by parent or teacher.

FIRST PRIZE: Selection from books published by The Century Company to the total amount of five dollars at the catalogue prices.

SECOND PRIZE: A year's subscription to ST. NICHOLAS.

THIRD PRIZE: Any \$1.50 book published by The Century Company.

In deciding as to award of these prizes, especial consideration will be given to novelty of method and value of the observations regard-



CLOVER GROWING UPON SPRUCE CONES. (KEPT MOIST AND FED BY THE TABLET SOLUTION.)

ing the growth. Seeds may be grown in soil and without use of the tablets explained below, if preferred. Prizes will be awarded on letters received by the editor of this department previous to July 1, 1901.

As most of our young folks know, a seed contains food for the tiny plant only sufficient to sustain it till small roots have grown large enough to secure food direct from the soil. If there is no soil, and no food is provided from other sources, the little plant soon withers.

In botanical laboratories, a perfect plant-food for our common plants is provided by placing certain chemicals in water. Botanists and chemists have ascertained what chemicals the

plants need and in what quantities of each. This mixture of water and chemicals is fed to the plants and taken up by the roots. For the convenience of our young folks, St. NICHOLAS has had tablets made of the necessary chemicals, properly proportioned, of right size for two tablets to a pint of water. The roots of the little plants may be kept moist with this solution and the growth continued as if they were in soil. Thus, by this artificial feeding, a large plant may be grown on a small bit of material such as cotton, sponge, sand, or blotting-paper.

A box containing about thirty of these tablets, with complete directions for use, will be mailed to any pupil or teacher upon receipt of six cents, the cost of preparing the tablets, box, packing, and postage.

Address Nature and Science department of St. NICHOLAS, Union Square, New York, or Edward F. Bigelow, Stamford, Connecticut.

Our young folks will please bring these prize offers to the attention of teachers or other grown-up friends and request their assistance. Please write for further particulars, if desired.



April Showers Bring May Flowers

and rambles along the roads, across the fields and meadows, or through the forests—in rain or sunshine—especially in the spring months, bring much pleasure and instruction to the young folks. To tell observations, or to gain information by asking questions, may all say,



“WE WILL WRITE TO ST. NICHOLAS ABOUT IT.”

THROUGH YOUTHFUL EYES.

I HAVE been reading a very interesting and beautifully illustrated book entitled “In Nature’s Realm,” written by Dr. Charles C. Abbott, a well known naturalist who has contributed several very interesting articles to our “Nature and Science.”

Here are a few short extracts taken from the wealth of material that I find in this book. They will be of especial encouragement to youthful observers.

There is a great deal to be said in favor of seeing with young eyes. . . . I laugh now to think how, many years ago, I stood in awe of everybody who assumed to know anything of the outdoor world, and wondered if I ever might attain to their wisdom. . . . The truth is, a greater part of the significance of our surroundings is none the less plain to youth because it is not talked about; and he is a dull youth who is not intellectually equipped to see understandingly when still but a boy. Whether he cares to or not is quite another matter; but given the desire, the ability is likewise present in suffi-

cient measure for his needs. Better still if he is not overweighted by too much reading. Let the facts come before him with all the freshness of a discovery, and then, above all else, let him be not afraid to speak of them as though unheard of before. . . . Young eyes may see what has been previously overlooked, and certainly not all the discoveries in natural history have been made by men old in the service. Certain of our faculties grow less alert with age: the sight, dim; hearing, less acute: and the sense of smell equal only to detecting the more pungent odors. When this is true, it is safer to send a boy of seventeen into the marshes to report their belongings than to trust to the observations of a man of seventy.

SUGGESTIONS REGARDING THE WOODCHUCK’S “BARK.”

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My summers are spent on a large farm in New Hampshire not far from Concord. On this farm are many woodchucks, some of which we have captured. When a woodchuck is brought to bay he makes a noise by closing his teeth sharply together several times in quick succession, which noise, I believe, was mistaken for the barking treated in the letter on the subject on page 175 of ST. NICHOLAS for December,

1900. Hoping this will be a satisfactory explanation of the woodchuck's "bark," I remain

Yours truly,

JAMES JAUD TRACY, JR.
(Age 16.)

We appeal to all our country boys and girls to make a study of the woodchuck, and tell us their personal experiences, particularly in regard to this question. The time for its appearance is in April.

A WHIRLWIND IN THE ROAD.

CHELSEA, S. W.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am writing to tell you something very odd that I saw the other day. Can you tell me what it is?

I was walking in a dusty road when I saw coming



A COLUMN OF TWIRLING DUST COMING ALONG THE ROAD.

toward me along the road a column of twirling dust. There was absolutely no wind, so that it surprised me very much. After it had traveled for about a hundred yards it suddenly disappeared. I should very much like to know what it is and what caused it. I think your magazine is splendid.

Your faithful reader,

RACHEL PHIPPS.

I can fully appreciate this little girl's surprise, for I recall, as if but yesterday, a farmer-boy experience with a whirlwind in the haying-field. We were heaping the hay of the windrows into hay-cocks, when three hay-cocks and a part of a windrow a few rods from where we were working went rushing, twirling, scattering upward into the air. You can imagine, but hardly

appreciate, our surprise at seeing the hay we had so carefully heaped a few moments before disappearing hundreds of feet upward in the air, and then, for the greater part, scattering away out of sight. Our surprise was all the more because there seemed only a very light breeze where we were—not enough to much disturb the hay near us.

Very light whirlwinds are often seen in the road, taking up the dust and a few leaves.

Air is elastic and has weight. That near the ground is pressed down and condensed the most. The quiet air near the earth on a flat, dry surface becomes warmer than that above, when the sun is shining. If the air were in motion this would not occur, as no part of it would remain long enough close to the ground to be greatly heated. Also if the surface were not flat it would flow up the slope in even motion. Usually there is motion or unevenness, so that the mixing goes on unnoticed; but sometimes the heated air *breaks* through the upper layer, and the currents of air rushing in to fill the space do not happen to meet in the center; hence this makes an ascending whirl of air similar to the descending whirl of water you often see in the wash-bowl when the stopper in the bottom is pulled up by the attached chain.

GROUND-PINE OR CHRISTMAS GREEN.

PATCHOGUE, L. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I inclose a bit of "green" that I found growing in the swamp. There were only a few sprouts to be found. Kindly tell me the technical name, common name, and localities where found. I think the Nature and Science department is fine.

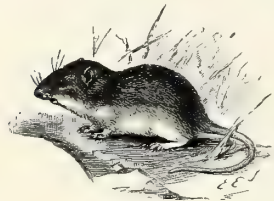
GRANT OVERTON.

The specimen is the "ground-pine," *Lycopodium obscurum*, that, with several other members of the club-moss family, is called Christmas green, as they are evergreen and used for Christmas decorations. The specimen you send is the most familiar form, and is found in moist woods in the eastern part of the United States, and also in Asia.

AMONG THE WILD MICE.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My cousin Calvin Goddard and I went out near the Country Club in Baltimore one day to get chestnuts. We could find none but horse-



THE TINY POCKET-MOUSE.

chestnuts, and so we went on farther than we otherwise would have done. When coming to the golf links my cousin exclaimed: "Here is a mouse and its nest!" I ran to him, and there, sure enough, was a pretty little mouse. It was brownish gray, and of course very wild. It ran out on the end of the branch that I bent down, and then Calvin got it. We came out of the bushes, and I said, "Let's look at it." Calvin held up his hand, but it was gone. We went back, but it was nowhere to be found, so I examined the nest. The nest was much like a bird's nest, and I would not have known it was a mouse's. If Calvin had not told me what it was I would believe it was a bird's nest to this day. We left the nest and went home. In two days I left the city. I went back in about two weeks, and Calvin said that the mouse had deserted its nest, and came to it only once in a while. Hoping that you like my story, I remain

Your constant reader,

HARRY H. ACHESON.

(Age 11.)

This observation introduces us to a very interesting family—the wild mice, so well

known to many young naturalists. Especially well does the farmer-boy know the wild mice and appreciate them, for he sees some member of the family everywhere—in the pasture, in the forest, in the meadows, in the field and swamp, and at almost every season of the year.

Perhaps the most interesting is the jumping-mouse, that shoots out, as if flying, from under the sheaf of grain as it is lifted to be placed on the farm-wagon. It has small fore legs on which it alights, and has strong hind legs for propelling. It jumps from five to ten feet, leap after leap. It builds a cozy nest of leaves and grass in the ground.

The meadow-mouse, which is very common, be-



THE MEADOW-MOUSE.

comes most familiar to the country boy in "haying-time." When the hay has been left in hay-cocks for several days on account of cloudy or rainy weather, the boy often assists in spreading it, on

the first day when the sun shines brightly, to dry it. There are almost always a few mice under each heap, to go scampering off in every direction among the stubble as the pile is lifted.

By far the most common is this meadow-mouse. Dr. Abbott gives an amusing description of his search for other kinds of mice, in cases where all proved to be but various sizes of the meadow-mice. He says:

I have seen mice in abundance—mice big and fat, mice lean and small, and middle-sized mice; mice that were gentle, and took pleasure in resting in the hollow of your hand. Sometimes I would fill my pockets with them, or tie up a dozen



THE CHAMPION GRACEFUL JUMPER OF THE MOUSE FAMILY.



THE WHITE-FOOTED WESTERN MOUSE.

in my handkerchief, and then, reaching home, would let them loose in a box, and sit down gravely to "determine the species."

He tells us of the big scientific volumes around him, and adds:

I would work by the hour, and pinch their tails and squint at their teeth and twist their toes, but it mattered not; all my labor and all my specimens simmered down to one poor meadow-mouse. I have tried to twist their hair and curl their whiskers and lengthen their ears by a sly pull with the tweezers, but it was of no avail — there was only the one species, and I could not make a second, although I tried very hard and very often.

The wild mice lay up stores of food in the fall in the shape of various nuts, grains, and seeds. They sometimes make the nests in many strange places, as, for instance, in a hive with the honey-bees. Burroughs says:

"Our white-footed mouse has been known to take up his abode in a hornet's nest, furnishing the interior to suit his taste." By the way, read in "Riverby" an account of Mr. Burroughs's interesting experience with a mouse crossing a mountain lake.

The white-footed mouse, especially, often adapts a bird's nest to his needs for a home. Dr. Abbott states that the selection is sometimes not to best advantage, so far as we can see.

It may be in a position exposed to north winds, when within a rod or two as good a nest was available in a much more sheltered locality.

This may be evidence of lack of wit, but it is well to remember that the point of view of a mouse and our own are not the same. Mice, like men, may have more than temperature to consider when locating a home.

Have any of our young folks heard a mouse sing? I have not, and wish to correspond with those that have. Statements regarding singing mice are sometimes seen in books and very frequently in the newspapers.

What do our young folks say about this or other matters of interest regarding mice?



A TRAGEDY IN MOUSE-LAND — A MOUSE CAUGHT BY A SCREECH-OWL.



"A STUDY FROM LIFE." BY FRANCES LEONE ROBINSON, AGE 12. (GOLD BADGE.)

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

I go forth,
'Mid whistling winds of March
Hepatica I see;
The budding of the Larch
Brings happiness to me.

Arbutus, sheltered low
Beneath the wind-swept line,
Peeps upward from the snow
To greet the friendly Pine.

Beside the Alder-tree,
Fresh smiling from the wet,
With greeting glad toward me,
Springs dainty Violet.
LUCIUS A. BIGELOW (AGE 9).

The joy and sweetness of springtime seem to drip from this little poem. It does not come altogether within the requirements of the April competition, but it is otherwise so remarkable in its simplicity and feeling as to fully entitle it to the position it occupies. Its little author, already a winner of gold and silver badges, is a true child of nature, and goes, he says, direct to nature for his inspiration.

We believe this has been the banner month. More new members, more contributions, and better contributions,—that is, a better general average,—than ever before. Of drawings alone there were over three hundred and fifty, some of them worthy of a place in many of the books and publications issued by leading publishers. Truly the League is coming on. We believe that within ten years some of the best known artists and writers in the world will be those who began their work in this department, and that to be a graduate from the League school of art and literature will be regarded as at least a good beginning in the right direction.

There are still a few cautions for members new and



"A STUDY FROM LIFE." BY FRED STEARNS, AGE 15. (CASH PRIZE.)

old—a few don'ts. Don't expect to hear from a contribution except through the magazine. It is impossible to acknowledge the receipt of drawings, etc. Where stamps are sent and contributions are not used, we try to return them, but not otherwise. Contributions that are not used and that do not appear on the roll of honor are immediately destroyed, unless stamps are sent with them. Don't write and ask questions until you are very sure that what you want to know is not answered in the League leaflet, and don't write to ask what would happen if you were to win first a gold badge and then a cash prize and then a "wild-animal" prize. Wait until you have won them, and then see what happens. Don't forget your age; some very good contributions were left out this time because they lacked the sender's age or the parent's indorsement. *Don't copy.* All work must be from "fact or fancy," that is, from life or imagination, and *not* from anything that any one else has drawn or written. We regret to say that

a sketch entitled "Little Folks in Holland" (January) has been reported by a number of members as being very similar to a sketch on the same subject in the

"Little Folks' Reader," and this is only another example of how utterly impossible it is to escape the detection of all copied work. Don't be tempted, and if you *are* tempted, don't do it. You will be sorry all your life.

Silver badge, H. Keys Graham (age 12), Hadden-ville, Pennsylvania.

THE FIRST SPRINGTIME OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

BY GWENDOLEN GRAY PERRY (AGE 10).

(Gold Badge.)

WELCOME to the springtime of nineteen hundred one!

The flowers will soon be blooming and

the leaves on bush and tree;

The thrush will call to his little mate that springtime has begun—

The beautiful first springtime of the twentieth century.

The little dandelions soon will raise their yellow heads,

The brooks begin to ripple, and the fields will turn to green;

The violets and May-flowers will leave their shady beds,

And the silver pussy-willows by the roadside will be seen.

Jack-in-the-pulpit will be here, his sermon to begin;

The robin, bluebird, lark, and wren the anthem sweet will sing;

The bobolink and oriole the chorus will join in;

They'll seem to warble, "Let's rejoice, for now it is the spring!"

Welcome to the springtime of nineteen hundred one!

In the hundred years before us we expect great things to be.

The years will change, and every year new marvels will be done;

But springtime always is the same, O twentieth century!

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 16.

IN making the awards contributors' ages are taken into consideration.

VERSE. Gold badges, Ruth S. Loughton (age 17), 20 Berkley Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts; and Gwendolen Gray Perry (age 10), Rockland, Maine.

Silver badges, Neill C. Wilson (age 11), Hotel Metropole, Oakland, California; and Katherine T. Bastedo (age 11), 13 Admiral Road, Toronto, Canada.

PROSE. Gold badges, Marjorie Garrison (age 15), 84 Highland Avenue, Yonkers, New York; Julia W. Williamson (age 15), 136 South Twenty-third Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; and Bessie Neville (age 8), Bustleton, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Silver badges, Henry Sokoliansky (age 15), 71 Columbia Street, New York City; and Mary Shier (age 9), 513 Forest Avenue, Ypsilanti, Michigan.

DRAWING. Cash prize, \$5.00, Fred Stearns (age 15), 6442 Normal Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Gold badges, Arthur Bell (age 16), 622 Third Street, Faribault, Minnesota; Frances Leone Robinson (age 12), Anniston, Alabama; and Margaret Winthrop Peck (age 10), 234 Summer Street, Bristol, Connecticut.

Silver badges, Louise Hurlbutt (age 15), 243 Main Street, Stamford, Connecticut; Mildred Curran Smith (age 13), 4 Washington Avenue, Schenectady, New York; and Alan Osgood (age 12), 1713 P Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

PHOTOGRAPH. Gold badges, Gertrude Weinacht (age 9), 540 Morris Avenue, Elizabeth, New Jersey; and John E. Woodruff (age 14), 125 West Jersey Street, Elizabeth, New Jersey.

Silver badges, Morris Pratt (age 15), 241 Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, New York; and Sylvia Hathaway (age 10), Hotel Del Monte, Monterey, California.

WILD-ANIMAL AND BIRD PHOTOGRAPH. First prize (gold badge and \$5.00), "Young Crow," by Margaret D. Gardiner (age 16), 29 Elk Street, Albany, New York. Second prize (gold badge and \$3.00), "Wild Sea-gulls," by Alstair Hope Kyd (age 10), 39 St. Bernards Cres., Edinburgh, Scotland. Third prize (gold badge), "Squirrel," by J. Campbell Townsend (age 12), 318 West Seventy-fifth Street, New York City.

PUZZLE. Gold badge, Margaret Payson (age 12), 166 Vaughan Street, Portland, Maine.

Silver badges, Anna H. Taylor (age 14), 83 S. Franklin Street, Wilkes Barre, Pennsylvania; and Donald Payson (age 12), 13 Gray Street, Portland, Maine.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Gold badges, Walter E. Roberts (age 15), Glen Ridge, New Jersey; and Bessie Clancey (age 10), East Troy, Wisconsin.



"A STUDY FROM LIFE." BY MARGARET WINTHROP PECK, AGE 10. (GOLD BADGE.)



"A STUDY FROM LIFE." BY ARTHUR BELL, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)



"A WINTER DAY." BY GERTRUDE WEINACHT, AGE 9. (GOLD BADGE.)

AN APRIL FOOL IN FAIRYLAND.

BY JULIA W. WILLIAMSON (AGE 15).

(Gold Badge.)

Clipping No. 1. From the "Evening Sensation."

TITANIA OUTLAWED!

QUEEN OF FAIRYLAND OUTLAWED BY A MORTAL,
WHO HAS USURPED THE THRONE.

FAIRIES AND ELVES TO ARMS!!

AVENGE YOUR QUEEN!!

April 1.

Special to the Fairyland "Evening Sensation."
Copyright, 1901.

THROUGH the enterprise of our reporter at court we are enabled to present to the public a true account of this sad occurrence.

Titania, who was suffering from ennui, brought a mortal from the world above and endowed her with full power to rule as Queen of Fairyland. But the mortal, knowing that her rule was but for a day, resolved that it should last forever; so she exerted her power and sent Titania into exile! But not wearing her own beautiful form. She has been changed into—how can we write it?—she has been changed into a fat black beetle!

Fairies!! Elves!! will you stand this treatment of your Queen?

Never! Arise and overthrow the usurper and restore Titania!!

Clipping No. 2. From the Fairyland
"Evening News."

April 2.

THE "Evening News" has been requested to announce that the "Evening Sensation" has temporarily suspended publication, as it is ashamed to try and tell the news after the April Fool which was practised on it yesterday. A very wild piece of news pretending to have come from court was sent to the editor, who actually published it!

When he discovered the trick he was so mortified that he decided to leave the country for a little while. Last night he left for parts unknown.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY'S FIRST SPRINGTIME.

BY RUTH S. LAIGHTON (AGE 17).

(Gold Badge.)

THE song of the forest leaps to the heavens,
The breath of the budding leaves fills the rich
air;

A host of young branches point to the sunrise—
The dawn of a century's springtime is there.

Far round the horizon stretches the ocean
To meet the awakened sun in its flight,
And the birds that are swift sailing northward
hear, rising,
The murmur, the roar, of a century's night.

What powers lie sleeping amidst the creation!
What wonders we know not, what yet shall
we find!

The world in its beauty, though changing, remaineth,
The wonderment still is the light of man's mind.

In the colors that play o'er the sea, on the moun-
tains;

In music that calls us, in wisdom untold,
Feel, O ye children of new generations,
The soul of a world nineteen centuries old!

APRIL DAYS.

BY BESSIE NEVILLE (AGE 8).

(Gold Badge.)

APRIL is a spring month.

Now I will tell you what good times we have in my father's woods in April.

Sometimes we go to gather wild flowers. When we go to the woods for wild flowers, the first ones that we see are the bloodroot and little blue and white anemones. Sometimes, if we take a stick and push the



"A WINTER DAY." BY JOHN E. WOODRUFF, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)



"YOUNG CROW." BY MARGARET D. GARDINER, AGE 16.
(FIRST PRIZE, "WILD ANIMALS.")

leaves away, we will find little flowers that have not come out from under the leaves yet.

Later on, the dogtooth violets, wind-flowers, and Solomon's-seal will come.

Sometimes we go through the woods to the creek to fish. We never have much luck in catching fish, but we all like to go just the same.

In April the little soft leaf buds come out on the trees and bushes. They look like velvet, and they are very pretty. They are of all colors, such as pink, green, yellow, and white. There are blossom buds too, and they also look very pretty in their brown coats.

The little star-like dandelions come in our pasture-lot in April. They are yellow too, like some of the buds on the trees.

And now, as I have so much to tell you, I think I must change the subject to the little birds which come to build their nests in April.

I love to watch them as they flit about among the trees, singing so sweetly.

I think April is a very nice month; it seems to be the month when everything is just waking up from its long winter nap. Even the bears, who are so sleepy, wake up then.

If you have lost your badge or instruction leaflet, please send for another.

WHERE IT WAS FOUND.

BY HENRY SOKOLIANSKY (AGE 15).

(Silver Badge.)

GRANDMOTHER had a piece of whalebone curiously fashioned, which had been given to her by grandfather more than fifty years ago, and which she valued very highly.

One day we had visitors, and during the course of conversation one of them asked grandmother to show her the piece of whalebone, as she had never seen any before. Grandmother rose, and going to the bureau where she kept it, showed it her; then she laid it on the table and resumed the conversation.

Soon after, the visitors departed, and grandmother fell asleep, as had been her custom for the last twenty years. When she woke up she thought of the whalebone, and going to the table where she had left it, was surprised to see that it was not there. She then looked all around, but not seeing it, called us in, and then we had a long search for it; but we found nothing.

It was now the middle of April, and we had had fine weather all along until it seemed as if April was going



"SQUIRREL." BY J. CAMPBELL TOWNSEND, AGE 12. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD ANIMALS.")

to lose her prestige as the rainy month.

But at last it did come, and then there seemed no end to it.

For two days it rained steadily; but at last, on the evening of the second day, it stopped.

The next day we were out in the garden with our dog Nero, playing and rejoicing after being besieged in the house for two days by the weather.

While playing around I noticed something white sticking out of the ground, and pulling it out, found that it was the piece of whalebone.

While I had it Nero came near, and seeing the whalebone, began barking furiously.

From this I came to the conclusion that the bone had fallen from the table somehow or other, to be picked up by Nero, who mistook it for a bone and who buried it in the garden to be gnawed at leisure afterward.



"WILD SEA-GULLS." BY ALSTAIR HOPE KYD, AGE 10.
(SECOND PRIZE, "WILD ANIMALS.")



"A WINTER DAY." BY MORRIS PRATT, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE STARS.

BY HELEN WORSTELL
(AGE 7).

THE stars in heaven look down when we are asleep. The moon shines. I think you would like to know more about the stars; and the moon comes out at night and shines, and the people go to sleep. When morning comes the stars go away, the sun comes out.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY'S FIRST SPRINGTIME.

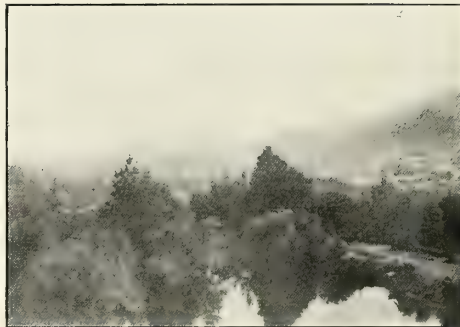
BY KATHERINE T. BASTEDO
(AGE 11).

(*Silver Badge.*)

LOOK! at the bend in the river
A tiny boat is seen.
Look! from the bank peeps a violet,
Nestling 'mid blankets of green.
See! on that tree is a robin,
Singing so sweetly his song;
And now that the winter is over
The days are growing long.

One hundred years ago this spring,
The flow'rs bloomed just the same;
The robin sang as sweetly,
The sun sent forth his flame;
And then as now there fell to earth
The soft, refreshing rain,
And it will fall for many a day,
Again and yet again.

But now a new, sweet freshness
Envelops all the earth;
The violet lifts her dainty head,
The robin sings in mirth.



"A WINTER DAY IN CALIFORNIA." BY SYLVIA HATHAWAY,
AGE 10. (SILVER BADGE.)

(Taken from train going full speed.)

Other springs will follow this, the birds
And flowers the same will be;
But the twentieth century's first springtime
We never again shall see.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY'S FIRST SPRINGTIME.

BY NEILL C. WILSON (AGE 11).

(*Silver Badge.*)

THE air was filled with driving snow,
The wind was whistling round,
The great firs bending with the wind,
The tall peaks darkly frowned.

The sun beats warm upon the earth;
The earth her shroud of snow
She casts upon the warming breeze;
The brooklets start to flow!

The ice is melting clear and fast,
The high drifts running low;
The buds are starting on the trees,
The wild winds cease to blow.

Then nature clothes in brightest green,
The birds all joyfully sing,
And join in chorus, one and all:
"The century's first spring!"

THE RESCUE OF LITTLE-SISTER.

BY MARY SHIER (AGE 9).

(*Silver Badge.*)

THE Walpool Indians were preparing for war; for the chief's sister had been captured by the Up-the-River Indians. But Sunset was impatient. So he painted his canoe white, then told his mother he was going hunting, and to give him something good to eat on the way.

When he was ready, he carried his canoe down to the



"A WINTER DAY IN CALIFORNIA." BY ALICE ALLCUTT, AGE 12.

river. It was n't called the St. Clair then, because this was before white people discovered America.

Although it was April, the river was very dangerous because of floating ice. Sunset was afraid of an ice-jam. But he had a strong, brave, Indian heart, very adventurous. There was no snow and the trees were still bare. The spring sky was dark and gloomy. In the wood some Indians were making maple syrup. Sunset paddled slowly up the river close to shore.

He went on for five days, stopping on the way to eat his meals of dried venison and parched corn. To his surprise he found his mother had put in some maple sugar. The north winds blew the ice from the river but made his progress slow.

He reached the Up-the-River Indians' camp at night. He hid his canoe in dead rushes and crept up the bank.

Through the trees he sees the Indians' cheerful camp-fire. He waits for a chance to get Little-Sister.

The braves were discussing what to do with her, kill her or adopt her—whichever would make the Walpool Indians maddest. At last they all went to their wigwams.

He hears footsteps coming toward him, and shakes with fear. Then he hears a squaw's voice saying: "Little-Sister must sleep outdoors; the wig-



"REFLECTION." BY AGNES MUSSER, AGE 13.



THE HOUSE OF MILES STANDISH.
BY HELEN W. REED, AGE 15.



"FROM A SLEEPING-CAR WINDOW," BY CONSTANCE
WADDINGTON, AGE 14.

wam is crowded." They made her a bed in the leaves, leaving a squaw on each side to guard her.

Sunset did not dare move until nearly morning. The squaws fell asleep. The young brave crept out and softly whispered to Little-Sister that he came to rescue her.

But as he picks her up, bags and all, he accidentally pulls one of the squaws' dresses. He quickly runs to his canoe, but the squaw alarms the camp.

The wild spring wind is blowing great whitecaps down the river. He launches the canoe, and is nearly blown out of sight when the Indians reach the bank. They see only an end of the canoe riding the waves, and think it is a whitecap.

ALICE AND HER KITTENS.

BY MARTHA ROSS PLANT (AGE 8).

ALICE is a little girl who lives in New York. She has three kittens. Their names are Snowball, Toodles, and Tip. She found them Easter morning in a little basket in the shape of an egg. Snowball had a pink ribbon tied around her neck; Toodles wore a blue ribbon around his; under Tip's chin was a big red bow.

THE CENTURY'S FIRST SPRINGTIME.

BY M. LETITIA STOCKETT (AGE 16).

(A winner of gold and silver badges.)

OH, no one saw the coming of fair
spring!

She entered into this cold world alone,
And looking round on naked tree and
hill,

She claimed the frost-bound region
for her own.

With her sweet presence all the air became
So soft and balmy, flowers began to grow;
The little brooklet sang a noisy song
At times, or else it murmured sweet and low.

She clothed the hillsides in the palest green;
The buds began to open on the trees,
As though awakened from their winter nap,
And softly rustled in the gentle breeze.

In many a mossy nook the violet blue
Uplifted to the sky her modest head,
While yellow crocuses, with dark green leaves,
Were hid 'neath leaves of autumn sere and dead.

Oh, welcome back, dear springtime! welcome back!

We love you; for you are as young as we,
Who stand expectant at the gate of life,
Like you, first springtime of the century!



"OYSTER FLEET, BALTIMORE." BY CARL W. SCHIL-
LING, AGE 14.

HOW I HUNTED FOR ARBUTUS.

BY WILLIE WRIGHT (AGE 9).

It was an early day in April when I went to gather arbutus in the woods. Arbutus is a little pink flower with a lovely scent. I gathered it in huge bunches. They hid under the leaves like timid mice, and they grew in batches far away from each other. We were going through a cluster of pines when I happened to kick up some leaves, and there I saw under them a cluster of arbutus hidden away under the pine needles and leaves. If people do not know how to look for it they can go through a forest filled with it and never see it.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY'S FIRST SPRING.

BY HELEN KING STOCKTON (AGE 14).

(Winner of a gold badge in March.)

The twentieth century's spring is here,
With her freshness and beauty and laughter clear.
She is trying her best, the wide world o'er,
To beat the centuries gone before.

That she has succeeded we all may see,
For the sunsets glow with their golden store,
And the winds blow free over land and sea,
And the little white clouds float high above;
In the fresh spring air all the world is fair,
And flowers are blossoming everywhere.
Oh, spring is the time to live and love!



"A STUDY FROM LIFE." BY HARVEY ROBINSON, AGE 16.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY'S FIRST SPRINGTIME.

BY ELFORD EDDY (AGE 16).

As I lie beneath the willows,
gazing far across the sea,
There 's a breeze comes o'er
the meadows, and it whis-
pers soft to me:

"'T is springtime, happy spring-
time, and the twentieth
century!"

As I lie within the shadows,
dreaming of the coming
year,

There 's a song comes o'er the
hollows, and this is what
I hear:

"'T is springtime, happy spring-
time, and the glad time of
the year!"

Oh, the trees are all in blos-
som, and the theme the
songsters sing

Is: "The century has opened,
and this is its first spring!"

ENVOY.

For our New Year resolution,
And the coming century,
"Live to learn, and learn to
live,"
Let our motto ever be.



"A STUDY FROM LIFE." BY MILES GREENLEAF, AGE 14.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY'S FIRST SPRINGTIME.

BY MARY H. AVERILL (AGE 13).

O first springtime of the cen-
tury,
Our darling naughty one,
How glad we are to see you
When wintry winds are done!

Now all along the hillside
The dandelions spring up,
And many a little violet shows
Its dainty, modest cup.

Oh, you 're the queen of spring-
times,
The very nicest one!
And yours is just the brightest
Of all the springtime sun.

The reason why, you ask me?
Of course it is quite clear:
Why, you 're the first of the cen-
tury,
My pretty little dear.

O first springtime of the cen-
tury,
Our darling naughty one,
How glad we are to see you
When wintry winds are done!

THE INDOORS SIDE OF AN APRIL SHOWER.

BY MARJORIE GARRISON (AGE 15).

Illustrated by the Author.

(Gold Badge.)

WE are having a genuine April shower, and this particular one has sent us all scurrying from school to get home under shelter. As I come in and throw my books on the table, I hear shouts and boisterous laughter coming from the play-room. It sounds as if all the children of the neighborhood are there enjoying themselves.

Wishing to find what the commotion means, I attempt to open the door and peek in. My greeting is a crash of bean-bags against the door, and the laughter becomes louder if possible. That room is a sight to behold! Books and toys are thrown wildly about, and on one side the floor is strewn with all kinds of carpenters' tools, while on the other side a small railroad has been laid out. Now the cars are in a confused pile among the tracks, and the station rests on its side, quite too far away from the railroad.

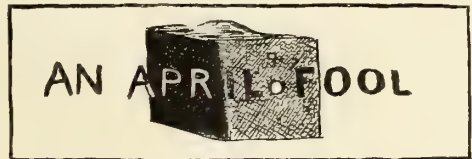


The makers of all this confusion are only four small boys, now engaged in a wild bean-bag fight. Out of the hubbub can be distinguished such cries as "Here, Peter!" "Now to me, Tiny," and "Look out for the globes!" as one missile shoots perilously near the chandelier. Over in her corner by the window, my one small sister is dressing dolls, entirely oblivious of the excitement. When a stray bag flies her way, she quietly picks it up and throws it out into the floor, where it is speedily captured.

Quietly closing the door, I flee to my own room. Soon the shower is over and the sun shining as brightly as ever. In a few moments the play-room door flies open, and the children go tearing downstairs and out of doors to find some new fun in the fresh air. The house seems so quiet in contrast that one could hardly believe it the scene of such lively fun. But if he should peek into that play-room he would see there such a muss and tumble as only a hurricane leaves in its track.



"A STUDY FROM LIFE." BY NELSIE ROCKWOOD, AGE 14.



BY EDMOND W. PALMER (AGE 14).

"CROAK! Croak!"

The frog hopped gleefully up and down the banks of the little stream as if even he was glad that it was spring. Blustering March had passed out quietly and the first of April had come.

"Croak! Croak!"

The frog again sent forth. This time, attracted by the sound, a boy with a kodak peeped through the bushes and pointed it directly at Mr. Frog, who contemplated it in silence until the boy had got the range.

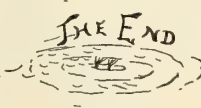
Then, just a fraction of a second before the lad pressed the button, the frog turned and plunged into the stream.

In another instant his head appeared again above the surface, and he gleefully croaked "April Fool!" after the retreating form.

The lad walked contentedly home, never thinking that at that moment the frog was laughing behind his back. He supposed that the picture of Mr. Frog would appear duly on the plate, and had high hopes of winning the Wild-animal Photograph Prize.

Alas! his hopes were destined to have a fall. That night, when he came to develop his pictures, he found on the plate a beautiful picture of a small rippling stream with a frog's hind

peering beneath
"Well," he
better next time
pictures on the



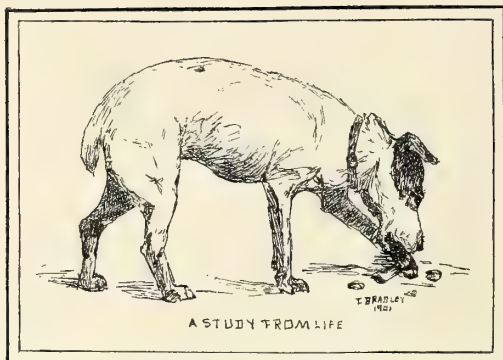
legs just disappeared the surface.
cried, "I'll know
than to take any
first of April!"

THE TWENTIETH-CENTURY SPRINGTIME.

BY MARGARET FRANCIS (AGE 8).

THE twentieth-century springtime
Is coming, and now is here;
So all the little children's hearts
Shall ring with gladsome cheer.

For the twentieth-century springtime
Will be very bright and gay,
And in the fields with butterflies
Shall little children play.



A STUDY FROM LIFE

BY CAROL BRADLEY, AGE 14.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY'S FIRST
SPRINGTIME.

BY MILDRED ANDRUS (AGE 9).

THE violet lifted up her head;
 "Good day, good birds, good day," she said.
 "'T was good of you to call me up;
 I'm just in time. Where's buttercup?"

"She has not raised her golden head;
 She is still sleeping safe in bed;
 So don't you see?" the birdie said,
 "You are the first one out of bed."

LEAGUE LETTERS.

HERE is a letter from a little Swiss girl who writes English most charmingly, and who wants to join the League, but can't get any stamp for "self-addressed envelope." Perhaps she overlooked the offer made some months ago to all foreign readers. These do not need to stamp their envelopes. The League will gladly pay postage on their badges and leaflets for the honor of having representatives in so many different parts of the world.

CHAMPAGNE PRÈS GRANDSON,
 CANTON DE VAUD, SWITZERLAND,
 Dec. 16th, 1900.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the very first time I ever write to you, and it is on very important business!

I am a Swiss girl, 16 years and 4 days old, and love your magazine very much indeed. I first took you in for one year two or three years ago when appeared "Miss Nina Barrow" and "Master Skylark"; and, to my great pleasure, have again received you on my birthday, four days ago.

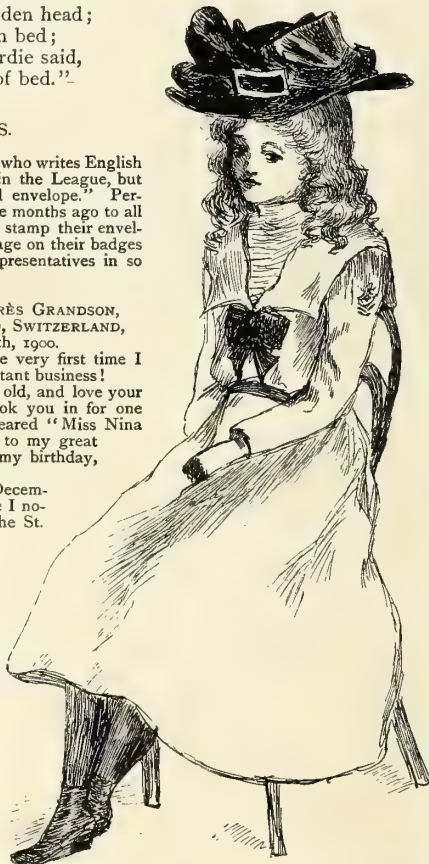
In looking over the November and December numbers, I arrived to the end where I noticed a very interesting innovation: the St. Nicholas League! This is the reason why I came to disturb you in this busy time of Christmas, which is so especially busy for you, good St. NICHOLAS! This delightful League has made me quite enthusiastical and I should love to become one of its members! How can I do it?

After what I have been able to understand, I almost believe that I could be a member if I sent you a stamped envelope directed to me.

Here, again, there is a difficulty. I have no stamp of the United States, but, as you are a saint, could you perhaps send the letter *without a stamp*?

I should not mind at all being taxed as long as I should possess the "League badge," and the "instruction Leaflet."

Now good bye, dear ST. NICHOLAS. I hope that I have not troubled you too much. Believe me faithfully yours,
 YVONNE JEGUIER.

"A STUDY FROM LIFE." BY LOUISE HURLBUTT,
AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN.
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an American girl, thirteen years old. I was born in Yokohama, and have lived here all my life, except one year when we traveled around the world. I like Yokohama, but still I should like to go to the United States again very much. I do not remember very much about America, as it is five years since



BY ALAN OSGOOD, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

I was there, and we stayed there such a very short time. We stayed in Germany four months, and I remember nearly everything about it.

I have two sisters and one brother. I have taken ST. NICHOLAS for over two years, and I think it is great. I am very much interested in the League. I have a badge, and I think it is very pretty. A few girls here take ST. NICHOLAS, although I do not think any of them are members of the League. As we seldom get ST. NICHOLAS before the 20th of the month, of course it is quite impossible for us to join in the competitions, but I take great pleasure in reading the letters of other members, and also the little stories and poems. I collect post-cards, and I have a collection of over two hundred. It is a very pretty collection, and most of mine are from Germany. If any of the League members would like to have any from Japan I would be very pleased to send them, as they have very pretty ones here.

I must close now, as I am afraid my letter is getting too long. Wishing ST. NICHOLAS and the League a long and prosperous life, I remain

Your sincere friend,
 ALICE MENDELSON.

Other appreciative and interesting letters have been received from Agnes M. Smith, Howard T. Foulke, Otto Kurtz, Mrs. L. G. Baldwin, David M. Cheney, Virginia Evans Bartlett, Dorothy L. Warren, Grace Reynolds Douglas, Esther Hills, Elford Eddy, Edith Louise Brundage, Laura Van Keuren, Molly Lord, Beatrice (of Brazil), Adelaide Utter, Irene Kavin, Otto Freund, Charlotte Harrison Tomlin, Marion Shove, Philip Beebe, Margaret G. Blaine, Lydia S. Griffin, Marguerite Hope Ford, Bertha Nudd, Ruth C. Hood, Florence Hoyte, Alice M. Gray, Marion C. Woodworth, Juanita Demorest, Edward Squibb Munro, Helen Johnston, Tessie McMechan, Mary A. Tracy, Frederica and Esther Perutz, Elsie Fisher Steinheimer, Alice Porter Miller, Tina Gray, Bessie King, Mildred Gretchen Phillips, Katherine Shrubshell, Helen Smith, Besse Jenkins, Lyman W. Rogers, Freda Stafford, Ruth Allaire, Etta Mae Cramer, Mary F. Watkins, and Maude L. Hamilton.

CHAPTERS.

MUCH pleasant entertainment and mutual benefit result from chapter organization. Weekly meetings, at which recreation and mental culture are pleasantly and about equally divided, must in time result in great good to those who take part willingly and in the proper spirit.

Members and others forming chapters may have their buttons all come together in one large envelope, postage paid, and as many buttons will be sent as desired for actual use.

Chapter No. 33 sends an interesting report. It has eleven members now, and calls for nine more badges. When any member has received honorary mention five times for League work a small party is given in her honor. Meetings are held twice a month, and after a business session ST. NICHOLAS is read. If any contributions are ready, these are also read. Informal social meetings will also be held at the members' homes at convenient times. No. 33 was one of the early chapters, and it is gratifying to hear good news from it. Josephine Howes, 36 Marlboro Street, Keene, New Hampshire, is now secretary.

Another early chapter is No. 38, of which Maude R. Kraus, 155 West Seventy-second Street, is secretary. She reports that they read a book at every meeting, and pay five cents a month dues. No. 38 has an excellent set of rules.

No. 45, of Medicine Lodge, Kansas, Rachel Nixon, secretary, has reorganized. It will meet Thursday evenings after school, and the members will take turns reading aloud, and then try to work the ST. NICHOLAS puzzles.

No. 91 has adopted for its motto the sentence from the League leaflet, "He who enjoys life and liberty, knowing what they mean, cannot willingly see others deprived of them." Every member of the League will approve that selection, and echo the sentiment.

No. 94 reports prosperity, and an average of twelve members.

No. 103 has reorganized, and calls for four new badges.

No. 167 reports reorganization, and eight new members.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 203. Samuel Gould, President; thirty-three members. Address, 290 East Third Street, New York City.

No. 204. "Canadian Chapter." Jean MacTarish, President; V. M. MacEwen, Secretary; six members. Address, 76 Grosvenor Street, Toronto, Canada.

No. 205. "Hickory Chapter." Beulah Grafton, President; Pearl Grafton, Secretary; twenty-five members. Address, Hickory, Maryland.

No. 206. M. W. Bissett, President; Emma Riffle, Secretary; twenty members. Address, Deep Valley, Pennsylvania.

No. 207. Walter Hamilton, President; Roland Hudson, Secre-



"TAWNCHIE." BY MILDRED CURRAN SMITH, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

Natalie Cobb, Secretary; number of members not stated. Address, 600 Equitable Building, Louisville, Kentucky. No. 213 owns a two-dollar magnifying-glass, and will devote much time to nature study.

No. 214. Eunice Avery, President; Dorothy Belden, Secretary; six members. Address, 184 Thompson Street, Springfield, Massachusetts. "We are going to read ST. NICHOLAS at our club, and also try in the competitions."

No. 215. Mary Golden, President; Lena Wildasin, Secretary; thirty-three members. Address, University Station, Los Angeles, Cal.

No. 216. W. Curtis, President; N. Middleton, Secretary; eight members. Address, 615 Laguna Street, San Francisco, California.



"A STUDY FROM LIFE." BY TINA GRAY, AGE 16. (WINNER OF GOLD AND SILVER BADGES.)



"A STUDY FROM LIFE." BY ANNA SKIDMORE, AGE 11.

"We have a yell which is not complete without a chapter number. It can be heard for many blocks, for we have eight loud-voiced boys."

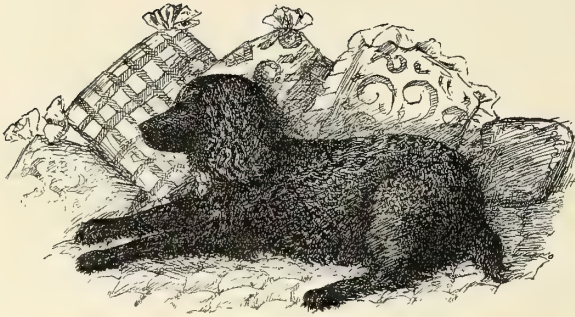
No. 217. "Madison Chapter." Edward McGill, Jr., President; Emery Pearce, Secretary; six members. Address, 2242 North Twentieth Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

No. 218. Dorothy Wheelock, Secretary; five members. Address, 221 Palm Avenue, Riverside, California.

No. 219. "Junior Literary Club." Arthur Fancher, President; Evelyn Otis, Secretary; twelve members. Address, 228 Court Street, Binghamton, New York.

No. 220. "Washington Rock Chapter." Six members. Address, 197 Watchung Avenue, North Plainfield, New Jersey.

No. 221. "Fuldonia Secunda Junior Naturalist Club." K. Albert, President; A. Behrens, Secretary; thirty-six members. Address, 130 East One Hundred and Tenth Street, New York City.



"FROM LIFE." BY LAURA JANORIN ALDRICH, AGE 11.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

A LIST of those whose work, though not used, has been found well worthy of honorable mention.

VERSE.

Edith Lambert
Eleanor Whidden
Harriet A. Ives
Charlotte Farrington Babcock
Edith C. Newby
Helen Hersch
Margaret Ramsey
Mary Woodhull
Edmund R. Maule
Nannette F. Hamburger
Greta Franzen
Ethel Brand
Florence Cochrane Turner
Marjorie McIver
Irma Herdegen
Adelaide Skoog
Clara Stocker
Edith Keleher
Lesley M. Storey
Alma Jean Wing

Leon Bonnell
Sigmund G. Spaeth
Leslie Leigh Ducros
Alice Barber Potter
Emma Drew
Grace F. Maguire
Margaret Kephart
G. Theodore Kellner
Ruth Helen Brierly
Enza Alton Zeller
Frida Semler
Ethel Duffy
Marie Ortmayer
Irene Heath
Mabel Ellis
William Carey Hood
Nanna Reardon
Margaret Love Steel
S. R. Macveagh
Josephine Hamline

PROSE.

Dorothy Russell
Gertrude Fisher
Edith Goodenough
Curtis H. Nance
Daisy Pitcher
Winifred Dean
David M. Cheney
Alice Carey Dean
E. Mabel Strang
Eleanor L. Altemus
Elizabeth Clark
Florence Ross Elwell
Grace Pearl Holloway
H. Louise Chamberlain
Marguerite Jean Little
Jennie G. Murdock
Margaret Metcalf
Mary P. Parsons
Birdie Aberle
Harold S. Butman
Dora Helen Hill
Marguerite Beatrice Child
Elizabeth H. Warner
Arthur E. Dunning
Willard Ferris
Carolyn D. Tompkins
Ruth Ellinwood Frost
Margaret C. C. Brooks
Maude Hatch
Hilda B. Morris
Louis W. Balcom
Madeleine R. McCormack
Elsa Hildenbrand
Ernest E. Pringle
Frances Renee Despard
Howard R. Patch
Norman Darch
Evelyn F. Ross
Sarah Parker
Jessie Metcalf

Florence Rust
Gwendolyn Hensley
Marguerite Du Bois
Grace M. Redney
Irene Crisler
Genivieve Taylor
Elizabeth C. Porter
S. Eliot Morison
Gertrude Kaufmann
Henrietta Strong
Dorothy H. Sutphin
Rachel Rhoades

Louise Ring
Isabel Cromwell Gaines
Gertrude C. Lovell
Henry Goldman
Ellen Kellner
Fannie Eugenie Saville
Jessie Murray
Walter H. Stahr
Sarah E. Coursen
Mildred Irving Scott
Eva V. Compton
Van Lear Woodward
Mary Lewis
Vance Ewing
Emmie Hartung
Frances Browne
Constance Madeline Dewey
Adelaide McMichael
Mabel B. Clark
Dorothy Vaughan Ritter
Marguerite I. Willis
Minnie Sweet

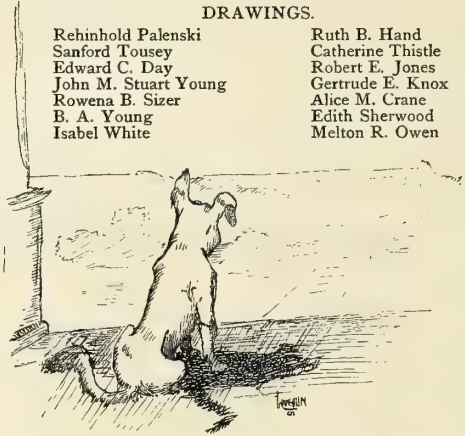
Thomas C. Morgan
Russell Hayes Livermore
Elsie Fuller
Elizabeth Langworthy Alling

Helen Perry
John Nevin Pomeroy
Mary Dorothea Rich
Harold William Hunt
Janet Weil
Ethel L. Brundage
Ida Crabbe
Mason A. Freeman
Frederic Earl Tracy
Florence E. Moss
Elise Paulin
Jeanette C. Klauder
Gertrude R. Stein
Ellen Dunwoody
Henry D. Hammond
Edith L. Jarvis
Winifred Rapalje
M. Esther Brainerd
Gertrude Helen Schirmer
Helen Madeleine Hogg
Ernest G. Field
Mamie Allen
Florence Foster
Julia Jacoby
Jean Overton Harris
Gertrude Hilton Hatch

DRAWINGS.

Rehinhold Palenski
Sanford Tousey
Edward C. Day
John M. Stuart Young
Rowena B. Sizer
B. A. Young
Isabel White

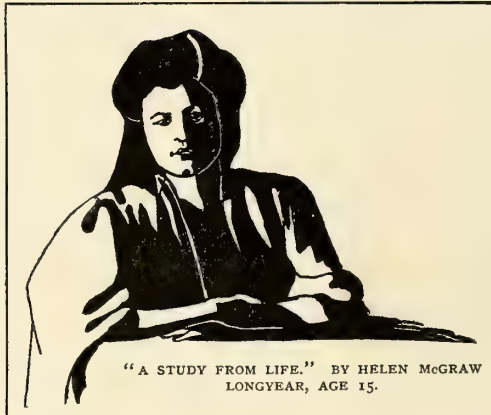
Ruth B. Hand
Catherine Thistle
Robert E. Jones
Gertrude E. Knox
Alice M. Crane
Edith Sherwood
Melton R. Owen



"WHO WHISTLED?" BY W. M. LAUGHLIN, AGE 16.

Elizabeth Norton
Valentine Ketcham
Ruth Osgood
Gladys G. Hildreth
Edith C. Spofford
Elizabeth Anderson
Samuel Davis Otis
Elizabeth Otis

Theodora Kimball
D. Murray Worthington
Eddie L. Kastler
Ruth Felt
Dorothy Hyde
Martha Washburn
Donald Gilbert
Hilda Warren
Anabel Hays
Mack Hays
William S. Hoyt
David Mason
U. Sutton Nelthorpe
C. W. Hibbard
Marguerite Rogers
Goodwin Hobbs
Bessie Barnes
Lucille A. Dutton
Vieva Marie Fisher
Joel Ellis Fisher, Jr.
Viola Packenham
Donald Prather
John Paul Jones
Mary Selina Tebault
Helen Emerson Child
Cicely Mary Biddle
Hugh Shields
W. Gilbert Sherman
Mary Sweeney
Helen de Veer
Morrow Wayne Palmer
Mabel Miller Johns
James McKell, Jr.
Romaine Hoit
Laurence Simmonds
Norman Shepard



"A STUDY FROM LIFE." BY HELEN MCGRAW LONGYEAR, AGE 15.

Lida O'Bannon
S. A. Mathewson
Edith G. Daggett
Eleanor Hollis Murdock
Philip Little
Jack D. Whiting
Lilla Lorschbaugh
Thomas Casilear Cole
Marion Nickell
Hilda Pratt
Theodore Woolman
Phoebe Wilkenon
Helmer Bryn
Nelda Fisher
Sarah Marshall
Hadleigh Marsh
Rudolph Nelson Miller
John Archie Burchell
Anna M. Jeffries
Charlotte Lewis Phelps
Harold R. Maule
Julia Chapin
Elizabeth Halsey
Elaine Flitner
Margery Plimpton
Marguerite E. Gale
Leslie F. Snow
Carl Wetzel
Delos R. Ashley
Marguerite Sampter
Mary E. Klauder

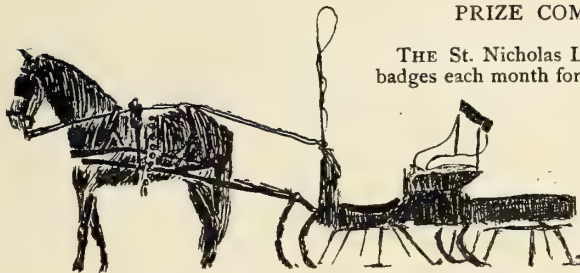
Helen B. Sharp

PHOTOGRAPHS.

Woodruff W. Halsey
Francis R. Taylor
Samuel M. Janney, Jr.
Theodore Pratt
T. Charlton Henry
Frank Turnbull
Grace Jones
Roland P. Carr
Will Patterson
Florence Davis
J. Harry Stothoff
Clark Hulings
Thaxter D. Hazen
Lawrence K. Lunt
Helen A. Clay
Charles T. Sweeney
Anna Russell
Samuel G. Artingstall
George Allen
Cheyney Stevens Wilson
James Gamble Reighard
Belden B. Rau
M. Wilkie Gilholm
Edith Romaine
Floyd Godfrey
Allan Battle
Leaone K. Schiff
Willard B. Jefferson
Andrew J. Whinery
Pleasants Pennington
Breta Childs
Frank Damosch, Jr.
Charles S. Smith
Edgar Crosland
F. B. Rives
Carrie Kennedy
Mary W. Clapp

PUZZLES.

Asa B. Dimond
Wesley Fisher
Pleasance Baker
Helen H. Crandell
Holman I. Pearl
Florence Hoyte
Tom McCall
Helen L. Cochrane
Miles Greenleaf
H. M. Humason
Eltah J. Vince
Ernst Boas
Marion Jones
Allan Hunter, Jr.
Russell Daly
Adelaide Skoog
Arnold Lahee
Irvin C. Elmer



"FROM LIFE." BY KATHERINE D. FARWELL, AGE 11.

Helen Johnston
Phoebe Ropes
Harold Waldo
Lucy G. Phillips
Orlo A. Bartholomew
Mayberry Smith
Sara E. Phillips
Elizabeth R. Scott
Beth Howard
Louis May
Helen Hawley

Helen B. Sharp



BY EUNICE SAYRE WOOD, AGE 7.

Marguerite Kolb
Bernice A. Chapman
M. R. Brown
Lucille Sledge Campbell
Harold V. Smith
S. Kendall Bushnell
Charles R. Selkirk



"FROM LIFE." BY ANN KRESS, AGE 10.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 19.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers.

A SPECIAL CASH PRIZE. To any League member who during the first year has won a gold badge for any of the above-named achievements, and shall again win first place, a cash prize of five dollars will be awarded, *instead of another gold badge.*

Competition No. 19 will close April 20. The award will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for July.

VERSE. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author. Subject must contain the word "celebration."

PROSE. Story, article, or play of not more than four hundred words. It may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author. Subject, "One July Day."

PHOTOGRAPH. Any size, mounted or unmounted, but no blue prints. Subject, "When Spring Comes." May be interior or exterior, with or without figures.

DRAWING. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Subject, "My Animal Friends." May be interior or exterior.

PUZZLE. Any sort, the answer to contain some word relating to July.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

WILD-ANIMAL OR BIRD PHOTOGRAPH. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird, taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

EVERY contribution of whatever kind *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only.*

Address all communications:
THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE,
Union Square,
New York City.



THE LETTER-BOX.

WILL Miss Eva McKinney, who wrote to the Letter-box about "girls' camps," be kind enough to send her address?

SAPPORO, JAPAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish you a happy and successful New Year. I want to tell you about the Japanese way of counting age. When a Japanese baby is born it is one year old then and there—just as the first day of the year is January 1, not January 0. It becomes two years old on the next December 31st at supper-time, and after that every New Year's eve at supper-time is the time when one year is added to the age of a Japanese. Therefore the Japanese children do not care about their birthdays, and do not receive presents. Indeed, most Japanese don't know when their birthdays are. New Year's is a very important day with the Japanese. On it they give and receive presents freely.

I wish to call your attention to the piece in the November number of ST. NICHOLAS on "The Japanese 'Yoshien.'" In the first place, "Yoshien" is a mistake for "Yochien." In the second place, Japanese nursemaids are never called "amah" by Japanese children. The most common way among Japanese children is to call the nursemaid's first name, or rather last, for the Japanese write and speak a person's family name before his given name. In the third place, "beto" (lunch) is a mistake for "bento." There are many other things about the piece that we do not see in the interior, but as I have not been in many kindergartens in Japan, nor looked into the contents of the children's lunch-boxes, of course I cannot and must not say they are wrong.

Your interested reader,

PAUL ROWLAND.

CHEVY CHASE, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I go to a French school here (it is not a school-house, because it is the "Chevy Chase Inn" in summer).

One summer a little boy left his goat there, and of course we children had great fun with it. It used to come up on the porch and "butt" any one it could, and one day it "buted" the music-teacher, and she cried: "*Aidez moi!*" and hit at the goat with her umbrella, and the goat hit at her dress.

As it is a girls' school, it seems funny, but there is one boy there, and of course we all pet him very much.

I remain your interested reader,

ESTHER P. DENNY (only child).

BERNARDSVILLE, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an American girl thirteen years old. I have taken you for about four years. I want to ask you if you can account for the extreme dislike, not to say hatred, of England existing in most American school-girls.

On the subject of the Boer war, for instance, nine girls out of ten will tell you they are on the Boer side, and yet they know (for the most part) nothing about it.

They have neither read the newspapers nor any good books upon the subject. One should read several good books before adopting any opinion. It is not sympathy for the Boers that makes the children hate England, for before the Boer war they were just the same. In this war there is much wrong on both sides, but I believe the English are fighting the good fight. I have named my new wheel after the brave South African town of Ladysmith.

Of course some children must have a good right to their opinion, but I have never met any. The usual answer to a question as to why they are for the Boers is this: "Because they are right." "How do you know they are right?" "Because they are. England is an old greedy thing." "Have you read any books about it?" "Oh, no! that's too much trouble."

I hope that you will print this letter, for if I have expressed myself rightly it may cause some of the boys and girls who have no good reasons for their opinion to think more seriously on the subject than they have hitherto done, and form a *real* opinion for one faction or the other that will be of real value to them.

Hoping that my letter may accomplish its mission, I remain

Yours sincerely,

ISABEL ORMISTON.

OCALA, FLA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am writing, although I am not a regular subscriber to you and usually read you at our library. I live six miles from Silver Springs, which if not well known up North is famous all over Florida. My father owns a small railroad which runs from Ocala to Silver Springs. This spring is the source of the Ocklawaha River and is surrounded by a tangled cypress swamp. The cypress "knees," or roots, make pretty ferneries. Silver Springs is believed by a great many people to be the "Fountain of Youth" for which De Soto vainly searched. The bed of the spring is silvery, and shines in the sun. The spring would be called a lake anywhere else except in a country where waterways are as numerous as trees.

The "Parlor" is at the bottom, and two silvery chairs are clearly defined. The "Indian Maiden" and the "Bottomless Pit" are quite wonderful. I am quite sure that tourists forget neither the Ocklawaha nor Silver Springs. I am very much interested in the League, and read all the letters. I am also very much interested in all the old Seminole legends of Florida. I think Mr. John Bennett a splendid author, and I have "Master Skylark" in book form. Wishing you many long, prosperous years,

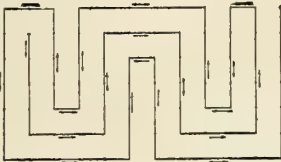
Yours very sincerely,

FRANCES ANDERSON.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER.

A LABYRINTH OF LETTERS. Begin at the letter indicated in the diagram, and spell the following words: geography, history, arithmetic, grammar, spelling, physiology, algebra, rhetoric, drawing, music, botany.



CHARADE. I. V. Ivy.

SHAKSPEARIAN NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

With apricots and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Smart. 2. Mater. 3. Atone. 4. Rents.
5. Tress.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to **ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box**, care of **THE CENTURY CO.**, 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 15th, from "The T's"—Eleanor R. McClees—Elsie Fisher Steinheimer—Louise Atkinson—Addison Ballard Blake—R. F. Gowen—Alilil and Adi—"Keys and Co."—Bertha B. Janney—Tessie McMechan—Walter E. Roberts.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 15th, from Paul Rosenwasser, 1—Kate Meehan, 1—Gladys E. Warner, 2—Marguerite Beaman, 1—Rindel Beaman, 2—E. C. Atwood, 1—Loretto J. Moore, 4—Florence Foster, 1—Elsie M. Wheelock, 1—R. E. Smith, 1—Helen C. Perry 1—Philip Frederick, 1—Helen Summers, 1—Margaret McKenney, 1—Robert Laney, 1—James L. Whyte, 1—John H. Woolverton, 1—Dorothy W. Hurry, 1—Emma G. Dickerson, 1—Fannie Murrell, 1—Joseph L. Ernst, 1—Joe Carlada, 8—Isabella Frazier, 1—Clarence H. Bogart, 1—"Annabel Lea," 1—Lillian MacMillan, 1—Janet Chapin, 1—Hilda Hughes, 1—Winifred Baker, 1—Elizabeth Duncan, 1—Edward T. Pratt, 1—Erlenkotter and Co., 5—Walter Baer, 1—Willie Naseth, 1—No Name, St. Joseph, Michigan, 7—Winifred Black, 1—Athole Black, 2—Agnes R. Lane, 1—Katharine M. Clement, 3—Bessie Clancey, 8—Hildegard G., 7—Dotsey and Adsie, 4—Willie Taggart, 1—Lowell Walcott, 4—Marion S. Conly, 6—Charlie C. Atherton, 3—Mortimer Sayre, 8—Honora P. Russell, 5—Betty and "The Bird," 6—Edith V. Gardner, 4—Courtland Kelsey, 3—Kathrine Forbes Liddell, 8—Gladys Hilliard, 1—Alice Crane, 1—Hilda Rose Carson, 8—Helen Osborne Harris, 8—Chester Munroe, 1—Marion Blanche Bagley, 1—Sarah A. Howell, 7—M. R. Bradbury, 1.

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

I . 3
* . * .
* . * .
* . * .
* . * .
* . * .
2 . 4

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A domestic animal. 2. A common substance. 3. A large ball. 4. To pursue. 5. Course. 6. A carpenter's tool. 7. A conjunction.

From 1 to 2 and from 3 to 4 name two statesmen who were opponents.

LEONARD A. WATSON (League Member).

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

I AM composed of forty-nine letters, and form a quotation from Byron.

My 47-6-43-14-20-38-11-25-46-29 was a great poet of nature, and my 1-32-43-48-2 is the month in which he was born. My 7-42-23-17-36-8-49 was the compiler of a

ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. St. Patrick's Day. 1. Casks. 2. Dates. 3. Cupid. 4. Slate. 5. Mitre. 6. Berry. 7. Blind. 8. Locks. 9. Baker. 10. Masks. 11. Candy. 12. Train. 13. Dryad.

EMBEDDED-SQUARE. I. 1. Roll. 2. Oboe. 3. Lone. 4. Leer. II. 1. Shad. 2. Hare. 3. Arrow. 4. News. III. 1. Near. 2. Erne. 3. Anna. 4. Ream. IV. 1. Bran. 2. Rare. 3. Arts. 4. Nest. V. 1. Name. 2. Amid. 3. Mite. 4. Eden.

CHARADE. Verge, ill. Virgil.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

DIAGONAL. School. Cross-words: 1. Sailor. 2. Scanty. 3. Adhere. 4. Accost. 5. Custom. 6. Morsel.

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE. 1. Slot. 2. Lane. 3. Omen. 4. Tent.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Schools; finals, Lessons. Cross-words: 1. Soul. 2. Cite. 3. Hems. 4. Odes. 5. Ohio. 6. Loan. 7. Seas.

dictionary. My 10-33-3-13-16-45-18 is the first name of the greatest English poet. My 15-5-27-21-41-9 is a town in England, famous for its abbey, which was founded in the seventh century. My 37-32-26-34-22-35-25 was a great Elizabethan poet; my 12-44-39 was "a lovely ladie," the personification of truth, which this author wrote about. My 31-24-19-13 is the name of one who wrote several books of the Bible. My 4-30-28-21-40 is the author of many familiar hymns. ANNA H. TAYLOR.

RIDDLE.

LONG with ardor men have sought me,
Risking life and losing health;
None have found me; some have thought me
Worth expending all their wealth,
Yet each bears me—you will smile—
On his shoulders all the while.

Though no living man hath found me,
Yearly to me most repair:
Wrangling groups are oft around me,
Fraud and malice, deeds unfair;
Yet some women—you will smile—
Long to go there all the while.

M. E. FLOYD.





